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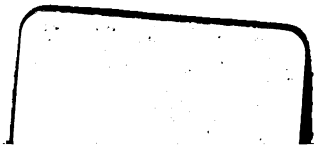

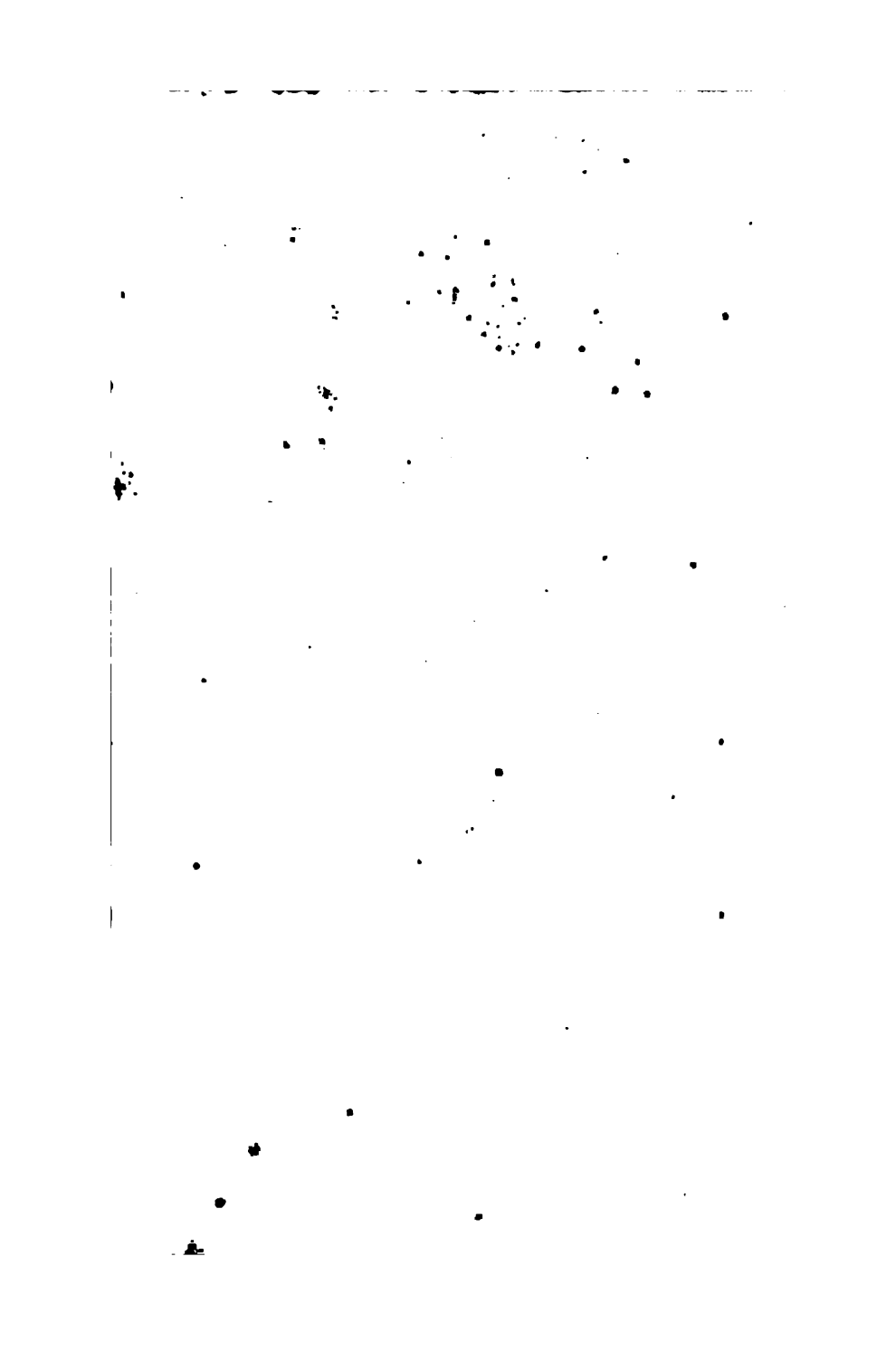

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OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING

TRACTS

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

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JAMES WATT

JAMES WATT, the improver of the steam-engine, was born at Greenock in Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 19th of January 1736. He was the descendant of a family, the members of which, for several generations, had exhibited no small degree of ability. His great-grandfather was the proprietor and farmer of a small estate in Aberdeenshire; but, taking part in the insurrection headed by Montrose, he was killed in one of the battles then fought, and his little property was confiscated. This person's son, Thomas Watt, was but an infant at the time of his father's death. Left almost destitute by that event, he was taken care of by relations till he grew up, when, manifesting a decided taste for mathematical science, in which he had already attained great

proficiency, he removed to Greenock, and settled there as a teacher of navigation, surveying, and general mathematics. In this situation he acquired great reputation, and became one of the most respected and influential persons in the neighbourhood, filling for several years the office of baron bailie, or chief magistrate of the burgh of Crawford's Dike. He died in 1734, at the advanced age of ninety-two years, and was buried in the West Churchyard of Greenock, where, in the inscription on his tombstone, he is styled "professor of mathematics." He had two sons, John and James; the elder of whom inherited his father's mathematical talent, and followed his profession, first at Ayr, and afterwards in Glasgow, where he also enjoyed a large business as a surveyor. Among his qualifications, was that of drawing with very great neatness and accuracy. He died in 1737, at the age of fifty years; and a chart of the course of the River Clyde which he left, was published a few years afterwards by his younger brother James. This James Watt, the father of the great engineer, had settled in his native town of Greenock, exercising his abilities not in the special occupation to which his father and elder brother had devoted themselves, but in the more general sphere of a merchant and public-spirited citizen. During a quarter of a century he held the offices of town-councillor and magistrate of Greenock; and in the discharge of these offices he was noted for his activity and zeal for improvement. It was only in consequence of his own refusal that he did not fill the chair of provost or chief magistrate in Greenock. His special occupations were those of a block-maker and ship-chandler; but in addition to these, he engaged in house and ship-building, and general trading. The failure of some of his commercial speculations deprived him, long before his death, of a great part of the fortune which he had acquired. He died in 1782, at the age of eighty-four, having for some years lived retired from business. His wife, Agnes Muirhead, the mother of the illustrious Watt, was of a very respectable family; of her disposition, and the character of her mind, we have no particular account.

The subject of our memoir was the elder of two sons, the only children of the Greenock merchant and his wife. The younger, who was named John, had resolved to follow his father's profession, but was drowned in 1763 on a voyage from Greenock to America, at the age of twenty-three years. James Watt, who was then in his twenty-seventh year, was thus left the only surviving son.

WATT'S CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION—SETTLES IN GLASGOW AS A MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT-MAKER.

Regarding Watt's childhood, and the course of his early education, we have not much information. From the extreme delicacy of his health when a child, he was able to attend the public school at Greenock only irregularly and at intervals; so that much

of his elementary instruction was received at home. His mother taught him reading, and his father writing and arithmetic; and in his confinement to the house, of which his almost constant indisposition was the cause, he acquired those habits of inquisitiveness and precocious reflection so often observed in feeble-bodied children. "A gentleman one day calling upon his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. 'Mr Watt,' said he, 'you ought to send that boy to school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home.' 'Look how my child is employed before you condemn him,' replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the child had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the hearth. He put various questions to the boy, and was astonished and gratified with the mixture of intelligence, quickness, and simplicity displayed in his answers: he was then trying to solve a problem in geometry."* In this way, not by means of regular lessons, but by incessant employment on some subject of interest or other, Watt, in early years, acquired much of that general information for which he was in after-life remarkable. His father having, as a means of amusement, presented him with a number of tools, such as are used in cabinet-work, he became exceedingly expert in handling them, and began to exhibit his mechanical taste in the fabrication of numerous toys, among which is mentioned a small electrical machine, with a bottle, probably, for a cylinder.

An anecdote related of him when he was about fourteen years of age, indicates the extreme restlessness and activity of his mind as a boy. Once having accompanied his mother on a visit to a friend in Glasgow, he was left behind on her return. The next time, however, that Mrs Watt came to Glasgow, her friend said to her, "You must take your son James home; I cannot stand the degree of excitement he keeps me in; I am worn out for want of sleep. Every evening before ten o'clock, our usual hour of retiring to rest, he contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that the family all listen to him with breathless attention, and hour after hour strikes unheeded." This wonderful faculty of story-telling, which robbed the Glasgow lady of her sleep, Watt preserved throughout his life to a degree unparalleled perhaps except in Sir Walter Scott.

As he advanced into youth, Watt began to occupy himself with the sciences. The whole range of physics had attractions for him. In excursions in all directions from Greenock, and especially to the banks of Loch Lomond, he studied botany, entered eagerly into the geological speculations then beginning to awaken interest, and collected traditions and ballads—all with equal enthusiasm. At home, during his hours of less robust health, he

* Arago's Life of Watt.

devoured books on chemistry and general science, among which is mentioned Gravesande's "Elements of Natural Philosophy." Medicine, surgery, and anatomy obtained their share of his attention; the detailed descriptions of diseases given in medical works were familiar to him; and he was one day detected carrying into his room the head of a child recently dead, which he had managed somehow to procure, with the intention of dissecting it. In short, by incessant reading and mental activity, he had, before he entered on his nineteenth year, acquired and digested a vast mass of miscellaneous scientific information.

Whether from the prevailing bent of his genius towards mechanical contrivance, or from some other cause connected with the nature of his father's trade in Greenock, the profession which Watt chose was that of a mathematical and nautical instrument-maker. To learn this art, or rather to perfect himself in it, he went to London in 1755, and placed himself under Mr John Morgan, an instrument-maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill. Thus, says M. Arago, "the man who was about to cover England with engines, in comparison with which the antique and colossal machine of Marly is but a pigmy, commenced his career by constructing, with his own hands, instruments which were fine, delicate, and fragile—those small but admirable reflecting sextants to which navigation is so much indebted for its progress." After a residence of little more than a year in London, his continued feeble health obliged him to return to Scotland, where, in accordance with his own wishes and the advices of his friends, he commenced business as a mathematical instrument-maker in Glasgow. The date of his settlement in this city, where he was afterwards to work out some of his greatest triumphs, was 1757, when he had just passed his twenty-first year. At first he experienced considerable opposition, and a great deal of annoyance—one of the privileged corporations of the town regarding him as an intruder, and not entitled to practise the business which he professed, at that time a comparatively rare one in Scotland. Various means were tried to soothe down the offended parties, but without effect; they would not even allow the young tradesman to set up a workshop on the smallest scale. At length, apparently through the exertions of the friends of his family, he was rescued from the dilemma by the authorities of the university, who gave him a convenient room within their precincts, and conferred on him the designation of Mathematical Instrument-maker to the College of Glasgow, a proceeding which was sufficient to quash all corporation enmity. In the workshop thus afforded him, Watt continued for a number of years to pursue his trade of making sextants, compasses, &c. for which articles he found customers both within and without the walls of the university. "There are still in existence," says M. Arago, "some small instruments, which were at this time made entirely by Watt's own hand, and they are of very exquisite workman-

ship. I may add that his son has lately shown me some of his first designs, and that they are truly remarkable for the delicacy and precision of the drawing. It was not without reason that Watt used to speak with complacency of his manual dexterity." This, as we have seen, was a gift which seemed to be hereditary in the family.

At the time when Mr Watt took up his residence in Glasgow, there was a cluster of eminent men gathered together within the university, such as is rarely to be found. Adam Smith was professor of moral philosophy; Robert Simson of mathematics; the illustrious Black filled the chair of chemistry; and Mr Dick, who, though less known to fame, is said to have been a man of great powers, held the professorship of natural philosophy. Robison, afterwards so celebrated for his attainments in physical science, which he displayed as a professor both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, was then a student. Watt's position within the college brought him into contact with all these able men; and the shop of the young mathematical instrument-maker soon became a lounging-place for both professors and students—the former of whom found in him a man equal to themselves in acquirements, and of a remarkable originality of mind, the latter a good-natured and willing assistant in their speculations and researches in physics. "I had always," says Professor Robison, referring to those days when he first became acquainted with Watt, "a great relish for the natural sciences, and particularly for mathematical and mechanical philosophy. When I was introduced by Drs Simson, Dick, and Moor to Mr Watt, I saw a workman, and expected no more; but was surprised to find a philosopher, as young as myself, and always ready to instruct me. I had the vanity to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favourite study, and was rather mortified at finding Watt so much my superior. Whenever any puzzle came in the way of us students, we went to Mr Watt. He needed only to be prompted; for everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study, and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificancy, or made something of it. He learnt the German language in order to peruse Leopold's 'Theatrum Machinarum.' So did I, to know what he was about. Similar reasons made us both learn the Italian language. When to his superiority of knowledge is added the *naïve* simplicity and candour of Mr Watt's character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But that superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour, and a liberal allowance of merit to every man. Mr Watt was the first to ascribe to the ingenuity of a friend things which were nothing but his own surmises, followed out and embodied by

another. I am the more entitled to say this, as I have often experienced it in my own case."

This and similar accounts enable us to figure Mr Watt during his early residence in Glasgow—a young, amiable, and ingenious man, a great favourite with professors and students, occupied during the greater part of the day in his workshop, but constantly engaged in the evening in some profound or curious question in mathematics or physical science; quite aware of all that was going on in the scientific world, and taking an interest in all new discoveries, particularly those of his friend Dr Black in chemistry. As a remarkable instance of the extent of his theoretical research, and of his perseverance in whatever undertaking struck his fancy, it is mentioned that, although he had no ear for music, and could never, all his life, distinguish one note from another, or derive pleasure from any musical performance, he astonished all his friends by constructing an organ, which, besides exhibiting numerous ingenious mechanical improvements, was particularly admired by musicians for its greatly superior powers of harmony. His only guide in this difficult achievement must have been the "Harmonies" of Dr Smith of Cambridge, a work treating of some of the extreme problems of acoustics, but so profound and obscure, that few persons in the kingdom could have understood a page of it.

In the year 1763 Mr Watt married his cousin Miss Miller, who is described as a person of much wit and accomplishment, with great sweetness of temper. At the same time he removed from his apartments in the college to a house in town, in which he continued his profession, enlarging it, however, so as to include engineering. He accordingly began to be consulted in the construction of canals, bridges, and other works of large dimensions requiring science and skill. In the midst of these engineering avocations, a circumstance occurred which exercised a more important influence upon his career than any of them. In the winter of 1763–4, Mr Anderson, who had succeeded Dr Dick as professor of natural philosophy, and who is still remembered as the founder of the Andersonian University, Glasgow, finding that a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine, which he had among his apparatus, would not work, sent it to Mr Watt for repair. The subject of steam machinery had several times before come under Mr Watt's notice. His friend Mr Robison had, in 1759, broached to him the idea of applying steam-power to wheel-carriages; and in 1761–2, he had occupied himself with various experiments on a Papin's Digester, with a view to measure the force of steam. These discussions and experiments, however, terminated in no particular result; and it was Professor Anderson's model of Newcomen's engine that begot in Watt's mind the germ of those ideas respecting the use of steam-power which have led to such gigantic consequences. As Newcomen's engine represents the point of progress to which steam machinery had

been brought before Watt applied himself to the subject, this seems the proper place for introducing a sketch of the history of steam-power up to that period. The little black model on the instrument-maker's table was the condensed epitome, as it were, of all that the world knew of steam-power before that time; in the brain of the young newly-married instrument-maker, bending by candlelight over the model, lay, as yet undeveloped, all that the steam-engine has since become.

HISTORY OF THE STEAM-ENGINE BEFORE THE TIME OF WATT.

Steam, or, as they called it, "water transformed into air by the action of fire," was of course known to the ancients, and was used for various ordinary purposes in the arts. The first description, however, of the application of steam as a mechanical power occurs in the writings of Hero, a Greek of Alexandria, who lived 120 years before Christ. This writer, whose attainments in science were very great for his age, describes a toy called the Eolipyle, the purpose of which is to produce a rotatory motion by the action of steam. The best familiar illustration of the appearance of such an apparatus in one of its simplest forms, would be one of those turnstiles, with four horizontal spokes, which are sometimes placed in by-paths. Were one of these revolving stiles made of iron, and hollow throughout, with a hole in the corresponding side of each of the spokes, and were the upright shaft to be fixed into a socket beneath, entering a boiler, then the steam rushing up the shaft and along the four spokes, would hiss out in four jets at the side openings, and the whole would, owing to the force of reaction, whirl round in the opposite direction.

Here, therefore, nearly two thousand years ago, we find steam applied to produce a rotatory motion. By connecting the simple rotatory apparatus above described with additional machinery, mills could be driven, and other important mechanical effects produced. Indeed the construction of rotatory steam-engines has, in recent times, occupied much attention; and, under the name of Barker's Mill, the principle of the Eolipyle has been turned to account—the reaction caused by the escape of steam having been made in some instances to do the work of six or eight, or even fifteen horses. The principle of the Eolipyle, however, and of the rotatory engines which are modifications of it, is evidently different from that of steam-engines usually so called, in which the power consists not in the mere reaction caused by steam violently escaping into the atmosphere, but in the prodigious expansive force of steam itself. Water, when converted into steam by the application of heat under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, occupies, it is well known, 1728 times its original bulk; in other words, a cubic inch of water is, on its conversion into steam, expanded so as to fill a space of a cubic foot. This is nearly eight times as great as the expansive force of gunpowder. Now, if by any means we could catch water in the act, as it were, of passing into

steam, so as to obtain the use of the enormous expansive force for our own purposes, it is evident that we could produce most powerful effects by it. To do this—to catch water in the act of passing into steam, and turn the expansive force to account—is the purpose of steam-engines properly so called.

Even this use of the expansive force of steam was in some degree known to the ancients. Often, as M. Arago observes, in casting the fine metal statues for which ancient art is so famous, a drop of water or other liquid would be left enclosed in the plaster or clay moulds when the molten metal was poured in; and the consequence would be an explosion, and, in many cases, a fearful accident from the instantaneous conversion of the enclosed drop of liquid into steam. Arguing from such instances, the ancient naturalists accounted for earthquakes and submarine explosions on a similar principle, by supposing the sudden vaporisation of a mass of water by volcanic heat. Nor were the ancients afraid of handling the power which they thus recognised. In the images of the ancient gods were concealed crevices containing water with the means of heating it; and tubes proceeding from these crevices conducted the steam, so as to make it blow out plugs from the mouths and foreheads of the images with loud noise and apparent clouds of smoke. A more ingenious device still, and which represents the utmost extent to which the ancients carried their use of the expansive force of steam, is one described by Hero, the purpose of which seems likewise to have been priestly imposition. To accomplish this trick, Hero directs vessels half-full of wine to be concealed inside of two figures, in the shape of men standing on each side of an altar. From these vessels tubes, in the form of bent siphons, with the short end in the wine, proceed along the extended arms of the figures to the tips of their fingers, which are held over the flame of the sacrifice. Other tubes proceed from the same vessels downwards, through the feet of the figures, communicating through the floor with the altar and the fire. "When, therefore," says Hero, "you are about to sacrifice, you must pour into the tubes a few drops, lest they should be injured by heat, and attend to every joint lest it leak; and so the heat of the fire, mingling with the water, will pass in an aërial state through these tubes to the vases inside the figures, and, pressing on the wine, make it to pass through the bent siphons, until, as it flows from the hands of the living creatures, they will appear to sacrifice as the altar continues to burn." Here we have the expansive force of steam employed directly to raise a liquid, by pressure, above its natural height.

From the time of Hero down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, no advance appears to have been made in the application of steam-power. Passing over one or two casual notices of persons who, about this time, are said to have conceived the use of steam for mechanical purposes, it may be stated that the process of discovery was taken up exactly at the point where

Hero left it by Solomon de Caus, a Frenchman of Normandy, who, after a residence in England, where he was employed in designing grottos, fountains, &c. for the palace of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., at Richmond, returned to the continent, and published an account of these and other inventions at Frankfort in the year 1615. De Caus's steam invention is a modification, in a more patent and distinct form, of the last-mentioned artifice of Hero. A hollow copper globe is filled to the extent of two-thirds or thereby with water, through a funnel-shaped pipe, which enters it, and which is furnished with a stopcock. Besides this pipe, another descends nearly to the bottom of the globe, so as to have its termination beneath the water. It is likewise furnished with a stopcock, and its nozzle is small. If now the vessel be placed over a fire, with the stop-cock of the first pipe shut, and that of the other open, it is evident that when the water begins to boil, the steam being enclosed, will press down the water, and compel it to rush up the second pipe, forming a jet.

Such is the steam toy of De Caus, upon which many French writers have founded the claim that steam should be considered a French invention. If, however, the merit of a man, with regard to an invention with the origin of which he is concerned, is to be measured by his own perception of its importance, the merit of Solomon de Caus, with regard to steam machinery, cannot be compared with that of the Marquis of Worcester (known in political history as the Earl of Glamorgan), who, in his "Century of Inventions," published in 1663, describes "an admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire, not by drawing or sucking it upward," but by a method according to which "one vessel of water rarefied by fire driveth up forty vessels of cold water." What value the marquis attached to this invention, appears from the striking language he uses with regard to other modifications of it. Of one he says, "I call this a semi-omnipotent engine, and do intend that a model thereof be buried with me." He also describes a water-work capable, he says, of raising water with the utmost facility to the height of a hundred feet, and which will, therefore, "drain all sorts of mines, and furnish cities with water though never so high seated." This he pronounces "the most stupendous work in the whole world—an invention which crowns his labours, rewards his expenses, and makes his thoughts acquiesce in the way of further inventions."

It is ascertained that the Marquis of Worcester had actually constructed an apparatus such as he describes. Although, however, it would thus seem that steam-power, in one of its most imposing forms, was in actual operation so early as 1656, the invention does not appear to have taken root; and it is not till 1699, upwards of thirty years after the Marquis of Worcester's death, that we find the steam-engine again pressed on public

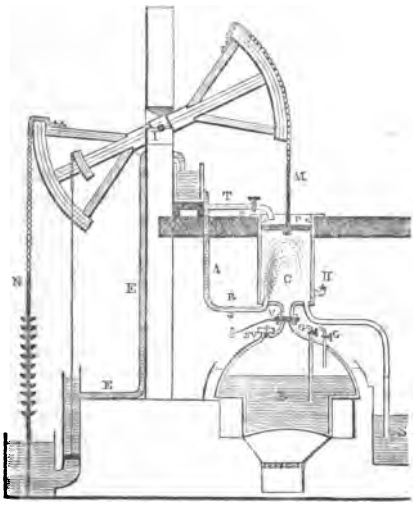
notice. In that year Captain Thomas Savary exhibited to the Royal Society a model of an engine for draining mines, and raising water to great heights. The difference between the Marquis of Worcester's invention and Savary's consisted in this, that whereas "the Marquis's model appears to have been placed on or below the level of the water to be raised, so that the water was forced up solely by the elastic force of the steam, Savary, on the other hand, erected his engine at a height of nearly thirty feet above the level of the water."

The improvement of Savary consists in combining the force of atmospheric *suction*, as it is usually called, with that of steam pressure; using the first to raise the water thirty feet, and then the other to raise it thirty feet or more additional; and when it is considered that, in the actual working engine, there was not only one receiver, but two, which could be alternately filled with steam and cooled, so as to prevent the loss of time, the value of the improvement will be seen to be very great. Savary called his machine the "Miner's Friend;" it seems, however, to have been used only for the purpose of raising water in houses.

The next great contribution to the steam-engine came from a French engineer, Denis Papin, known for other important mechanical inventions. His important service to steam-power consisted in the idea of making it act through *the cylinder and piston*. In De Caus's and in Savary's apparatus, the steam pressed directly upon the surface of the water; but Papin conceived the idea of introducing the steam into the bottom of the receiver, so as to force up, by its elasticity, a tightly-fitting plate or piston, which would again descend by the pressure of the atmosphere as soon as the steam beneath was condensed. The importance of this modification can hardly be overrated, when it is considered that it amounts to the application of steam-power to produce the motion of a rod up and down in a cylinder. This was the great step, the conciliation of steam, as it were, into a regular moving power at the command of man; and, as M. Arago observes, the procuring afterwards, from the strokes of the piston, the power to turn millstones, or the paddles of a steamboat, or to uplift the massy hammer, or to move the huge clipping shears—these were but secondary problems. Papin, however, did not work out his own conception—did not perceive all its consequences.

The next modification of the steam-engine, and its ultimate one before it came into the hands of Watt, consisted, it may be said, in the union of Savary's idea with that of Papin. The authors of this invention—which may, in reality, be considered as the first working steam-engine—were Thomas Newcomen, an ironmonger, and John Cawley, a glazier, both of Dartmouth in Southampton. In the year 1705, these two individuals "constructed a machine which was meant to raise water from great depths, and in which there was a distinct vessel where the steam was generated. This machine, like the small model of Papin,

consisted of a vertical metallic cylinder, shut at the bottom and open at the top, together with a piston accurately fitted, and intended to traverse the whole length, both in ascending and descending. In the latter, as in the former apparatus also, when the steam was admitted into the lower part of the cylinder, so as to fill it, and counterbalance the external atmospheric pressure, the ascending movement of the piston was effected by means of a counterpoise. Finally, in the English machine, in imitation of Papin's, so soon as the piston reached the limit of its ascending stroke, the steam which had impelled it was refrigerated; a vacuum was thus produced, and the external atmosphere forced the piston to descend."* The only novelty in Newcomen's engine, over and above what had existed either in Papin's or in Savary's model, was the mode of condensing the steam in the cylinder. This was effected not by simply withdrawing the heat from the bottom of the cylinder, as Papin had done, nor by dashing cold water on the outside of it, as in Savary's apparatus, but in directing a stream of cold water into the inside of the cylinder at every rise of the piston. This improvement—an important one at the time—is said to have been made by accident, from the circumstance of water once finding its way into the cylinder through a hole in the piston, and astonishing the onlookers by its results. The entire action of Newcomen's engine will be understood from the annexed cut, representing a section of it. B is the boiler, built over a furnace, and kept about two-thirds full of water; the quantity of water being regulated by means of two vertical tubes with stopcocks (G G), which descend into the boiler, the one to a greater depth than the other, so that when the boiler contains its proper quantity of water, the longer tube shall dip into it, while the shorter does not reach it. When the boiler is heated, the pressure of the steam in its



* Arago's Life of Watt.

upper part will, if the proper quantity of water be in the boiler, force the water up the longer pipe, while only steam issues from the shorter. Should both pipes emit water, then it is known that the boiler is too full; should both emit steam, that it is not full enough; and the supply can be regulated accordingly. Besides these *gauge pipes*, there is in the boiler a *safety valve* (S V), loaded so as to lie tight until the steam in the boiler accumulates to a degree sufficient to force it up. From the boiler the steam passes through the connecting tube, guarded by the *regulating valve* (V), made so as to open and shut easily, into the cylinder (C). Up and down in this cylinder, which is open at the top, moves the piston (P), attached by means of the piston-rod (M) to a flexible chain, which is fastened to the top of the arch at the end of a beam, moving on the pivot (I). The end of the beam to which the piston-rod is attached is made lighter than the other end, so that when the engine is at rest, it ascends and pulls up the piston to the top of the cylinder. The piston thus lying at the top of the cylinder, lets the steam from the boiler be admitted through the regulating valve (V). The steam rushing in expels the air which was in the cylinder through the *snifting valve* (H), which is at the bottom of the cylinder, and so constructed, that although it permits the escape of the air, it allows none to enter. The whole space of the cylinder underneath the piston being now filled with steam, the next operation is to condense it. This is done by turning a cock (R) in the tube (A), which descends from a cistern kept constantly full of cold water. The water, tending to rise to the height from which it has fallen, spouts into the cylinder, striking against the bottom of the piston, and falling down in a shower of drops, which cool the cylinder and condense the steam. This condensation of the steam produces a vacuum in the cylinder; and the piston, pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere outside, rapidly descends—the water which was thrown into the cylinder being carried off by the long *eduction pipe* which, having a valve at its extremity opening only outwards, leads to a cistern (S), whence the boiler is supplied. The descent of the piston pulls down the piston-rod and chain, and the end of the beam to which they are attached. The other end of the beam accordingly rises, pulling up a chain which is attached to the *pump-rod* (N), working the pump by which the mine is to be drained. The purpose of the smaller *pump-rod* working parallel to N, is, by the action of the engine, to raise a portion of the water through the tube (E E) to the cistern from which the water is sent into the cylinder. The piston is now at the bottom of the cylinder, and would remain there by the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface; but by opening the valve (V), the steam from the boiler is admitted under it, and the pressure of the atmosphere being thus counterbalanced, the superior weight of the pump-rod end of the beam causes it to descend, elevating the other end with the piston attached to it.

The cylinder being again filled with steam as before, the stop-cock (R) is turned, and the water spouts in; the steam is condensed; the piston descends; the pump-rod rises; and so on, stroke after stroke. The use of the small tube (T), proceeding from the cistern, is to pour a little water above the piston, to keep it air-tight.

As may be supposed, much care and attention was at first required in Newcomen's engine on the part of the person whose work it was to keep incessantly turning the stopcocks (V and R); the first for the admission of steam from the boiler, the second for the admission of the cold water for the condensation of the steam. The whole action of the machine depended on the attention of the person who watched these two cocks. A curious accident, however, remedied this inconvenience. A boy of the name of Humphrey Potter, being employed to tend one of Newcomen's engines, found the constant watching so troublesome, that he set himself to contrive a way by which the cocks might be turned at the right time, and yet he might enjoy himself for an hour or so at a time with the boys in the street. Observing that the particular moment at which the valve (V) required to be opened for the admission of the steam was that at which the pump-rod end of the beam was raised to its highest, and that the moment at which the other cock (R) required to be opened was when the piston-rod end was at its highest, he saw that, by attaching strings to the stopcocks, and connecting them with various parts of the beam, the rising and falling of the two ends would turn the cocks regularly as was necessary. Such was the *scogging* or *skulking gear* of the boy Potter; so called because it enabled him to *scog* or play truant from his work, and afterwards improved by the substitution of rods for strings. The steam-engine was now entirely self-working; the only attendant necessary was the fireman to tend the furnace.

Such was the atmospheric engine of Newcomen, used to a considerable extent for the purpose of draining mines, and upon which various engineers employed their skill during the first half of the eighteenth century, with a view to render it applicable to other mechanical purposes, such as driving mills, &c. Among those who thus directed their attention to the steam-engine was the celebrated Smeaton; and some of the finest specimens of Newcomen's engine were of his construction. No improvement of essential consequence, however, was effected in the steam-engine until it came into the hands of Watt, whose successive contrivances to render it perfect we now proceed to describe.

WATT'S IMPROVEMENTS ON THE STEAM-ENGINE AS A DRAINING AND PUMPING MACHINE.

Watt was a man with whom, to repeat the words of Professor Robison, "everything became the beginning of a new and serious study;" accordingly, not content with merely repairing Professor

Anderson's model, so that it should work as before, in presence of the students in the class-room, he devoted himself to the thorough investigation of all parts of the machine, and of the theory of its action. Directing his attention first, with all his profound physical and mathematical knowledge, to the various theoretical points involved in the working of the machine, "he determined," says M. Arago, "the extent to which the water dilated in passing from its liquid state into that of steam. He calculated the quantity of water which a given weight of coal could vaporise—the quantity of steam, in weight, which each stroke of one of Newcomen's machines of known dimensions expended—the quantity of cold water which required to be injected into the cylinder, to give the descending stroke of the piston a certain force—and finally, the elasticity of steam at different temperatures. All these investigations would have occupied the lifetime of a laborious philosopher; whilst Watt brought all his numerous and difficult researches to a conclusion, without allowing them to interfere with the labours of his workshop."

Leaving Watt's theoretical researches into the mode and power of action by steam, let us attend to the practical improvements which he made in the construction of the engine itself. Newcomen's machine laboured under very great defects. In the first place, the jet of cold water into the cylinder was a very imperfect means of condensing the steam. The cylinder, heated before, not being thoroughly cooled by it, a quantity of steam remained uncondensed, and, by its elasticity, impeded the descent of the piston, lessening the power of the stroke. Again, when the steam rushed into the cylinder from the boiler, it found the cylinder cold, in consequence of the water which had recently been thrown in; and thus a considerable quantity of steam was immediately condensed and wasted, while the rest did not attain its full elasticity till the cylinder became again heated up to 212 degrees. These two defects—the imperfection of the vacuum created in the cylinder when hot, and the loss of steam in rushing into the cylinder when cold—were sources of great expense. Both defects, it will be observed, had their origin in the alternate heating and cooling of the cylinder; and yet, according to Newcomen's plan, this alternate heating and cooling was inevitable.

Watt remedied the evil by a simple but beautiful contrivance—his SEPARATE CONDENSER. The whole efficacy of this contrivance consisted in his making the condensation of the steam take place, not in the cylinder, but in a separate vessel communicating with the cylinder by a tube provided with a stopcock. This vessel being exhausted of air, it is evident that, on the turning of the stopcock in the tube connecting it with the cylinder, the steam from the cylinder will rush into it so as to fill the vacuum; and that this will continue until the steam be equally distributed through both vessels—the cylinder and the other. But if, in addition to being free from air, the separate vessel be kept con-

stantly cool by an injection of cold water, or other means, so as to condense the steam as fast as it rushes in from the cylinder, it is evident that *all* the steam will quit the cylinder and enter the separate vessel to be condensed there. The cylinder will be thus left a perfect vacuum, without having lost any of its heat by the process; the piston will descend with full force; and when the new steam rushes in from the boiler, no portion of it will be wasted in reheating the cylinder.

So far the invention was all that could be desired; an additional contrivance was necessary, however, to render it complete. The steam in the act of being condensed in the separate vessel would give out its latent heat; this would raise the temperature of the condensing water;* from the heated water vapour would rise; and this vapour, in addition to the atmospheric air which would be disengaged from the injected water by the heat, would accumulate in the condenser, and spoil its efficiency. In order to overcome this defect, Watt attached to the bottom of the condenser a common air pump, called the *condenser pump*, worked by a piston attached to the beam, and which, at every stroke of the engine, withdrew the accumulated water, air, and vapour. This was a slight tax upon the power of the machine, but the total gain was enormous—equivalent to making one pound of coal do as much work as had been done by five pounds in Newcomen's engine.

This, certainly, was a triumph; but Watt's improvements did not stop here. In the old engine, the cylinder was open at the top, and the descent of the piston was caused solely by the pressure of the atmosphere on its upper surface. Hence the name of *Atmospheric* Engine, which was always applied to Newcomen's machine, the real moving power being not the steam, which served no purpose except to produce the necessary vacuum, but the atmosphere pressing on the piston with the force (supposing the vacuum to be complete) of about fifteen pounds to a square inch. This was attended with the inconvenience, that the atmosphere being cold, tended to cool the inside of the cylinder in pushing down the piston, which of course caused a waste of steam at every stroke. The inconvenience was avoided, and the whole engine improved, by entirely shutting out the atmospheric action, and employing the steam itself to force down the piston. This was accomplished in the following way. Instead of a cylinder open at the top, Watt used one with a close metallic cover, with a nicely-fitted hole in it, through which the greased piston-rod could move freely, while it did not allow the passage of air or steam. Thus the cylin-

* The effect of the latent heat of the steam in heating the water in the condenser may be judged of from the fact, that if *two* pounds of steam be condensed by *ten* pounds of *freezing* water, the result will be twelve pounds of water at the *boiling* point; in other words, two pounds of steam at 212 degrees contain latent heat sufficient to boil ten pounds of freezing water.

der was divided into two chambers quite distinct from each other —that above and that below the piston. Now, in addition to the former communications between the cylinder and the boiler and condenser, a tube was made to connect the boiler with the upper chamber, so as to introduce steam *above* the piston. This steam, by its elastic force, and no longer the atmosphere by its pressure, drove down the piston when the vacuum had been formed by the condensation of the steam beneath; and as soon as the descending stroke was complete, the turning of a cock could admit steam from the boiler equally into both chambers, thus restoring the balance, and enabling the piston to ascend, as before, by the mere counterpoise of the beam. The engine with this improvement Watt named the *Modified Engine;* it was, however, properly the first real *steam*-engine; for in it, for the first time, steam, besides serving to produce the vacuum, acted as the moving force. In this substitution of steam as the moving force instead of the atmosphere, there was, moreover, this peculiar advantage—that whereas the force of the atmosphere was uniform, and could, in no case, exceed fifteen pounds on every square inch of the piston's surface, the force of the steam could, within certain limits, be varied.

Another improvement less striking in appearance, but of value in economising the consumption of fuel, was the enclosing of the cylinder in a jacket or external drum of wood, leaving a space between which could be filled with steam. By this means the air was prevented from acting on the outside of the cylinder so as to cool it. A slight modification was also necessary in the mode of keeping the piston air-tight. This had been done in Newcomen's engine by water poured over the piston; but in the closed cylinder this was obviously impossible; the purpose was therefore effected by the use of a preparation of wax, tallow, and oil, smeared on the piston-rod and round the piston-rim.

The improvements which we have described had all been thoroughly matured by Mr Watt before the end of 1765, two years after his attention had been called to the subject by the model of Newcomen's engine sent him for repair. During these two years he had been employing all his leisure hours on the congenial work, performing his experiments in a delft manufactory at the Broomielaw quay, where he set up a working model of his engine, embodying all the new improvements, and having a cylinder of nine inches diameter. One would anticipate, as M. Arago remarks, that when the fact of the construction of so promising and economical an engine was made generally known, "it would immediately displace, as a draining apparatus, the comparatively ruinously expensive machines of Newcomen. This, however, was far from being the case. Watt's grand invention and most felicitous conception, that steam might be condensed in a vessel quite separated from the cylinder, was completed in the year 1765; and in two years scarcely any progress

was made to try its applicability upon the great scale." Watt himself did not possess the necessary funds for that purpose. "At length," says Lord Brougham, "he happily met with Dr Roebuck, a man of profound scientific knowledge, and of daring spirit as a speculator. He had just founded the Carron iron-works, not far from Glasgow, and was lessee, under the Hamilton family, of the Kinneil coal-works." Such a man, so extensively employed in engineering, was precisely the person to introduce Watt's invention into practice; and accordingly a partnership was formed between him and Watt, according to the terms of which he was to receive two-thirds of the profits in return for the outlay of his capital in bringing the new machines into practice. A patent was taken out by the partners in 1769, and an engine of the new construction, with an eighteen-inch cylinder, was erected at the Kinneil coal-works with every prospect of complete success; when, unfortunately, Dr Roebuck was obliged by pecuniary embarrassments to dissolve the partnership, leaving Watt with the whole patent, but without the means of rendering it available.

WATT'S OCCUPATIONS AS A GENERAL ENGINEER—HIS PARTNERSHIP WITH MR BOULTON OF SOHO.

Watt, rather than apply to the money-lenders for funds, which they would very probably have been glad to invest in so hopeful a speculation, devoted himself for some time exclusively to the proper business of his profession as a civil engineer, allowing his steam-engine model to lie like mere lumber in the Broomielaw delft work. Between the years 1769 and 1774 he was employed in various engineering enterprises of great importance—"the extensive operations of which Scotland then became the scene giving," says Lord Brougham, "ample scope to his talents. He was actively engaged in the surveys, and afterwards in the works for connecting by a canal the Monkland coal-mines with Glasgow. He was afterwards employed in preparing the canal, since completed by Mr Rennie, across the isthmus of Crinan; in the difficult and laborious investigations for the improvement of the harbours of Ayr, Greenock, and Glasgow; in improving the navigation of the Forth and Clyde; and in the Campbeltown Canal; besides several bridges of great importance, as those of Hamilton and Rutherglen."* "What Johnson said of Goldsmith, may with equal justice be applied to Watt—'he touched not that which he did not adorn.' In the course of his busy surveys his mind was ever bent on improving the instruments he employed, or in inventing others, to facilitate or correct his operations. During the period of which we have been speaking, he invented two micrometers, for measuring distances not easily accessible,

* Memoir of Watt in Lord Brougham's "Men of Letters of the Reign of George III."

such as arms of the sea. Five years after the invention of these ingenious instruments, one Mr Green obtained a premium for an invention similar to one of them from the Society of Arts, notwithstanding the evidence of Smeaton, and other proofs, that Watt was the original contriver.

"In 1773, the importance of an inland navigation in the northern part of Scotland between the eastern and western seas became so great, that Mr Watt was employed to make a survey of the Caledonian Canal, and to report on the practicability of connecting that remarkable chain of lakes and valleys. These surveys he made, and reported so favourably of the practicability of the undertaking, that it would have been immediately executed, had not the forfeited lands from which the funds were to be derived been restored to their former proprietors. This great national work was afterwards executed by Mr Telford, on a more magnificent scale than had been originally intended."

At the end of the year 1773, Watt was left a widower by the death of his wife in Glasgow while he was absent on his survey of the Caledonian Canal. Two children, a son and a daughter, survived their mother. This event would probably have the effect of withdrawing his attention still more from his steam inventions. For five years his patent "for methods of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently of fuel in the steam-engine," had been running, without bringing him any returns, the dissolution of his partnership with Dr Roebuck having thrown the entire risks of introducing the new machine into practice upon himself, and either his cautious temperament, or his actual want of means, preventing him from abandoning the certainties of his profession for the sake of pushing his steam-engine into public notice. This indifference is certainly in itself not entitled to be considered a merit; we point it out merely as characteristic.

At length, in 1774, Mr Watt entered into a partnership most fortunate for himself and for the world. This was with Mr Matthew Boulton of the Soho foundry near Birmingham — a gentleman of remarkable scientific abilities, of liberal disposition, and of unbounded enterprise, who, having his attention called to the improvements on Newcomen's steam-engine effected by the Glasgow surveyor, immediately formed a connexion with him, sharing the patent as Dr Roebuck had formerly done.

Almost the first business of the partners was to procure a prolongation of Watt's patent, which, having commenced in 1769, had but a few years to run. Whether because the value of Watt's improvements had, by the mere course of time, become more generally recognised than at first, or because the enthusiasm with which so well-known an individual as Mr Boulton patronised them, roused many parties to a sense of their importance, it was only after a very keen opposition in parliament, that the extension of the patent for twenty-five years was obtained. At the

head of those who opposed the renewal of the patent in the House of Commons was the celebrated Edmund Burke; the opponents out of the House were the engineers and miners whom the patent would prevent from employing the engine without paying the inventor for permission to do so.

The extension of the patent having been procured, the partners began to construct, at their manufactory at Soho, draining machines of the largest dimensions, which immediately supplanted Newcomen's engines in all the mining districts. The bargain which the partners made with those mine proprietors who applied for permission to use the improved engine, was certainly the most reasonable that could have been expected. They stipulated for receiving "a third part of the value of the coal saved by the use of the new engine." Yet this agreement brought ample profits to the partners, as may be judged from the fact, that the proprietors of the single mine of Chasewater in Cornwall, where three pumps were employed, commuted the proposed *third of the coal saved* into £2500 a-year for each of the engines. Thus the saving effected by one engine amounted to at least £7500, which had been expended formerly in waste fuel. As there was a possibility that, if the mine proprietors had been left to estimate for themselves the value of the saving, they might cheat the partners of their fair dues, Watt rendered himself independent of them by confiding the duty of rendering an account to a meter, invented on purpose, and which, kept in a box under a double lock, registered every stroke of the engine.

As the engine was one of large dimensions, it was scarcely possible to pirate it secretly; but so numerous were the attempts made to plagiarise it, or, by ingenious ways, to infringe the patent right, that Messrs Watt and Boulton were almost perpetually engaged in lawsuits to defend their property. In several cases, the opposition which Mr Watt experienced on account of his defending his rights, amounted to positive persecution—to attacks on his character. These attacks, however, failed; and in their lawsuits the partners were uniformly successful. "I have been so beset with plagiaries," says Mr Watt in one of his letters, "that if I had not a very distinct recollection of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvement on the steam-engine."

As the foundry at Soho was one of the largest establishments in Great Britain, Watt's new position, as a partner with Mr Boulton, was one of great wealth and consequence. He had hardly entered upon it when, in the year 1775, after two years of widowhood, he married Miss Macgregor, the daughter of a rich Glasgow merchant.

The first consequences of the introduction of Watt's improved steam-engine into practice was to give an impulse to mining speculations. New mines were opened; and old mines, which could not be profitably worked when taxed with such a consump-

tion of fuel for draining as Newcomen's engines required, now yielded a return. This was the only obvious consequence at first. Only in mines, and generally for the purpose of pumping water, was the steam-engine yet used; and before it could be rendered applicable to other purposes in the arts—before it could promise, even to the most sanguine expectation, to perform such a universal part in machinery as that which we now witness it performing, the genius of Watt required once again to stoop over it, and bestow on it new creative touches.

IMPROVEMENTS RENDERING THE STEAM-ENGINE APPLICABLE FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.

Any one on considering the steam-engine, will perceive that the original motion in it, and the source of all others, is that of the piston up and down in the cylinder. It is by connecting the piston-rod with other pieces of machinery through a beam that the work is done. Now, in the draining-engine the piston-rod was attached to the beam by a flexible chain. Where the purpose was the mere pumping of water, the inconvenience of this was not so great; but to render the steam-engine useful for other purposes, it was necessary to do away with the flexible chain, and connect the piston-rod with the end of the beam by some *rigid communication*. Watt effected this by that most graceful and beautiful invention, the sight of which in operation produces a feeling of pleasure, like that derived from contemplating a fine work of art—*the parallel motion*. At the end of the beam of a steam-engine may be observed a curious jointed parallelogram, with the piston-rod attached to one of its angles. When the engine is in action, if the movements of this parallelogram be watched attentively, it will be perceived that while three of the angles of the parallelogram move in small circular arcs, the fourth—that to which the piston-rod is attached—is so pulled upon by opposite forces, that although tending to move in a curve, it moves in a straight line. This result depends on a very recondite mathematical principle; the contrivance, however, practically, is one of the most simple imaginable. "I myself," says Watt, speaking of his first trial of the parallel motion, "have been much surprised with the regularity of its action. When I saw it in movement, it afforded me all the pleasure of a novelty, and I had quite the feeling as if I had been examining the invention of another."

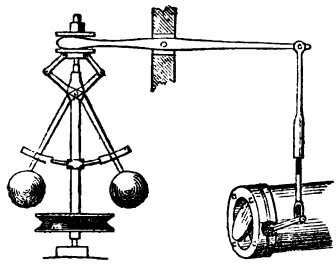
Another improvement, which, in point of the additional power gained, was more important than the parallel motion, and which indeed preceded it in point of time, was the *Double-acting Engine*. In the steam-engine, so far as we have yet described it, the whole force consisted in the downward stroke; in the depression of the piston in Newcomen's engine by the atmosphere; and in Watt's improved engine by the steam admitted into the upper chamber of the cylinder. When the piston had reached the bottom

of the cylinder, it rose again by the mere counterpoise of the other end of the beam, just as the lighter end of a weighing-beam ascends when the pressure which kept it down is removed. Watt remedied this defect, by giving the piston an upward as well as a downward stroke; that is, by employing the steam to push up the piston as well as to push it down. After the whole cylinder is first filled with steam, a communication is opened between the upper chamber and the condenser; thus the steam in the upper chamber is condensed, and a vacuum is formed, upon which the elasticity of the steam in the lower chamber pushes up the piston. This is the ascending stroke. To procure the descending stroke, a communication is next opened between the *lower* chamber of the cylinder and the condenser; by this means a vacuum is formed below the piston; steam is then admitted into the *upper* chamber, and its elasticity pushes the piston down. And thus, by the alternate admission and condensation of steam above and below the cylinder, the double action is procured, giving a double power for the same size of cylinder, and there is no longer any necessity for one end of the beam being heavier than the other.

Besides the double-stroke engine, Mr Watt also indicated an improvement, which he did not fully carry out, but which has since been attended with results so surprising as regards the economising of the steam, that its utility ranks as high as that of the separate condenser. This consists in shutting off the steam from the boiler before the whole length of the stroke, whether upward or downward, is completed, leaving the quantity admitted to perform the rest of the stroke by its expansive force. By this contrivance the saving is about a third, as it is found that no more force is gained by admitting steam during the whole continuance of the stroke than by shutting it off during the last third. By the application in some machines in Cornwall of this plan of *working the steam expansively*, a bushel of coals has been made to perform the labour of twenty men working for ten hours; which is equivalent to performing a man's daily work at the cost of a halfpenny.

Watt had thus gone as far as it was possible to go in increasing the power of the steam-engine. "*Power*, however," observes M. Arago, "is not the only element of success in the labours of industry. *Regularity* of action is of no less importance; and what degree of regularity is to be expected from a moving power which is procured from the fire, under the influence of the poker and shovel, and supplied by coals of very different qualities: under the influence, too, of workmen often far from intelligent, and almost always inattentive. We should expect that the propelling steam would be sometimes superabundant; that hence it would rush into the cylinder with the greater rapidity, so making the piston work more rapidly according as the fire was more powerful, and from such causes great inequalities of movement

appear almost inevitable." Watt's genius provided a remedy for this, by an ingenious application of an apparatus called the *governor*, which should regulate the quantity of steam admitted from the boiler into the cylinder. The nature of this piece of mechanism will be understood by the annexed figure. "A spindle or upright rod, with a pulley on its lower part by which it is moved, receiving motion through a strap attached to the shaft or axle, has two balls, which revolve along with it. These balls, by the means of joints, may be separated considerably from, or brought nearer to, the spindle.



Two levers are connected with the rods to which the balls are attached, having a free movement on other levers similar in length and thickness, but which meet in a metallic ring movable upwards and downwards on the spindle. Immediately above the ring, a lever is placed transversely across the ring, fixed at one point, but connected to another which is bent, to the end of which the throttle-valve of the steam-pipe is attached. This valve, it may be here noticed, is intended to regulate the supply of steam, allowing it to escape when horizontal in full stream, and obstructing it proportionately as it assumes a vertical direction. When, therefore, the engine acts with increased speed or velocity, and the main shaft to which this spindle is attached is revolved with a proportionate degree of rapidity, the balls will recede to a greater distance from each other, and accordingly the levers, acting on the throttle-valve, will raise it so as to diminish the flow of steam. But if the shaft revolves slowly, the spindle also having its velocity regulated by it, the balls will naturally approximate each other, and the lever will now so act on the valve as to throw it completely open, and thereby permit the steam to enter in a full current to the cylinder, and accelerate the motion."* Such is the efficacy of this apparatus, that by its means a steam-engine may be made to give motion to a clock which shall keep good time. "It is this regulator of Watt's," says M. Arago, "and a skilful employment of fly-wheels, which constitute the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the manufactures of our epoch. It is this which confers on the steam-engine a working movement which is wholly free from irregularity, and by which it can weave the most delicate fabrics, as well as communicate a rapid movement to the ponderous stones of a flour-mill."

To describe all the other inventions of a minor kind connected

* Chambers's Information for the People—"Steam-Engine."

with the steam-engine which came from the prolific genius of Watt, would occupy too much space. Rotatory engines, already alluded to in the present Tract, and which have engaged much attention of late years, were not only thought of by Watt, but actually constructed; "he subsequently abandoned them, however, not because they did not work, but because they appeared to him decidedly inferior, in an economical point of view, to machines of double powers and rectilineal oscillations." "There are, in fact," says M. Arago, "few inventions, great or small, among those so admirably combined in our present steam-engines, which are not the development of some of the original ideas of Watt. He proposed machines without condensation, in which, after having acted, the steam is dispersed in the air, and which were intended for localities where large quantities of cold water could not readily be procured. The operation of the principle of expansion in machines with several cylinders, was also one of the projects of the Soho engineer. He suggested the idea of pistons which should be perfectly steam-tight, although composed exclusively of metal. It was Watt also who first had recourse to mercurial manometers for measuring the elasticity of the steam in the boiler and the condenser; who conceived the idea of a simple and permanent gauge, by whose assistance might always be ascertained, with a glance of the eye, the level of the water in the boiler, and who, to prevent this level ever varying injuriously, connected the movements of the feeding pump with those of a float; and who, when required, placed in an opening in the cover of the principal cylinder of the machine the *indicator*, a small apparatus so constructed that it accurately exhibits the state of the steam in relation to the position of the piston, &c. &c. Watt was not less skilful and happy in his attempts to improve the boilers, to diminish the loss of heat, and to consume those torrents of black smoke which issue from common chimneys, however elevated they may be." The various improvements above alluded to had all been made and patented by Mr Watt before the year 1785. Suppose one of Watt's double-stroke engines of that year's construction, with all the improvements embodied in it, placed side by side with the Glasgow college model of Newcomen's draining machine, which in the winter of 1763-4 had been sent to Mr Watt for repair; in the contrast would be seen the value of Mr Watt's labours during these twenty years. That which he had found a clumsy, weak, and boisterous apparatus, applicable only to the draining of mines, he had converted into a machine compact, calm, regular, resistless as an earthquake, yet docile as a child; capable of every process in manufacture or art.

To express by any ordinary terms in our language the advantages resulting from Watt's improvements of the steam-engine would be altogether impossible. We have only to look abroad on the world, and see what mighty applications of this won-

derful engine are everywhere visible. Steam navigation, railway travelling, automatic factory labour, steam printing, mining, and hundreds of other arts, have been brought to their present state only by means of Watt's discoveries. In its adaptation to mills and factories, steam is doubtless more costly than water-power; but, being independent of situation or seasons, it is in general circumstances preferable. Its placid steadiness, and the ease with which it may be managed, are also great recommendations in its favour. As a motive power in the arts, steam takes the lead of all others, and, viewing it as an economiser of labour, it must assuredly be pronounced the stay of Britain—the saviour of the country from universal ruin.

The steam-power at present employed in Great Britain and Ireland is equal to about 8,000,000 of men's power, or 1,600,000 horse-power. It is calculated that a horse requires eight times the quantity of soil for producing food that a human being does; if, therefore, horse-power were made to supersede steam-power, additional food for 1,600,000 horses would require to be raised, which would be equal to the food of 12,800,000 men.

It is in consequence of the improved mechanical arrangements, and employment of inanimate forces in Great Britain, that that comparatively small country is enabled to manufacture goods cheaper, and with greater profit, than can be done by the largest and most populous countries in which mechanism is imperfect, and labour performed exclusively by living agents.

The profits of manufactures so produced spread their beneficial influence over the whole mass of society, every one being less or more benefited. Thus, almost all the luxuries and comforts of life, all the refinements of social existence, may be traced to the use of tools and machinery. Machinery is the result of mechanical skill, and mechanical skill is the result of experience and a long course of investigation into the working of principles in nature, which are hidden from the inattentive observer. Much of the present mechanical improvement is also owing to the pressure of necessities, or wants, which have always a tendency to stimulate the dormant powers of man. What are to be the ultimate limits and advantages of mechanical discoveries no one can foresee. The investigation of natural forces is yet far from being finished. Every day discloses some new scientific truth, which is forthwith impressed into the service of mankind, and tends to diminish the sum of human drudgery and suffering. In this manner, therefore, are we usefully taught that the study of nature forms a never-failing source of intellectual enjoyment, and that "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

MISCELLANEOUS INVENTIONS OF WATT—HIS CONCERN WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE COMPOSITION OF WATER.

Although it is with the steam-engine that Watt's name is immortally associated, his inventive genius was displayed in various

contrivances totally unconnected with it. Residing in Birmingham, in the receipt of an ample income from the establishment of which he was a partner—left at liberty, by the superintendence which Mr Boulton exercised over the commercial part of the business, to devote his time to his own proper department, that of invention—and interrupted only by the calls which his lawsuits against those who pirated his machines made upon his patience—Watt was able to maintain an acquaintance with all that was taking place in the scientific world, and to take an interest in all kinds of researches and experiments. Accordingly, besides being the author of the machine now, with some modifications, used in all writers' offices for copying letters; of the plan also in common use for heating buildings by steam; and of an instrument capable yet of being brought to great perfection for multiplying copies of busts and pieces of sculpture; all of which inventions he was led to make by the interest which he took in the arts in general, Mr Watt is now ascertained, by very good evidence, to have been connected in a more direct and intimate manner than perhaps any one else, with that grand discovery of modern chemistry—the composition of water. As it is only of late years that the connexion of Mr Watt with this discovery has been sufficiently investigated, a short account of it, drawn up from the statements of Lord Brougham and M. Arago, who have had the principal share in proving Watt's claims, will not be out of place.

Air and water were, until about the middle of last century, regarded as simple bodies, or, according to the ancient language, *elements*. It was at length shown, however, by various inquirers, the principal of whom were Black, Cavendish, and Priestley, that air was not a simple substance, but a compound of two gases. Still no one thought that the same thing might be true of water; and water continued to pass for a simple body after the compound nature of atmospheric air was demonstrated. In the year 1781, however, Mr Warltire, a chemist, observed that when an electric spark was passed through a mixture of hydrogen gas (then called inflammable or phlogisticated air) and common atmospheric air, a deposit of dew took place on the sides of the vessel, which dew was found to be water. The same result occurred when the vessel contained a mixture of hydrogen gas (phlogisticated air) and oxygen (dephlogisticated air). Priestley, in 1782–3, repeated Warltire's experiment, but discovered the additional important circumstance, that the weight of the water deposited on the sides of the vessel in which the detonation of the oxygen and hydrogen took place was precisely equal to the joint weight of the two gases. This result Priestley communicated to his friend Mr Watt, as well as to the Royal Society, in a paper dated the 21st of April 1783. Mr Watt, who had long been interested in the subject, and who had for sometime entertained the idea that possibly air was but a modification of water or steam, instantly seized

the true conclusion to be drawn from Priestley's experiment, and in a letter to that philosopher, dated 26th April 1783, expressed himself as follows:—"Let us consider what obviously happens in the case of the deflagration of the inflammable and dephlogisticated air. These two kinds of air unite with violence, they become red hot, and, upon cooling, totally disappear. When the vessel is cooled, a quantity of water is found in it equal to the weight of the air employed. This water is then the only remaining product of the process; and water, light, and heat, are all the products. Are we not then authorised to conclude that water is composed of dephlogisticated air and phlogiston, deprived of their latent or elementary heat; that dephlogisticated or pure air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston, and united to elementary heat and light; that the latter are contained in it in a latent state, so as not to be sensible to the thermometer or to the eye; and if light be only a modification of heat, or a circumstance attending it, or a component part of the inflammable air, then pure or dephlogisticated air is composed of water deprived of its phlogiston and united to elementary heat?"

This document—the first known assertion in writing of the fact that water is a composition of oxygen and hydrogen (dephlogisticated and phlogisticated air)—was communicated by Dr Priestley to various scientific men in London, and a copy of it was sent to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, to be read at a meeting of that body. Circumstances prevented the paper from being read, and in all probability it lay, with the other papers of the Society, in the hands of the secretary, Sir Charles Blagden. Nearly nine months passed, when, on the 15th of January 1784, a paper, communicated by the celebrated Mr Cavendish, was read before the Society. In this paper the experiment of burning oxygen and hydrogen in a close vessel is described; and the conclusion stated, that in the process the two gases were converted into water. Later in the same year, a paper of the great French chemist Lavoisier was published, parts of which had been read before the Academy of Sciences in November and December 1783; and in this paper the same conclusion of the composition of water from oxygen and hydrogen is explicitly stated. On the publication of these conflicting claims, a controversy naturally arose as to who was the real discoverer of the new truth—the rival claimants being Mr Cavendish and M. Lavoisier. Mr Cavendish stated that he had made the experiment of burning the two gases so early as 1781, and that he had mentioned it verbally to Dr Priestley; he does not say, however, whether, at the time of mentioning it to Dr Priestley, he had come to the grand conclusion, nor does he state at what time he first came to that conclusion. So far, therefore, this evidence, admitted to its full extent, only amounts to a declaration that Mr Cavendish early repeated Mr Warltire's experiment. The only indication given by Mr Cavendish as to

the precise time at which he formed the important conclusion capable of being drawn from the experiment, is contained in a farther statement, that "a friend of his, in the summer of 1783, gave some account of his experiments to M. Lavoisier, as well as of the conclusion drawn from them, that dephlogisticated air is only water deprived of its phlogiston." The person here alluded to as having told Lavoisier of the discovery made by Cavendish is Sir Charles Blagden, already named as the secretary of the Royal Society, and who was a very intimate friend of Mr Cavendish. Sir Charles corroborates Mr Cavendish's statement, and distinctly avers that he communicated the grand conclusion to Lavoisier in the summer of 1783. Lavoisier, on the other hand, assumes the conclusion as his own, and states that Sir Charles Blagden's communication consisted in a mere intimation to him, while engaged in his experiments, that Mr Cavendish had already performed similar ones, and as the result "had obtained from the burning of inflammable air a very sensible quantity of water." Sir Charles Blagden and Lavoisier, therefore, flatly contradict each other: Lavoisier stating that, in the summer of 1783, he was engaged in experiments which led to the momentous conclusion; Sir Charles declaring that, in that summer, he announced the conclusion to Lavoisier, as having already been drawn by Mr Cavendish. Admitting, as most favourable to the claims of Mr Cavendish, Sir Charles Blagden's statement, this would amount only to a proof that Mr Cavendish had arrived at the conclusion *previous to the summer of* 1783. Were this true, it would establish the precedency of Mr Cavendish over Lavoisier in respect of the discovery. The question would still remain, however, between Mr Cavendish and Mr Watt. Mr Watt, we have already seen, had expressed the conclusion on paper as early as the 26th of April 1783; the question now would be, on the most favourable terms to Mr Cavendish, *at what time previous* to the summer of 1783 he had arrived at the conclusion. On this point Sir Charles Blagden's statement is less distinct. "During the spring of 1783," he says, "Mr Cavendish showed us that he had necessarily deduced from his experiments the conclusion that oxygen is nothing else than water deprived of its phlogiston. *About the same time* the news reached Birmingham, that Mr Watt of Birmingham had been led by some observations to a similar conclusion." Here it may be necessary to remind our readers, that Mr Watt's letter containing the announcement of the conclusion must in all probability have been put into the hands of Sir Charles Blagden at the time it was intended to be read before the Society.

Clearly the whole weight of the evidence goes to prove, that whatever may have been the merits of Mr Cavendish and M. Lavoisier, and the degree of originality in their inquiries with regard to the point at issue, Mr Watt stands before them both, as having been the first person who expressed in writing his

belief that water was a compound of two gases. It may also be mentioned, that Mr Watt, although he took no public part in the controversy, never renounced his claim to be considered the original author of the discovery, for the honour of which Cavendish and Lavoisier were contending.

Mr Watt, in a visit to Paris in 1786, undertaken for the purpose of inspecting the waterworks at Marly, met, among other Frenchmen of scientific celebrity, the chemist Berthollet, who had just discovered the valuable bleaching properties of chlorine. This discovery he communicated to Mr Watt, through whose means, accordingly, the process of bleaching by chlorine was introduced into this country; his father-in-law, Mr Macgregor, being the first to apply it on a large scale. Another subject in which Mr Watt took much interest, was the administration of the various gases for medical purposes. In short, besides his distinction as an engineer and inventor, Mr Watt sustained, by the universality of his acquirements, the general character of a British man of science.

MR WATT'S RETIREMENT FROM BUSINESS—HIS DEATH—PERSONAL HABITS AND CHARACTER.

Mr Watt's various patents expired in the year 1800. In that year, therefore, he withdrew entirely from business, leaving his share in the Soho establishment to his sons, James and Gregory; the latter of whom, his son by the second marriage, was cut off in 1804, at the early age of twenty-seven, after giving evidence of very great literary and scientific talent. Mr Watt survived this event about fifteen years—years spent in ease and retirement, and in the enjoyment of that genial social intercourse for which he always exhibited so great a relish. The activity of his mind during this retirement will be illustrated by the following anecdote, related by M. Arago:—"A water company in Glasgow had established, on the right bank of the river Clyde, great buildings and powerful machines, for the purpose of conveying water into every house in the town. When the works were completed, it was discovered that, on the other side of the river, there was a spring, or rather a kind of natural filter, which abundantly supplied water of a very superior quality. To remove the works was now inexpedient; but a question arose as to the practicability of drawing the water from wells on the left bank, by means of the pumping-engines then existing on the right bank, and through a main-pipe to be carried by some means across the river. In this emergency Watt was consulted; and he was ready with a solution of the difficulty. Pointing to a lobster on the table, he showed in what manner a mechanist might, with iron, construct a jointed tube which would be endowed with all the mobility of the tail of the crustacea. He accordingly proposed a complete jointed conduit-pipe, capable of bending and applying itself to all the inflections, present and

future, of the bed of a great river—in fact, a lobster-tail of iron, two feet in diameter, and a thousand feet in length. He soon after furnished plans in detail, and drawings; and the design was executed for the Glasgow Water-Company with the most complete success."

The last years of the life of the great engineer present few incidents worthy of notice. His health, which was extremely delicate in his youth, and liable to be affected by violent headaches, to which he was subject, improved as age advanced, and his decline was calm and happy. "He preserved," says Lord Jeffrey, "up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive, than in his last visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1817. Indeed it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year."

Watt died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, on the 25th of August 1819, in his eighty-fourth year; and was buried in the parish-church of Handsworth, where a monument to his memory, with a marble statue by Chantrey, was erected by his son, Mr James Watt. A second statue, by the same artist, was presented by his son to the college of Glasgow. Greenock, as the birthplace of Watt, has likewise a statue of her most illustrious son; and, not to mention others, the finest production of Chantrey's chisel is the colossal one of Watt in Westminster Abbey, bearing an inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham.

The task of describing the general demeanour of Watt, and of summing up his character, has happily been performed by one able to do it justice—his friend Lord Jeffrey.

"Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which

he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might, perhaps, have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

"His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all incumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it for his own use to its true value, and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

"It is needless to say that, with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk, at least in his later years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He

generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing; but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation; and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity, and prized accordingly far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful, though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonised admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment."

To these passages from the pen of Lord Jeffrey, we may add the following from Sir Walter Scott, as they occur in the preface to "The Monastery:"—"It was only once my fortune to meet Watt, when there were assembled about half a score of our northern lights.* Amidst this company stood Mr Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree, perhaps, even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth—giving to the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise—affording means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man—and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt—was

* At the table of one of the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses.

not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers, and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings. There he stood, surrounded by the little band of northern literati. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. In his eighty-first year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man, had his attention at every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another a celebrated critic—you would have said that the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak—it was his own distinguished walk."

If to these eulogies it be thought necessary to add the honorary titles conferred upon Mr Watt, it may be mentioned that, in 1784, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; in the following year he became a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; in 1787 he was chosen a Corresponding Member of the Batavian Society; in 1808 the university of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and, shortly before his death, he was added to the small number of English members of the Royal Institute of France.

In one of the public squares of Glasgow—the city which witnessed Watt's early struggles—a statue has been erected to his memory; and thus has been expiated the narrow policy which originally offered an obstacle to his useful career.

PICTURES OF WAR.

IF there be any one thing in the affairs of mortal men which it is proper uniformly to explode—which it is incumbent on every man, by every lawful means, to deprecate and oppose—that one thing is, doubtless, *War*. There is nothing more unnaturally wicked, or more productive of misery and public and private loss. The destruction of life, though enormous, is equalled by the destruction of property. Thousands of individuals, on sea and land, lose their all. Ships on the high seas, laden with valuable cargoes, are taken, burnt, or wrecked. Whole countries are laid waste only by the passing of an immense army; houses are defaced, furniture broken in pieces, the stores of families eaten up, and the finest cities laid in ashes. And all this, and much more, is done with the view of overcoming an enemy—forcing one party, by every species of violence, to submit to the terms of another. In such a state of things reason is dumb; there is no argument, no attempt at peaceful suasion: it is all sheer force; a struggle to the death who shall be uppermost; the conquest of the strong over the weak. War is happily known in Great Britain only from hearsay: all that is seen of it is the spectacle of military array; all that is felt from it is the burden of payment. For these reasons, however, people are only the more apt to mistake its real character, and to think and speak lightly of what ought not to be mentioned without emotions of detestation. With the view of inculcating as correct ideas as possible on this subject, and without unnecessarily shocking the feelings, we propose in the present sheet to offer such pictures of war as

will show this monstrous system of strife in its proper colours. Our notices will more particularly refer to some of those sieges which have acquired celebrity in history; for great as are the calamities which ensue from the direct contention of armies in the field, they are, for the greater part, much less appalling than the horrors which occur from the assault and protracted siege of fortified towns. In such cases the demon war is seen and felt under numerous aggravations; for to the spectacle of wounds and slaughter is added the terror of the unfortunate inhabitants, with the destruction of their property, and not unfrequently starvation in its most appalling forms. According to the practice of modern military engineering, the possibility of capturing any fortified place, however seemingly impregnable, is reduced to a question of time—the united process of battering with shot, and of approaching by trenches and mines, being sure to terminate in the utter destruction of every species of defence. Previous to the discovery of this mode of attacking and capturing towns, it was more customary than it is at present to weary out the besieged, by surrounding them with an army, and starving them into terms of surrender. On this account the narratives of sieges in the olden time present some of the most distressing pictures of war. To this terrible class of cases belonged the siege of Leyden, in 1574, described in our 42d number; and to this also pertains the siege of Londonderry, noticed in the present sheet. That assaults on fortified towns previous to the invention of gunpowder were as calamitous as those which have taken place since, we have ample and melancholy testimony in the wars of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

SCENE AT TYRE.

Alexander, usually styled the Great (who flourished about 3 years before Christ), as is well known, made war and conque a favourite pastime, and carried his Macedonian legions to th farther limits of Asia in quest of countries to subjugate. In th course of one of his campaigns, he encountered a remarkab degree of opposition from the inhabitants of Tyre, whose city h invested. After much preliminary fighting, this unfortunate cit was warmly attacked on all sides, and as vigorously defende the besiegers battering the walls incessantly, whilst their arche and slingers harassed the besieged with stones and arrows, i order to drive them from their posts. Alexander's soldiers ende voured, sword in hand, to gain the walls, but, with unparallele bravery, were repulsed by the Tyrians, who had invented son kind of weapons unknown to the Macedonians. Among the re they made use of a three-forked hook, fastened to the end of rope, the other end of which they held themselves, and threw th hook against the targets of the besiegers, where it stuck fast, an gave the Tyrians an opportunity of either plucking their targe out of their hands, and thereby leaving them exposed to dan

and arrows, or, if they did not readily part with their shields, of pulling them headlong from the towers.

Some, by throwing large nets over the Macedonians engaged on the bridges, so entangled their hands, that they could neither use them in their own defence, nor to offend their enemies; and others, with iron hooks fastened to long poles, dragged them from the bridges, and dashed their brains out against the wall or on the causeway. A great many engines, placed on the walls, likewise played incessantly on the aggressors with massy pieces of red-hot iron, which swept away vast numbers.

But what most of all discouraged the Macedonians in this attack, and obliged them at last to give it over, was the burning sand which, by a new contrivance, was showered upon them by the Tyrians. This sand was thrown among them in red-hot shields of brass, and, getting within their breastplates and coats of mail, burnt them to the very bone, and tormented them to such a degree, that many of them, finding no relief, cast themselves headlong into the sea; others threw down their arms, tore off their clothes, and so were exposed, naked and defenceless, to the power of the enemy; whilst others, dying in the anguish of inexpressible torments, struck a terror with their cries into all who heard them. This occasioned unspeakable confusion among the Macedonians, and gave new courage to the Tyrians, who now quitted the wall, and charged the enemy hand to hand upon the bridges with such intrepidity and fury, that Alexander, seeing his men give way, ordered a retreat to be sounded, and thereby saved their lives, and in some degree their reputation.

After a season of repose, and other events, Alexander advanced again, in order to attempt a general assault. Both the attack and the defence were, if possible, more vigorous than ever. At length several breaches were made in the walls, and the Tyrians were forced to retire. Seeing themselves overpowered on every side, and the Macedonians masters of their city, some flew for refuge to the temples; others, shutting themselves in their houses, escaped the swords of the victors by a voluntary death; and others rushed upon the enemy, firmly resolved to sell their lives at the dearest rate.

Alexander gave orders to kill all the inhabitants (except those who had sheltered themselves in the temples), and to set fire to every part of the city; which command, indeed, was not executed to its utmost extent, but yet with severity enough, for the city was burnt to the ground; but the Sidonian soldiers who were in Alexander's camp, calling to mind their ancient affinity with the Tyrians, carried off great numbers of them privately on board their ships, and conveyed them to Sidon. Fifteen thousand were thus saved from the rage of the Macedonians, and yet the slaughter was very great; for Alexander, upon his first entering the city, put eight thousand men to the sword; and afterwards, with shocking barbarity, and to the last degree unbecoming a

generous conqueror, caused two thousand of the better sort of inhabitants to be crucified, so many crosses being erected along the sea-shore for that purpose; and this for no other reason than because they had fought with such bravery in defence of their country.

Our next example refers to a siege of comparatively recent times—the celebrated investment of Londonderry, consequent on the Revolution of 1688.

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

When James II., as a last effort to recover possession of the throne, endeavoured to secure the adherence of the people of Ireland, he became anxious to take possession of Derry, a fortified town in Ulster, and prepared to invest it with an army. Derry, inhabited chiefly by descendants of Scotch, who were favourable to the revolution settlement, greatly to the surprise of every one, refused to capitulate on this occasion; for besides having a slender military force, it was in most other respects unprepared for enduring the horrors of a siege.

King James entered Ulster with an army of 12,000 men, and a tolerable train of artillery, and on the 18th of April (1689) approached the walls of Derry. The terror of opposing the entrance of this menacing force caused many to leave the town, and only about 7500 militia remained to offer a defence, while the whole of the guns which could be brought to bear on the enemy was only twenty in number. Deserted by their proper commander, the defenders placed the management of affairs in the hands of a Major Baker, George Walker, an Episcopalian clergyman, and Adam Murray, a country gentleman of the neighbourhood. These, with some other officers, declared their resolution to hold out the town against the large force brought against it, and daily sent out, or headed, sallying parties to attack the enemy. Once commenced, the siege was conducted with unscrupulous barbarity. Large bullets were showered upon the houses, destroying, killing, and wounding in their course, and tearing up the ground where they happened to alight. Some of the shells which were fired fell, it is mentioned, in the churchyard of the town, and burying themselves in the ground, threw up the bodies which had been recently interred.

But it was not so much the balls and shells of the enemy that the besiegers had to fear, as the prospect of starvation by the exhaustion of their stock of provisions. There was a population of some 27,000 persons shut up within the space of a few acres, and left to be supported by whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be within the walls at the time when the siege commenced. As no preparations had been made for the siege, this quantity was not very great, and there was no possibility of increasing it by procuring supplies from the neighbourhood. To collect and store up the victuals, therefore, was one of the first

concerns of the governors. By husbanding their provisions, it was hoped that the city might be able to hold out till assistance should arrive from England; and eagerly did the besieged look for the appearance of the vessels, which, they did not doubt, would soon be seen making their way to the city by Lough Foyle.

The month of May, however, passed without any assistance having arrived. The town's-people had been all the while suffering from the enemy's shells and balls, exchanging in return shots from their own batteries, which did great damage among their assailants, and sometimes, as before, sallying out and engaging in close fight. In some of these sorties the courage displayed was desperate, and the slaughter great. Towards the end of May, however, the horrors of famine, afterwards to be so terribly realised, began to be anticipated. The garrison had for some time been put on short allowance, and the precaution had been taken to salt and barrel the horses killed in their battles with the enemy under the walls; but as June came in, and the stock dwindled away, the dreadful doom of death by hunger began to stare them in the face.

Meanwhile the news of the condition of Derry had spread through England, and great discontent was expressed at the conduct of government in not taking means to render the brave inhabitants some relief. At length, in compliance with the public demands that something should be done for the suffering people of Derry, Major-General Kirk was sent to their relief with a reinforcement of 5000 men, and a quantity of provisions. It was the 13th of June, however, before he arrived in Lough Foyle. "Upon the sight of the fleet, which consisted of thirty sail, the besieged gave the usual salutations of joy; but perceiving them received with silence, and no jovial returns made by the seamen on board, they looked upon each other with uncertain and foreboding eyes. Soon after, they were informed that Kirk, upon receiving information that the passage of the river to the town was barred by works erected by the enemy, had resolved to retire to the Inch, an island six miles from Londonderry. These works were batteries along the banks, vessels sunk in the channel, and a boom which had been thrown across the river, and which was defended by two forts; and all these were reported to be much stronger than they were. Upon this sad news, the besieged made signals of distress from their steeples to Kirk; but in vain. After a short stay, he set sail, the inhabitants of the town following his ships with their eyes as long as they could perceive them." Kirk's hard-hearted and feeble-minded conduct on this occasion earned for him the title of "Infamous;" which indeed he had established a fair claim to by previous passages in his life. It is said that the slightest exertion on his part would have been sufficient to raise the siege; for that the besiegers were seen in the greatest confusion at his

approach, many even exchanging their red coats for clothing more appropriate for running away in.

"The besieged," says Dalrymple, "though in a desperate condition, did not give themselves up to despair. Not contented with making sallies, and defending the old outworks of the place, they even advanced new ones, and became expert in fortification and mining, by imitating the arts which were employed against them. The women attended every service, animating the men by their cries, and often assisting them with their own hands. About the middle of June, when the weather became sultry, disease at last seized them, cooped up in so narrow a space. They buried fifteen officers in one day. Baker, their governor, died. Yet even death in this form, more dismal than in that of war, dismayed them not. Their provisions being spent, they preserved life by eating horse flesh, tallow, starch, salted hides, impure animals, and roots of vegetables. When their cannon-ball was nearly spent, they made use of bits of brick, covered with lead."

To aggravate the condition of the besieged, Marshal Rosen arrived at Londonderry on the 18th of June with a reinforcement to the besiegers of 1500 men, and charged by King James with the further conduct of the siege. Rosen was much better skilled in the art of besieging than the generals who had hitherto directed the operations against the town, and under him the place was invested more closely, and a more vigorous battering commenced. Nevertheless the garrison did not flinch; and the first order issued among the besieged, after the arrival of Marshal Rosen, was, "that no man, on pain of death, should presume to speak of surrendering the city." At the same time the most strenuous exertions were made to communicate with General Kirk, in order to make him aware of their situation, and induce him to make an effort for their relief. Signals were made from the steeples, and messengers even risked their lives in the attempt to convey letters to him. All was in vain; Kirk seemed determined to sit by and see the people of Londonderry starve.

On the 30th of June, Marshal Rosen, provoked beyond measure by the obstinacy of the garrison, who would neither listen to his proposals for capitulation, nor appear intimidated by his threats, resorted to a device which, whether truly or not, has been pronounced unparalleled in modern warfare. He gave orders that all the inhabitants for ten miles round Londonderry should be driven under the walls of the town; he ordered the country to be burned and laid waste; and he proclaimed that, if the town did not surrender before ten days were elapsed, the people collected outside the walls should be allowed to starve, and the inhabitants within it all put to the sword. Five thousand, or, as others relate, seven thousand miserable wretches, who were collected from the country around, men, women, the old, the young, even the sick, and nurses with infants hanging on the breast,

all were driven with drawn swords under the walls of the town. The besieged, on the other hand, by way of a retaliation for the sufferings of their countrymen, erected a gibbet on the bastion nearest the enemy, and gave orders to hang up all the prisoners who were in their hands. During two days and two nights the unhappy victims of Rosen's resentment continued at the foot of the walls, without meat, drink, fire, or shelter, where many hundreds of them died. At the end of that time, such of them as were able to go away were permitted to do so, the cruelty of Rosen's design being such as to prevent its full execution. But those who died were the most fortunate; for the others, filled with the seeds of diseases and with dejection, as they wandered homewards, beheld on all sides their habitations in ashes, here and there at distances the smoke of some not extinguished, and their cattle, furniture, and provisions carried off. A vast silence reigned over the land, and they envied their companions who were at rest from their miseries. It would be inhuman to the memory of the unhappy to impute the disgrace of this action to James. He revoked the order as soon as he heard of it, because his own sufferings had probably taught him to feel for those of others.

As soon as the poor people were allowed to retire from under the walls, and return to their homes, the gallows which the besieged had erected, in order, by way of retaliation, to hang their prisoners, was taken down, and the prisoners sent back to their places of confinement in the city. This happened in the beginning of July, before which time the famine had increased to a degree at which it was hardly possible for the garrison to continue to hold out.

During the whole of July the siege was continued, and the city filled with a starving and emaciated population, into the midst of which the balls and shells of the enemy were constantly flying. "On the 9th of July," says one historian of the siege, "the allowance was a pound of tallow to every soldier in the garrison. They mixed it with meal, ginger, pepper, and aniseseed, and made excellent pancakes. Charming meat this was; for during the preceding fortnight horse flesh was eaten, and at this time the carcase of a dog was reckoned good meat. The pale and emaciated victims of hunger were every day seen collecting wild vegetables and weeds, and all kinds of sea-wreck, which they devoured greedily, to the total ruin of their health." In a few days the destitution became even greater, from the exhaustion of those articles to which the garrison had resorted as a substitute for food. About the 20th of July, a merchant in Derry discovered a method for supplying the garrison for six or seven of the severest days of want. He showed them where there was a considerable quantity of starch, which they mixed with tallow, and fried as pancakes. Oatmeal, which before the siege was to be had for fourpence, was now sold at six shillings a peck;

butter for fivepence an ounce; and all other food that could be procured was proportionably dear. A story is told of a poor man whom hunger had, at this melancholy time, compelled to kill his dog and dress the flesh. Just as he was about to feast, an inexorable creditor, equally hungry, came in to demand a debt, which the man was unable to pay in any other way than by resigning the carcase of the dead dog to the unbidden guest. On the 27th of July, the market-prices of such provisions as were to be had were as follow:—Horse flesh, per pound, one shilling and eightpence; a quarter of a dog, fattened, it was supposed, by eating dead bodies, five shillings and sixpence; a dog's head, two shillings and sixpence; a cat, four and sixpence; a rat, one shilling; a mouse, sixpence; a pound of tallow, four shillings; a pound of salted hides, one shilling; a quart of horse's blood, one shilling; a handful of sea-weed, twopence; a quart of meal, one shilling. At this time, according to the account of Governor Walker, the garrison were looking forward to the necessity of subsisting on human flesh; and he mentions a fat hypochondriac gentleman who, with the prospect of such a condition before him, shut himself up for several days, because he imagined some of the starving soldiers were casting cannibal-like looks upon him as he passed them in the street.

At length Kirk, who had all this time been idle, resolved, foreseeing the surrender of the city unless something were done for its relief, to make an attempt to throw provisions into it by means of three victual ships which should sail up the river under the convoy of a man-of-war. "As soon," says Dalrymple, "as these vessels approached the town, on the 30th of July, the besieging army hastened to that side, some to oppose them, and the rest to gratify their curiosity. That part of the garrison which was not upon duty ranged themselves along the walls nearest to the river, with eyes intent, and hands lifted up to Heaven for the success of the convoy. The ship of war, by galling the enemy's batteries, drew their fire upon itself, and thus saved the victuallers from danger. The foremost of the victuallers, at the first shock, broke the boom, but ran aground in consequence of the turn which this gave to her course. A shout of triumph burst from the besiegers at the sight of this accident. Multitudes of them, quitting their ranks, flew to the shore, and plunged into the water. Some pushed off with their hands the boats they found there; others leaped into them; all advanced, or called to advance, against the vessel in distress. The smoke of the enemy's fire and of her own covered her from the sight of the besieged. During this darkness and confusion the besiegers called from the opposite side of the river that the vessel was taken. A shrill cry of misery, like the wailings of women, was heard from the walls. The common paleness of fear appeared not upon men who had lost all sense of it. One who was an eye-witness relates that, in the depth of despair, they looked *black*

in the eyes of each other. But in a little time the victualler was seen emerging from the smoke, having got off by the rebound of her own guns; and she and the others, amid the tumultuous cries of both parties, sailed up to the town." Derry was saved; and next day the enemy abandoned the ground.

During this siege of three months and a half, a garrison of 7500 men was reduced to 4000, of whom about 1000 were from that time unfit for service, in consequence of the injuries, whether local or constitutional, which they had sustained. Of the remainder of the population, about 7000 are believed to have died by hunger, disease, and the enemy's fire.

SIEGES DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

The cruelties enacted during the French revolutionary movements were among the most detestable events recorded in history, for they had, in most cases, nothing but a mean vengeance for their object. The sufferings of the Vendéans, of which an account is given in a former tract (No. 16), were equalled by what the unfortunate inhabitants of Lyons endured by orders of the National Convention (1793). Disinclined to the cause of the revolution, the Lyonese endeavoured to defend their city against an army of 60,000 troops, sent to bring them under subjection. The walls were manned by 30,000 citizens, who resolved to die rather than yield up the town to the crew who assailed them. For sixty-three days Lyons endured a bombardment, which demolished a large portion of the city, while the famine which existed within the walls aggravated the general horrors of the scene. Not, however, till upwards of 30,000 persons had been killed, or died of hunger, was the place rendered up, and then it was a heap of ruins. During this terrific siege, there were fired 11,000 shot and 27,000 shells, a number of the bullets being red-hot. Of the unhappy inhabitants who escaped destruction, large numbers were guillotined, and many were put to death by being enfiladed in rows with cannon-shot.

A scene equally characteristic of war is referred to, as follows, by Charles Sumner in his much-admired Peace Oration (Boston, 1845):—"In the autumn of 1799, the armies of the French republic, which had dominated over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled, with shrunk forces, under Massena, to seek shelter within the walls of Genoa. After various efforts by the Austrian general on the land, aided by a bombardment from the British fleet in the harbour, to force the strong defences by assault, the city is invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country is cut off on the one side, while the harbour is closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Within the beleaguered and unfortunate city are the peaceful inhabitants, more than those of Boston in number, besides the French troops. Provisions soon become scarce, scarcity sharpens into want, till fell famine, bringing blindness and madness in her

train, rages like an Erinnys. Picture to yourself this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noonday—the daughter by the side of the mother, the husband by the side of the wife. When grain and rice fail, flax-seed, millet, cocoas, and almonds are ground by hand-mills into flour; and even bran, baked with honey, is eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger. During the siege, but before the last extremities, a pound of horse flesh is sold for 32 cents [1s. 4d.]; a pound of bran for 30 cents [1s. 3d.]; a pound of flour, 1 dollar 75 cents [about 6s. 6d.]. A single bean is soon sold for 4 cents [2d.]; and a biscuit of three ounces for 2 dollars 25 cents [about 10s. 6d.]; and finally none are to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which are eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still, from hunger accompanied by delirious fancies. Recourse is now had to herbs—monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, seek on the slope of the mountain, enclosed within the defences, those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts. A little cheese, and a few vegetables, are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded —those sacred stipendiaries upon human charity. Men and women, in the last anguish of despair, now fill the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, gasping their last breath on the unpitying stones of the streets. Alas! not more unpitying than man. Children, whom a dying mother's arms had ceased to protect—the orphans of an hour—with piercing cries seek in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; but none pity or aid them. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, the more impetuous rush out of the gates, and impale themselves on the Austrian bayonets, while others precipitate themselves into the sea. Others still (pardon the dire recital!) are driven to eat their shoes, and devour the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh has so far abated, that numbers feed, like cannibals, on the bodies of the dead. At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called 'the honours of war;' but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the war, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over the captured Genoa but a brief space of time; for Bonaparte had already descended, like an eagle, from the Alps, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, on the vast plains of Marengo, shattered, as with an iron mace, the Austrian empire in Italy."

SCENES IN EGYPT.

Napoleon's ambitious and disastrous attempt to conquer Egypt was productive of great sufferings among the unfortunate inhabitants of that interesting country, as well as among the invading forces. Speaking of the appearance of the country after an engagement with the Egyptian soldiery or Mamelukes, Miot observes—"I rode through the midst of 3000 slaughtered Mamelukes. My horse trembled under me while I fixed my eyes on those poor victims of ambition and vanity, and said to myself, We cross the sea; we brave the English fleet; we disembark in a country which never thought of us; we plunder their villages, and slay or ruin their inhabitants; we wantonly run the hazard of dying with hunger and thirst; we are every one of us on the point of being assassinated; *and all this for what?*" Proceeding onwards—"The whole way was tracked with the bones and bodies of men and animals that had perished in those dreadful wastes. If the eagles and vultures had arrived in time, bones only were left to bleach upon the burning sands; otherwise the carcase was presently dried up till it resembled a mummy. There was but one single tree to be seen along the whole journey; and to warm themselves at night (for the cold was so severe, that sleep would otherwise have been dangerous), they gathered together these dry bones and bodies of the dead, and it was by a fire composed of this fuel that Bonaparte lay down to sleep in the desert! The imagination of Dante could not have conceived a more emblematic situation for this incarnate Moloch."

Denon presents similar accounts of this disastrous campaign:—"The large village of Bintan," says he, "was deserted at the approach of the French. Woful experience having taught the people the necessity of flying from their invaders, whenever they were apprised of their coming, they stripped their houses even to the door and window-frames; and a village thus deserted had the appearance of a ruin a century old. Here, when the French had ransacked the walls to the very foundation, a soldier came out of a cave dragging a she-goat which he had found there. He was followed by an old man, carrying two young infants in his arms; he laid these helpless babes upon the ground, fell on his knees, and without uttering a word, but weeping all the while, pointed to the children and to the goat; for if they were deprived of her milk, they must perish. The goat was killed: and another Frenchman having picked up a third child, whose mother had dropt it in her flight, laid it down beside the other two, not reflecting, while he performed an act of intended kindness, that the three must now perish together!

"During the whole expedition a flock of kites and vultures followed the army, hastening to their prey whenever the sound of cannon ceased, and always joined company with the army

whenever it halted, being sure that something would always be left for their share. At the island of Philoe we saw mothers drowning their children, whom they could not carry away, and mutilating the girls, to save them from the violence of the soldiers.

"One of the magazines blew up, and the flames extended in every direction. The Mohammedans were without water, but they were seen extinguishing the fire with their feet and hands, and even rolling upon it in hope of smothering it with their bodies. Black and naked, they were seen running through the flames, and resembling so many fiends. During this tremendous scene there were intervals of tranquillity, and then a solitary voice was heard; it was that of their sheik, who was wholly employed in prayer, and exhorting them to fight for their faith; and these Mohammedans, amid their torments, answered him with hymns and shouts, and then rushed out against the enemy. During the night the French kept up two blazing fires against the walls, as a safer expedient than storming them; and in the morning they entered and put to the sword those who, notwithstanding they were half roasted alive, still offered resistance!"

SCENE AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The sea engagement off Trafalgar, in which Lord Nelson was unhappily killed, is usually spoken of as having been a particularly glorious victory. The British had destroyed the French fleet, and great were the rejoicings accordingly. Surely much of the joy on this occasion was out of place, for it is not exactly conformable to the principles of Christianity to rejoice over the fallen, to delight in the vengeful defeat of an enemy? Perhaps this heedless spirit of gratulation would have been somewhat tempered, had the people at large seen the actual effects of the victory on the bosom of the ocean. These are described by Mr Semple, who was at the time voyaging on the coast of Spain, near Cadiz.

"As the wind," says he, "was contrary to our crossing over, the boat was obliged to make several tacks. In one of these we approached so near the shore, that we plainly discerned two dead bodies, which the sea had thrown up. Presently one of a number of men on horseback, who for this sole purpose patroled the beach, came up, and having observed the bodies, made a signal to others on foot among the bushes. Several of them came down, and immediately began to dig a hole in the sand, into which they dragged the dead.

"All this possessed something of the terrible; but in Cadiz the consequences, though equally apparent, were of a very different nature. Ten days after the battle, they were still employed in bringing ashore the wounded; and spectacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs, and through the streets, sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and

human sufferings. When, by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry, which pierced the soul, arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion; yet, as they were finely dressed, it had something of the appearance of ostentation, if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up the steps to their litters; yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound.

"On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were carrying away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile their companions who escaped unhurt walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, whilst women sat on heaps of arms, broken furniture, and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and the convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder.

"On leaving the harbour, I passed through the town to the Point, and still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the isthmus bordering on the Atlantic was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others, I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the Swiftsure, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered, the Spaniards still continuing to affirm that they had lost their chief admiral and half their fleet.

"While surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld, at a great distance, several masts and portions of the wreck still floating about. As the sea was almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. Though portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts, yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such were the apprehensions which still filled their minds of the enemy."

SIEGES IN SPAIN—SARAGOSSA.

The effort—thankless and useless, as far as the wellbeing of Spain is concerned—made by the British to drive the French armies out of the peninsula, was attended with some of the most distressing events which can occur in a state of warfare. To

secure possession of the country, a number of fortified towns required to be captured, and these were exposed to the alternate assaults of both parties.

Saragossa, a strongly-fortified town on the Ebro, containing 50,000 inhabitants, and defended by a large body of Spanish soldiers, was exposed to a fierce siege by the French troops in August 1808. After much fighting and bombarding, and considerable loss on both sides, the siege commenced in earnest on the 3d of August. The breaching batteries played against two quarters of the town from within pistol-shot, and at the same time the mortar batteries threw shells into the midst of the houses. The first conspicuous effect produced was the blowing up of a powder magazine in the Cosso—a wide street or public walk in the city, extending in a long curve, like a bent bow, along the line of the old Moorish walls, with its two extremities terminating in the river. By this explosion many of the adjoining houses were shattered, and their inhabitants blown into the air. The besieged still rejecting all conditions of surrender, the murderous discharge of shells and balls was continued. On the 4th of August a breach was made through a convent upon which the batteries had been made to bear, and the French rushing in, took the guns there stationed, and forced their way through a street which ended in the Cosso. The scene was now terrible: bands of Spaniards fighting madly in the streets with the Frenchmen, who were pouring in masses into the Cosso; others betaking themselves to the houses, from which they fired down upon the French soldiers; others, again, hurrying by the nearest ways to the opposite side of the town, where, in the attempt to reach the country, they were sure to be cut down by the French cavalry, who were scouring the vicinity. The engagement was most bloody at the point where the street of St Eugracia, by which the French had entered, joins the Cosso. The two corner buildings there were a convent and a general hospital, which served both as an infirmary and a lunatic asylum. The tide of battle gathering round these buildings, and the French soldiers having set fire to them, their inmates threw themselves out of the windows into the *mêlée* beneath, and it was a hideous spectacle to see the wretched lunatics from the hospital mixing among the combatants in the street, some dancing, singing, and shouting, as if glad to see such a number of people in the same state of mind as themselves; others going about, moping and drivelling, looking unmeaningly on what was passing, or cowering away in terror. Some of these poor wretches were killed, and some, it is said, were carried away as prisoners to Monte Torrero, and afterwards, when it was discovered that they were lunatics, sent back to take their chance in the siege. The battle in the streets raged all day; the French here gaining ground, there repulsed by some desperate onset of the inhabitants. When night came on, the French had overrun nearly half the

city, and were in possession of one side of the Cosso, while the Aragonese retained the other.

From this time the unfortunate town was a scene of constant and pitiless slaughter, and the streets were strewn with bodies, which could with difficulty be collected for burial. This horrible state of affairs continued for a whole week, the French endeavouring, by blowing down houses, and making desperate onsets along the streets, to gain possession of that part of the city which lay between the Cosso and the river; the Aragonese standing firm, and beating them back. At length it became evident that Verdier's force was too small for the work of capturing a city so vigorously defended; and the fortunes of war in other parts of the peninsula requiring his presence elsewhere, he obeyed orders which reached him on the 10th of August, and withdrew, leaving Saragossa untaken, but half in ruins. And so ended the first siege of Saragossa.

Too important to be let alone, this unfortunate city was again exposed to assault in December 1808, when there appeared before it a French army of 35,000 men, commanded by Marshals Moncey and Mortier. The city was on this occasion much better prepared for a defence than it had been at the time of the former siege. Not only had the citizens the recollection of the result of that siege to inspire them, and the experience acquired during it to direct them, but fortifications of various kinds had been constructed under able superintendence, and the population of the city had been organised and drilled, so as to become, as it were, one vast garrison. Monte Torrero had been fortified; the four fronts of the main city, where it was not protected by the river, were strengthened in every possible way by ramparts, ditches, palisades, and batteries, the straggling houses in the outskirts having been pulled down, and many trees felled to supply materials; and within the city itself, everything had been sacrificed for the sake of strength and military convenience. The citizens mingling with the peasants, who had flocked in for security, and with the regular forces which were in the place, forsook all their ordinary occupations, and placed themselves, their time, their property, their lives, at the disposal of the military leaders. The doors and windows of the houses were built up with brick and mortar, and instead of them, holes were made suitable for firing from; the party-walls between distinct houses were broken through, so as to open up a communication between all the houses of each isolated group or square; and the streets were dug and trenched in all directions—here a pit, there a mound. Add to this an abundant supply of ammunition and all necessaries. The artillery, indeed, was defective, there being only sixty guns above twelve-pounders; but of small arms there was a large supply. To prevent the chance of an explosion, the gunpowder was to be made as occasion required; and for this purpose the workmen were brought in from the neighbouring

powder-mills, to manufacture the murderous dust as fast as their fellow-townsmen blew it away. A stock of six months' provisions had been laid up in the public magazines; the convents were well stored; and the citizens had also accumulated a stock sufficient for several months' consumption. Finally, the courage of the inhabitants was kept up by the strongest persuasive means. Never was a mass of men so prepared to resist an enemy.

The first operations of the besiegers were directed against Monte Torrero, and the suburb on the left side of the river. They were successful in their attack upon the former, but were beaten back from the latter with the loss of 400 men. This took place on the 21st of December; and during the remainder of that month, and the whole of January, the attack on the main town was conducted in the usual manner, approaches being made, and batteries erected, by the besiegers, which were occasionally assailed by sallies from the town. The bombardment commenced on the 10th of January, and on the 22d, Marshal Lannes having arrived to take the supreme command, the proceedings of the besiegers began to exhibit greater alacrity. Breaches were made in the walls in several places; and on the 29th, four columns rushing out of their trenches, burst through the ruins of the convent of St Engracia, and amid the explosion of mines beneath their feet, and the discharge of volleys of grape-shot and musket-balls from the houses, succeeded in gaining possession of part of the city within the ramparts. "The walls of Zaragoza," says Colonel Napier, "thus went to the ground, but Zaragoza herself remained erect; and as the broken girdle fell from the heroic city, the besiegers started at the view of her naked strength. The regular defences had indeed crumbled before the skill of the assailants, but the popular resistance was immediately called, with all its terrors, into action. The members of the junta, become more powerful from the cessation of regular warfare, with redoubled activity and energy urged the defence, but increased the horrors of the siege by a ferocity pushed to the very verge of frenzy. Every person, without regard to rank or age, who excited the suspicions of these ferocious men, or of those immediately about them, was instantly put to death; and, amidst the bulwarks of war, a horrid array of gibbets was to be seen, on which crowds of wretches were suspended each night, because their courage had sunk beneath the accumulating dangers of their situation, or because some doubtful expression or gesture of distress had been misconstrued by the barbarous chiefs."

Perceiving the total hopelessness of encountering a population so roused and infuriated in open battle, Marshal Lannes resolved, says Colonel Napier, "to proceed by the slow but certain process of the mattock and the mine. The crossing of the large streets divided the town into small districts or islands of houses. To gain possession of these, it was necessary not only to mine, but to fight for each house; and each house was defended by a garrison

that, generally speaking, had only the option of repelling the enemy in front, or dying on the gibbet erected behind." So they continued for several days, the French blowing up house by house, and fighting with the inmates who tried to oppose their progress; the Spaniards pouring shot upon them from their elevated positions, and sometimes also countermining them. Generally, the advance of the French only exposed them to a more destructive fire; because the explosions with which they dislodged the Spaniards from their houses were strong enough to topple down the walls too, and thus leave them without that shelter which they might have had if the walls had been left standing. To remedy this, the French engineers lessened their charges of powder, so as that the explosion might gut the houses of their woodwork and partitions, without destroying the exterior walls. "Hereupon," says Napier, "the Spaniards, with ready ingenuity, saturated the timbers and planks of the houses with rosin and pitch, and setting fire to those which could no longer be maintained, interposed a burning barrier, which often delayed the assailants for two days, and always prevented them from pushing their successes during the confusion that necessarily followed the bursting of the mines." The fighting was, however, incessant; and on the 7th of February the French had worked their way as far as the Cosso, so celebrated in the former siege. But here was but a new beginning, as it were, of their perilous work. The best part of the city remained untaken; and before any considerable impression could be made upon it, new mines must be dug, new assaults made, and thousands more must be the victims—some, their white skins pierced with the small blue bullet mark; others, their bodies torn and gashed into fleshy shreds by the dragging gunshot; and others, their shrivelled corpses upheaved from underground, with paving-stones and pickaxes, by the explosion of whole barrels of gunpowder in mines running beneath those which they themselves had been digging.

To make their situation worse, the supplies of the besiegers began to fail. Murmurs of discontent and despair arose. "An army of 20,000 men to besiege 50,000"—this, they said, was contrary to all rule, to all military history. It required all the exertions of Marshal Lasnes to rouse their flagging spirits. At length one or two felicitous explosions, if the phrase may be allowed, one of which blew up the university (the charge in this case being 3000 pounds of gunpowder), laid open important parts of the city, and it became evident that the hour was approaching when the besieged must surrender. Proposals were indeed made by Palafox, but on such terms as Lasnes refused to grant. The bloody work was therefore continued; fifty pieces of artillery, stationed on the left bank of the river, belching their fiery contents against the quay opposite, and mortars incessantly throwing shells into the part of the city still unsubdued, while the main body

of the French army, still burning their way as formerly into the centre of the city, were waiting eagerly for the completion of six enormous mines, which the engineers were preparing underneath the Cosso, and the explosion of which, it was thought, would be decisive. The condition of the besieged was now fearful. "The bombardment," says Colonel Napier, "which had never ceased since the 10th of January, had forced the women and children to take refuge in the vaults with which the city abounded. There the constant combustion of oil, the closeness of the atmosphere, unusual diet, and fear and restlessness of mind, had combined to produce a pestilence, which soon spread to the garrison. The strong and the weak, the daring soldier and the shrinking child, fell before it alike; and such was the state of the atmosphere, and the predisposition to disease, that the slightest wound gangrened, and became incurable. In the beginning of February the deaths were from 400 to 500 daily; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of carcases, scattered about the streets and courtyards, or piled in heaps at the doors of the churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption, or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses, as the defence became contracted. The suburb, the greatest part of the walls, and one-fourth of the houses, were in the hands of the French; 16,000 shells thrown during the bombardment, and the explosion of 45,000 pounds of powder in the mines, had shaken the city to its foundations; and the bones of more than 40,000 persons, of every age and both sexes, bore dreadful testimony to the constancy of the besieged." Having lost all hope of holding out the place any longer, the surrender took place on the 21st of February 1809; the siege, one of the most cruel on record, having thus lasted two months.

FIRST BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

Wellington having driven the French out of Portugal (1810), resolved to lay siege to Badajoz, a town situated on the Portuguese frontier, on the left bank of the Guadiana, and which, although not of the first class in point of population, was of great strength, and of much importance in a military point of view. It was much easier, however, for Wellington to plan than to execute a siege. Hitherto the British army had not been trained to this species of warfare; they knew little of military engineering, and were left to oppose great talent by mere extempore sagacity and reckless bloodshed.

Besides the want of nearly all requisite engineery, there was a serious difficulty arising from the limited time which Lord Wellington had at his disposal. Within sixteen days, it was calculated, Marshal Soult would arrive with a force to relieve the place; therefore a plan of attack behoved to be devised, requiring no more than sixteen days of open trenches. As all the regular methods of attack that could be thought of required more than

the allotted time, a less regular but more compendious method was proposed. Badajoz stands on a tongue of land formed by the influx of a small stream called the Rivillas, into the large river Guadiana, the breadth of which is about five hundred yards. At the spot where the two streams meet is a rock about 120 feet high, on the top of which is an old castle, and from this rock "the town spreads out like a fan, as the land opens between the rivers." On the land side, where the town is not protected by the rivers and castle, it is secured by eight regular and well-built fronts. To attack one of these would have been the formal method of reducing the place; but as there was not sufficient time for such a mode of attack, it was resolved to direct the assault first against the fort of San Christoval, situated on a hill immediately opposite the castle, on the other side of the Guadiana. From this fort, once taken, the British could direct powerful batteries against the castle; and it being once carried, the town lying below it, and not separated in any way, could make no resistance. Such ideas being entertained, instructions in conformity with them were issued by Lord Wellington on the 23d of April 1811; and on the 4th of May the place was invested. The besieging corps consisted of a brigade of British, two battalions of Portuguese, and one of militia, amounting to about 4000 men in all.

With all this preparation, not a single step of any consequence was gained. From the 5th to the 18th of May the siege continued, the utmost exertions being used to obtain possession of San Christoval, on the capture of which all depended. From the night of the 8th till the 10th, the men laboured to erect a battery against the fort, exposed, in the meantime, to a heavy shower of musket-balls from the fort, and gunshot and shells from the town opposite. On the 10th, 400 of the British were killed repelling a sortie; and thus, says Colonel Napier, "five engineers and 700 officers and soldiers of the line were already on the long and bloody list of victims offered to this Moloch, and yet only one small battery against a small outwork was completed." Even this was of no use, for four or five of its guns were soon disabled by the fire from the fort, and many more of the besiegers killed. Ere a single advantage could be gained to compensate for such losses, intelligence was received that Marshal Soult was advancing, and a stop was put to all the operations; the first siege of Badajoz having thus turned out a total failure—a pool of misspent blood.

BATTLE OF ALBUERA, AND SECOND SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

We have another melancholy instance of the waste of human life in the battle of Albuera, fought on the 16th of May 1811, between the British forces under Marshal Beresford and the French under Soult. Albuera is a village about twelve miles to the south-east of Badajoz. In this terrible battle the British

performed prodigies of—folly; bravery thrown away on a most worthless object. They succeeded in keeping their ground, but at an expense of 7000 men, while of the French 8000 perished. Fifteen thousand corpses lay scattered about in masses on one hill-side; and yet, according to the judgment of Colonel Napier, there was no necessity on the part of the British general for fighting the battle at all, inasmuch as it was risking nearly certain defeat for the sake of nothing. Sad satire upon war, when, owing to a general's incapacity, the poor dead fellows on the field of battle may have not even the consolation of knowing that they were obliged to be dead by unavoidable circumstances! Strange thought! that the hastiness of a general's temper, his deficiency in some particular faculty, or even a casual headache from having drunk too much wine, may be the cause of an unnecessary battle, and so of hurrying a few thousand men out of the world, who might have remained in it with perfect convenience even to the general himself!

A few days after the battle of Albuera, Badajoz was reinvested. Phillipon, the governor of the town, had employed the interval of repose in strengthening the works and taking in provisions. The besiegers commenced their operations on the 25th of May; and on the 2d of June batteries were completed against both the castle and San Christoval, twenty guns being pointed against the former, and twenty-three against the latter. The guns being for the most part of soft brass, and ill-constructed, many of them soon became unserviceable; yet, by assiduous firing, considerable damage was done both to the fort and the castle, although not without loss of men. An apparently practicable breach having been made in the fort, a storming party of 180 men, the forlorn-hope, led by a young lieutenant, advanced to attempt an entrance on the night between the 6th and 7th of June. The forlorn-hope reached the glacis about midnight without being perceived, jumped into the ditch, but found that, in consequence of the rubbish having been cleared away since dusk, they had still seven feet of perpendicular wall to climb, with carts, spikes, and jagged beams of wood placed above it to prevent ingress. Unable to overcome these obstacles, they were retiring, when the main body of the storming party came leaping into the ditch under a fire from the fort, bringing ladders fifteen feet long, with which to scale the walls at other points. The ladders, however, were too short; and after persevering for an hour amid shells, handgrenades, shot, stones, &c. poured down upon them by the garrison, the party were obliged to retire with the loss of 100 men. A second attack of a similar nature was made by a party of 200 men on the night between the 9th and 10th, which proved an equal failure. As the men jumped into the ditch with hurrahs, the French on the walls invited them with mock politeness to come on, seconding their invitation with barrels of gunpowder, shot, and shells. The ladders were now of

sufficient length; but as soon as they were planted, they were overturned by the garrison, or those who mounted them were bayoneted on the top, and flung into the ditch. After 140 men had fallen, the party retired, and as Soult was again advancing, the siege was raised next day—the allies having lost in this second siege of Badajoz 400 men by "proceedings contrary to all rules."

SIEGE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

It having been considered necessary to capture Ciudad Rodrigo, a town built on a rising ground on the right bank of the Agueda, a tributary of the Douro, Wellington laid siege to it in January 1812. After the usual preliminary operations and precautions, the breaching batteries were opened against the walls of the town on the 14th of January, just as evening set in. "Then," says Colonel Napier, "was beheld a spectacle at once fearful and sublime. The enemy replied to the assailants' fire with more than fifty pieces; the bellowing of eighty large guns shook the ground far and wide; the smoke rested in heavy columns on the battlements of the place, or curled in light wreaths about the numerous spires; the shells, hissing through the air, seemed fiery serpents leaping from the darkness; the walls crashed to the stroke of the bullet; and the distant mountains, faintly returning the sound, seemed to moan over the falling city. And when night put an end to this turmoil, the quick clatter of musketry was heard like the pattering of rain after a peal of thunder." For five days the batteries continued to play; and on the 19th there were two breaches in the walls reported practicable. Accordingly, on that day the stern order was issued by Lord Wellington—"Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock." As few of our readers may be able to attach any but the most vague idea to this terrible word *assault*, we will attempt to give as precise a description of the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo as can be given by an untechnical person in untechnical language.

Conceive, then, a town built on a rising ground, and surrounded by two walls—the inner of old masonry, and about thirty feet high; the outer built farther down the slope of the hill, and not higher than twelve feet; affording, therefore, little cover to the other. Running along the base of this outer wall, or *fausse braie*, as it is called, is a ditch or excavation, about twelve feet deep, and thirty or forty yards wide, so that to cross it would require some time, especially in the face of a discharge of grape. The ditch being about twelve feet deep, and the fausse braie about twelve feet high, the total height of the fausse braie from the bottom of the ditch would be about twenty-four feet. Conceive an army of upwards of 30,000 men stationed round this town, among woods, and near convents and other suburban buildings outside the walls; not all lying in a mass

together, but a few thousand men here, and a few thousand men there, so as to face the town on all sides. Conceive further, that by the incessant firing of cannon-balls against two particular spots not far distant from each other on one side of the town, gaps have been made in both the walls, laying open two narrow rubbish-blocked ways into the heart of the town. To carry the town by assault, meant to force an entrance into it through either or both of these gaps, in spite of all that the besieged could do to prevent it. The plan laid down by Lord Wellington was as follows. At ten minutes before seven o'clock, a body of men, stationed on the opposite side of the river Agueda, which runs past one side of the town, were to cross a bridge, provided with six ladders twelve feet long. Marching up to a particular outwork or projecting fortification not far from the end of the bridge, and to which the ditch did not extend, they were to climb it by means of their ladders, overpower the artillerymen, and destroy two guns, which were so stationed as to command the point where the *counterscarp* (the side of the ditch nearest the open country) terminated against the main wall. This was the special duty of party No. 1. Exactly at the same time, however, another party were to advance from another direction, provided with twelve axes, and twelve scaling-ladders twenty-five feet long each. These were to march up to the point above referred to—the junction of the counterscarp, or outer side of the ditch with the main wall; and as it was supposed that ere this the two guns from which danger was to be apprehended would have been secured by the exertions of party No. 1, they would immediately cut down with their axes the gate opening into the ditch; then entering the ditch, they would scale the fausse braie by means of their ladders. Having mounted the fausse braie, they would turn to the left, and proceed along it, sweeping off all the enemy's posts intervening between them and the great breach. Such was the work prescribed for party No. 2. In the meantime, a third party, issuing from nearly the same quarter as the last, were to march up to a point of the ditch somewhat to the left of the former point, and nearer the great breach. They were to carry six ladders twelve feet long each, by which they were to descend into the ditch; and then they were to hasten along the ditch to the great breach, having ten axes to clear away palisades, or any other obstacles which might be in their way. Such was the part assigned to party No. 3. While these three parties were engaged in their several duties, a fourth party were to be doing their daring work on the great breach itself. There were to march up to the lip of the ditch, directly in front of the breach, 180 sappers, carrying bags of hay, which were to be thrown into the ditch to form a footing by which the fighting men might descend. As soon as the sappers, protected by a fire kept up against the besieged by a regiment stationed on purpose, had accomplished their task, the storming party of 500

men, who had advanced at the sappers' heels, were to jump upon the bags, gain the bottom of the ditch, dash across it, a forlorn-hope of some thirty men first, reach the gap in the fausse braie, fight, clamber, and struggle through the rubbish, scaling if necessary with their twelve-feet ladders, and cleaving obstacles with their axes. In the meantime a fifth party, issuing from a different quarter, were to perform a duty exactly analogous to that of party No. 3; with this difference, that instead of entering the ditch, as that party were to do, at a point on the right of the great breach, they were to enter it at a point about as far to the left, turning to the right when they were in the ditch, and clearing their way along it till they reached the great breach. Meanwhile, with all this tending of parties to the great breach, the smaller breach, which lay to the left of the great one, was not to remain unattacked. A sixth body of men, unconnected with the others, were to enter the ditch at a point near the small breach, to which they were to cut their way, storming first the gap in the fausse braie; after which they were to break up into two detachments, the one turning to the right, and scouring the fausse braie on from the smaller to the greater breach, thus performing a part exactly analogous to party No. 2, only on the other side of the great breach; the other, pushing on from the gap in the fausse braie to the gap in the inner wall, storming it also; then having entered the city, to turn to the right, so as to form a junction with the troops who ere this would have forced their entrance by the great breach. The forces having thus effected their entrance into the city, were to be left to their own discretion, or rather to the inspiration of their own fury, for their subsequent procedure; only they were to endeavour, as soon as possible, to open one of the gates of the city called the Gate of Salamanca.

Such, omitting the various arrangements adopted for the support of the parties mainly engaged by other parts of the army, was the order for the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo on the 19th of January 1812. The execution of the assault did not deviate from the order. The evening was calm and chill; and in the faint light of a first-quarter moon, the bastions of the town stood out, gaunt and black, over the gloomy ditch. Not a whisper was heard in the British trenches; but many a heart was beating quick. In the breast of many a youth who that morning had leaped at the thought of the coming glory, strange memories were now stirring; softening, not unmanning. Home, mothers, sisters, old firesides, the village school, the parish church, the river bank, the dear island far away! Down, down ye twining thoughts, and hark that signal! Tenderest hearts be now the maddest! Death or triumph! Up from the trenches start the men in waiting, and in the space in front of the ditch between the two breaches all is in motion. The garrison is roused; the rampart guns vomit their iron rage against the advancing crowd.

In vain. Already the sappers have thrown down their burden into the ditch opposite the great breach; the storming party, led by their forlorn-hope, have jumped the counterscarp, and are dashing on to the gap in the fausse braie through balls and bullets. Nor are they the first to reach it. Already the parties who were to scour the fausse braie and the ditch to the right have done their work, and are choking up the throat of the breach with their bodies. Madly the three parties thus united toil on from the gap in the fausse braie to that of the inner rampart; while upon their dense and heaving mass the besieged, from their intrenchments, and from the adjoining houses, pour down shells, shot, and blazing timbers. Meanwhile, at the smaller breach, the same desperate fight was going on. Not waiting for the hay-bags, the stormers had jumped the ditch, and pushed on to the fausse braie under a smashing fire. The breach was so narrow, that a gun placed lengthwise almost blocked it up. Trying to squeeze itself through this opening, the mass was staggered by the terrible fire from above. With gnashing teeth they threw their muskets simultaneously to their shoulders, and, goaded by the instinct of revenge, snapped the locks, although not one piece was loaded. The commander of the storming party, Major Napier, fell wounded by a grape shot, calling to the men to trust to their bayonets. Every officer in the party now sprang to the front, and with one terrible hurra the gap was carried. Then, according to orders, breaking up into two detachments, one party pushed on for the inside of the town, the other turned to the right, and swept along the fausse braie to the great breach. They came just in time. The French lost hope as they appeared, and the mass of stormers, enlarged by their addition, burst through the inner rampart. At this moment, however, the explosion of three small mines blew many of the bravest of them into the air, among whom was the commander, General M'Kinnon. Both breaches having now been carried, the fighting soon ceased, and the town was won. The whole army now plunged in, some from one quarter, some from another. Fury and brutality succeeded; and the men, their throats parched and their eyes bloodshot with the battle-fever, rushed through the streets to drench themselves in intoxication and excess. Churches were ransacked, doors split open, wine and liquor casks torn from shops and cellars, and many houses were set fire to. In vain the officers ran hither and thither to stop the frenzy; the men, on other occasions amenable to discipline, and even many of them respectable and well-behaved, threatened their officers, and shot each other. At last the uproar increased to absolute lunacy; a fire was lighted in the great powder magazine, which would have blown the whole town, besiegers and besieged, to atoms, had it not been extinguished by a few men who kept their senses.

Such was the awful storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, in which about 1600 men fell; 300 of the besieged, and 1300 of the besiegers.

ASSAULT OF BADAJOZ.

No sooner was Ciudad Rodrigo in the possession of the allies, than Lord Wellington prepared to besiege Badajoz for the third, and, as it proved, for the last time. Accordingly, he quitted Ciudad Rodrigo on the 5th of March, and on the 16th Badajoz was invested. The brave and able governor, Phillipon, had provisioned the place for several months, and made incredible exertions so as to render its capture as difficult as possible. A different mode of attack was adopted from what had been pursued on the two former occasions. Without describing this mode of attack, suffice it to say that, after great loss on the part of the besiegers, the breaching batteries did their work in the walls, and it was resolved to carry the town by assault on the night of the 6th of April. Never were soldiers so eager for their desperate work; and never did general, with such cool resoluteness, issue orders of such astounding tenor. "The fort of Badajoz is to be attacked at ten o'clock this night. The attack must be made on three points—the castle, the face of the bastion of La Trinidad, and the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria. The attack of the castle to be by escalade; that of the two bastions by the storm of the breaches." Such were the first three paragraphs of the order issued by Wellington for the direction of the assault: after which follow twenty-four other paragraphs, prescribing, with the most awful distinctness, all the details that were to be observed. Besides the three main points of attack above specified, several other points were to be assaulted, so as literally to encircle the town in a girdle of assailants.

The assault was to take place at ten o'clock. "The night," says Colonel Napier, "was dry, but clouded; the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers; the ramparts and the trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajoz." The accidental explosion of a bomb, by revealing the approach of one of the divisions to the besieged stationed in the castle, hastened the attack by half an hour. Picton's division—commanded first by General Kempt, and afterwards by Picton himself, who, made aware by the sound of firing that the combat had already commenced, rushed out of the camp to head it—made their way to the castle through a storm of bullets. Up against the lofty walls they placed their heavy escalading ladders; brave men ascending first, others swarming at the foot, eager to follow; while down, perpendicularly down, rained stones, crashing logs of wood, bars of iron, and bursting shells, the descending shower intersected slantwise by an iron sleet from the musketry of both flanks. Those who gained the top were thrust through with pikes and bayonets,

and flung down; some of the ladders were broken; and the shrieks and shouts of men mingled with the sounds of rasping stones, exploding bombs, and crashing timbers. The British were repulsed, and fell back a few paces. The French shouted. One moment, and back to the walls flew a young officer, Colonel Ridge of the 45th. "Follow me," he cried in a voice heard and obeyed; and again a ladder leant against the castle. Up flew the youth, his sword flashing above his head, and bayonets bristling on the ladder behind him, while at the same moment a second ladder was freighted with its eager load. A few seconds, and Ridge stood on the ramparts, Canch of the grenadiers by his side. The French gave way astonished, retired into the town with a few parting volleys, and the castle was won—the battlements strewed with the corpses of the assailants, among whom, the brave and bounding spirit now gone from the scene itself had made, was that of young Ridge.

Meanwhile the attack had been made on the breaches in the bastions. The divisions approached the ditch unchecked. "Not a shot," says Mr Alison, "was fired on either side. Silently the hay-packs were let down, the ladders placed to the counterscarp, and the forlorn-hopes and storming parties descended into the fosse. Five hundred of the bravest were already down, and approaching the breaches, when a stream of fire shot upwards into the heavens, as if the earth had been rent asunder; instantly a crash louder than the bursting of a volcano was heard in the ditch, and the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder barrels blew the men to atoms. For a moment the light division, which was to follow them into the ditch, paused on the edge of the crater, then with a shout, which drowned even the roar of the artillery, they leaped down into the fiery gulf, while at the same moment the fourth division came running up, and poured over with the like fury." The preparation of the mine in the ditch was not the only device which the remorseless ingenuity of Phillipon had fallen upon for the defence of his charge against assault. A deep cut in the bottom of the ditch had been filled with water by inundation, and into this trap a great part of the first division fell; no fewer than 100 veterans, who had stood unscathed on the hill at Albuera, perishing by suffocation in the horrid pit. Not a moment were the rest checked by this disaster; without a word, and almost mechanically, they turned a little to the left, avoiding the pit themselves, but with no more appearance of alarm than if they had expected so many of their comrades to disappear about that spot. The ditch was now filled, the rear pressing on, and all cheering vehemently, making for the breach of La Trinidad. In the darkness there was some difficulty in finding it. "The enemy's shouts too," says Colonel Napier, "were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy

roll and horrid explosion of the powder barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din. Now a multitude bounded up the great breach, as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together, and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front, the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity; for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to the ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged."

In vain did the men, clambering over the treacherous planks, dash against the spiky barrier which guarded the breach. In vain did the rear, all other feelings annihilated in the rage of arrested onset, push on the front, blunting the spikes with the writhing and wriggling bodies of their own comrades; the barrier was immovable, and the fleshy sheath was useless. In vain did some try to squeeze their way through the spikes underneath —their heads were pounded to pieces by the butt-ends of French muskets. Thus was the mass gathered in the ditch, heaving idly to and fro—a roaring human swarm, from which gunpowder lightnings from above, and gunpowder explosions from beneath, were shredding off incessant ragged fragments. Never since the invention of gunpowder had its blasting terrors been so displayed. There, within a few acres of God's earth, chalked out of the darkness of night, were tongues of fire darting to and fro through the black air, each tongue winged by human hatred, and licking up its patch of human life! Ah! and in this Miltonic contest, which side was the angelic?

Two hours having been spent in vain efforts, "the soldiers," says Colonel Napier, "became convinced that the breach of La Trinidad was impregnable. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up at it with sullen desperation, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fireballs which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, '*Why they did not come into Badajoz?*' In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal a sickening stench proceeding from the burnt flesh of the slain," an attempt was made to force an entrance into the other bastion, that of Santa Maria. This attempt likewise failed. It was now midnight. Two thousand men had fallen, and Badajoz was yet to

win. Wellington, during the two awful hours, had been listening to the roar of conflict from a height near some quarries. At midnight an officer came and reported to him the capture of the castle. "Who brings that intelligence?" said Wellington, looking up. "Lieutenant Tyler," was the reply. "Ah, Tyler! well, but are you sure, sir?" "I entered the castle with the troops; have but just left it, and left General Picton there." "With how many men?" "His whole division." "Well, return, sir, and bid General Picton maintain his position at all hazards." On receiving the welcome intelligence, Wellington sent orders to the surviving troops in the ditch to retire, and form again for a second assault, which he anticipated might be more successful than the first. Accordingly, the stormers retreated from the ditch; not, however, without additional carnage from the enemy's fire.

The fate of the town, however, already decided by the capture of the castle, was precipitated by the success of one of the other attacks, which, it had been arranged, should be made simultaneously with those on the castle and the bastions of Trinidad and Santa Maria. Quite at the other side of the town from the place at which the terrific contest which we have been describing had been raging, was a bastion called San Vincente, which Lord Wellington had directed to be escaladed. After crossing the ditch through the enemy's fire, the assailing party made the attempt; but the walls being thirty feet high, they found their ladders to be too short. A spot, however, was at length discovered where, in consequence of an embrasure, in which fortunately also there was no gun, the height was only about twenty feet; and as at that instant the defenders of the bastion were thinned by the departure of some of them to assist in retaking the castle, the assailants were able to place their ladders with less opposition. The ascent, however, was difficult; and the ladders were so much too short, that the first man had to be pushed up by those beneath him, and then to assist in pulling the others up. Still the bastion was entered; and after a desperate fight, and a panic occasioned by the cry that there was a mine beneath them, the troops forced their way into the town, and rushed through the streets in order to reach the breaches on the other side, where, coming upon the rear of the defenders, they would drive them off, and let their fellow-soldiers in. Guided by the distant sound at the breaches, they pushed on. The streets were deserted, and brilliantly lighted. No one sought to impede their march; only now and then a lattice was opened gently, as if some woman were peeping timidly out; and a sound of people whispering was heard inside the houses. Through this city of enchantment the troops advanced, their British bugles sounding, towards the roar and the crash on the ramparts. In their way they overtook some mules carrying ammunition to the breaches. A few combats took place as they approached the decisive spot; but the struggle was

soon over. The garrison dispersed through the streets, and the brave Phillipon escaped to San Christoval, where he surrendered next day. The bugles rung out their notes of triumph from castle and bastion, and Badajoz was conquered.

Alas! the whole is not yet told. "Now," says Colonel Napier, "commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All, indeed, were not alike—for hundreds risked, and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled!" A gallows was erected in the principal square of the town, on which, by Wellington's orders, several soldiers were hanged before order could be restored among the rest.

Such was the memorable assault of Badajoz on the night between the 6th and 7th of April 1812. In that night fell 3500 men; a number which, added to the losses sustained during the previous days of the siege, made the entire loss at Badajoz amount to 5000. Five generals were wounded in the assault, and an immense number of officers were among the killed. At the breaches alone, upwards of 2000 men were sacrificed. How awful must have been the havoc of that night, may be judged from the fact, that Wellington himself, with all his iron firmness, could not contain himself when the extent of the loss was reported to him, but gave way—we use the words of the narrator—to a burst of passionate grief!

CONCLUSION.

The preceding sketches, impressive in some respects as they are, afford, after all, but a faint idea of the miseries and losses incurred by a state of warfare. It has been calculated that in fifty battles fought by Cæsar, there were killed, one way and another, two millions of human beings; and if we assign an equal number to Alexander, and double the number to Napoleon, which we are fairly entitled to do, then to three military butchers may be ascribed the untimely and violent death of eight millions of the human family! To the many smaller actors, however, in the drama of war, an infinitely greater amount of slaughter may be ascribed, and with the same fruitless results. The insane love of military glory, thirst for acquiring territory, and vulgar tyranny and ambition, have unitedly destroyed more lives than it would be possible to reckon.

Between the years 1000 and 1815, there were twenty-four different wars between England and France, twelve between England and Scotland, eight between England and Spain, and seven with other countries—in all, fifty-one wars. The utter uselessness of most of these savage encounters, as respects any good end accomplished, and the enormous cost of lives and property at which they were conducted, are melancholy matters of history. During the eight centuries above specified, England did not enjoy one hundred years of peace. It was pretty nearly always fighting with one country or another; and justice compels us to say its wars were more generally caused by its own arrogant assumption of authority than by any aggression on its rights. Scotland, Holland, and France have been successively its butt. Ambitious, irascible, and jealous of power, it has never been long at peace with its neighbours. We are ashamed to mention the reasons for some of its declarations of war; yet it is important that the rising generation should be acquainted with the truth. In 1664, only four years after the restoration of Charles II., that monarch declared war against Holland—the country which had sheltered him in adversity—on pretences so frivolous, that we must ascribe the real cause of quarrel to a mean jealousy of the Dutch commercial prosperity. Two English ships had been taken by the Dutch; and though they offered to make a proper compensation, Charles would not accept it, but immediately proceeded to hostilities. After three years of war, during which great damage was mutually done, both sides were equally weary of the contest, and a peace was concluded at Breda in July 1667. The next great folly in which England was concerned, was a war got up by William III. against Louis XIV. in 1689, and for no other assignable reason than a wish to humble the pride of the French king. In 1697, after a bloody and expensive war of eight years, a peace was concluded at Ryswick, no object whatever having been gained. The pride of Louis XIV. had not been in the least degree humbled. This idiotic war cost England *twenty-one and a half millions of pounds*, and one hundred thousand men! The exportation of food to feed the army of William and his allies caused a dearth, which led to fearful sufferings among the people. In Scotland alone eighty thousand poor persons died of want.

When Queen Anne ascended the throne in 1702, she proceeded to prosecute the design which her predecessor had formed—to humble the pride of the Bourbon family, by depriving Philip of the crown of Spain, and compelling the French king to adhere to the second treaty of partition. Accordingly, war was declared against France in May 1702 by England, Holland, and Germany; and after it had been prosecuted eleven years, with various success, a peace was concluded, and signed at Utrecht, on the 11th of April 1713. But the grand object for which the war had been undertaken was finally aban-

doned. King Philip was left in quiet possession of the Spanish crown.

During this war, one of the most complete victories was obtained over the French that ever was recorded in history. Ten thousand French and Bavarians were slain in the field of battle; the greater part of thirty squadrons of dragoons were drowned in the Danube; 30,000 men were made prisoners of war, including 1200 officers; 100 pieces of cannon were taken, together with twenty-four mortars, 129 colours, 171 standards, 3600 tents, thirty-four coaches, 300 laden mules, two bridges of boats, fifteen boxes and eight casks of silver. But notwithstanding these signal acquisitions, the nation was a considerable loser; for the expense of the war, as stated by Sir John Sinclair, amounted to £43,360,003, which made a serious addition to the national debt, and to the taxes that were laid on the people to pay the interest of it.

During the reign of George II. a war was begun, in the latter end of 1739, between England on one side, and France and Spain on the other, which terminated in a peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, after a contest of nine years. The expenses of this war are stated at £46,418,689.

Notwithstanding the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (which concluded a war in which nothing was gained by any party but the experience of each other's strength and resources), peace was not of long continuance. The cessation of hostilities was only an interval of repose, in which the nation might recruit its strength to fight again. In 1754–5, a dispute arising between England and France concerning a tract of land in the back parts of America, each party charging the other as the aggressor, involved the two nations in an eight years' contest; when, as an eloquent writer observes, had the parties interested alone been consulted, a jury of twelve men might have settled the difference.

At length the resources of England were nearly exhausted; men could not be procured without great difficulty, and the enormous sums required to continue the war became oppressive upon the people. In plain terms, both sides were so weakened with the loss of blood and treasure, that they could fight no longer, and a peace was concluded in February 1763.

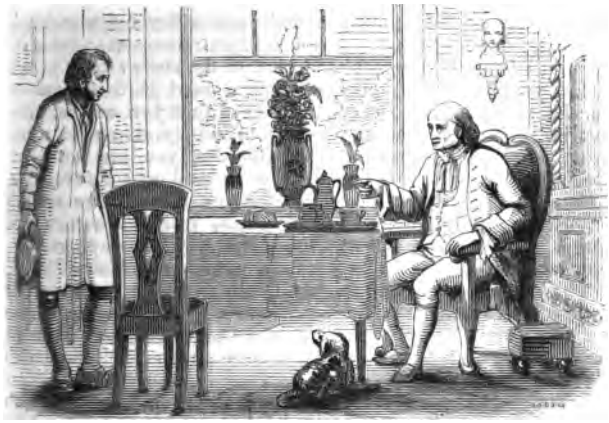
This war is said to have been the most fortunate in which England ever engaged; 100 ships of war were destroyed or taken from the enemy, and £12,000,000 sterling acquired in plunder, besides immense acquisitions on the continent of North America. But these victories and successes cost the nation £111,271,996 sterling, and two hundred and fifty thousand lives! Such was the indemnity which England obtained for the past!

England was not long permitted to enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity. In the course of recovering her natural strength and affluence, she was again interrupted by the un-

happy and calamitous contest with the American colonies, which broke out in 1775. After a struggle of seven or eight years, in which England lost 200,000 lives, and expended £139,171,876 sterling, peace was signed between the contending powers at Paris on the 3d of September 1783, by which Great Britain acknowledged the thirteen provinces of North America free, sovereign, and independent states.

Next came the war levied first against the French republic, and afterwards against Napoleon Bonaparte. In the early part of the century, it had been the great object of England to humble the French monarchy, and now that it was sufficiently humbled, the object was to reinstate it in power. The war began in 1793, and lasted till 1801; and recommencing in 1803, it continued till 1816. The expense incurred for this protracted, and, as it is now believed to have been, useless struggle, amounted to the enormous sum of *seventeen hundred millions of pounds*, which was raised partly by taxes, and partly by borrowed money! Without borrowing money, none of the wars could have been carried on. The debt thus incurred by the nation has consequently increased in exact proportion to the number and extent of the wars. At the revolution of 1688, the debt amounted to only £664,263; and at the peace of 1816, it was £864,822,461; the interest of which, to be paid annually out of the taxes, was £28,341,416. What embarrassments to trade, what privations and inconveniences, are caused by this inheritance of debt and taxation, need not be particularised; nor is it any consolation to remember that the greater number of the wars which led to so unpleasant an infliction were far from being unpopular at the time of their occurrence.

It would almost seem, from recent events, that war is no longer desired or maintained by *governments*, but by the *people*. No sovereign of any civilised state now seeks to promote war for the mere sake of conquest, or from any other vulgar motive. Knowing the fearful cost at which war is conducted, governments appear to be more anxious to allay than to foment differences. In many instances, however—as, for example, in the case of the war of the French in Algeria—the ruling power is a puppet in the hands of the people; and unless the people have the intelligence so to will it, the government cannot, with regard to its own safety, refuse to enter upon and sustain a warlike struggle. Let us hope that, by the progress of intelligence, the nation to which we belong may in future be saved from any acts so outrageous to common sense and humanity. Let us also soon see the prevalence of correct opinions on what is scarcely less objectionable than war itself—*an armed peace*, in which nations are kept in agitation through their mutual jealousies and unjustifiable alarms. That the principle of free commercial intercourse will, more than anything else, remove such jealousies and their consequences, is one of the most gratifying discoveries in political science.



STORIES OF AIMS AND ENDS.

FIRST STORY.

I.

THE scene of our story opens in a pretty country-house near a village in France. The master of the mansion, the venerable M. Grandville, has called in Jacque Denoyer, his gardener, with whom he desired to have some conversation.

"Please to sit down, Jacque; take a chair," said M. Grandville. "I want to have a little chat with you. Sit down, I tell you."

Jacque Denoyer seated himself near the door of the parlour where M. Grandville was breakfasting; he had a look of uneasiness, and a sudden blush gave a deeper colour to a face already embrowned by the sun.

"I am quite satisfied with you," continued M. Grandville. "If you go on the rest of the year as you have done this month of trial, I do not think we shall soon part with each other; as far at least as depends upon me. And now, Denoyer, are you quite satisfied here? Have you not too much to do? Can you manage both stable and garden?"

"Why not, sir?" replied Jacque Denoyer. "If I had ten times as much to do, I would not complain. Can I ever do enough for you, sir, who have saved from misery myself, my wife, and our three children?"

"One thing astonishes me, Jacque, and that is the extreme

poverty in which I found you and your wife; and now that I am better acquainted with you, I am still more astonished at it. At first I believed you to be indolent, or destitute of ability; but I find you intelligent, quick, willing, a good gardener, and an excellent groom. I have even perceived that you are not without industry; that you are ready to supply exigencies which often occur in a country place. Besides, you are not a bad mechanic, and you even know how to read and write. How comes it, then, that in a country like this, where there are rich proprietors, manufactures of all kinds, marble quarries, and forges, in which any one who has hands may get employment—how comes it, then, that at your age you were destitute?"

The embarrassment of Jacque Denoyer visibly increased; he twisted and twirled his hat in his hands, without daring to raise his eyes; and it might have easily been guessed that he would have preferred being anywhere else than in M. Grandville's breakfast parlour.

"Jacque Denoyer," said he, in a tone full of kindness, "it is not as a master, it is as a friend I ask you these questions—it is as a man well convinced that it is never too late to endeavour at least to correct a defect or a vice which compromises both our own well-being and that of those who depend on us. Yes, my friend, let us have but the will, and we may at any age eradicate evil inclinations or pernicious habits. Come, speak openly. Tell me how you, who seem to be so clever a man, should be so very poor a one?"

Thus encouraged and spoken to by his master—a thing not unusual in France—Jacque commenced his story.

"I am the son of a decent, well-doing man, who followed the profession of a stone-carver in the town of Troyes. When still young, my father taught me a few things, and was quite pleased with my quickness of learning. M. Imbert, who was acquainted with my family, and who was the best architect in the town of Troyes, desired to see me on my father's report of me; and he said to him before me, 'You must put this child to school; he will learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing; when he is thoroughly instructed in them, I will take him to my office, and if he continues to show talent, we will make a distinguished master mason of him, or else an architect, as I am.'

"You may suppose, sir, how delighted my father was and my mother also. I was the only one spared to them of ten children, and they caught eagerly at the thought of making a gentleman of me, like M. Imbert.

"After I had attended school for about a month, the master began to take notice of me. No sooner did I wish, than I learned. But I never gave myself any trouble, and I did as much business in ten minutes as the others did for the four hours of school. But when I knew that I was a genius, it was then indeed I took matters easy. Yes, sir, the master, the neighbours,

the gentlemen of the town who examined me, said so to my father; and the poor dear man did not know himself for joy at having a son a *genius*.

"Although I did not very clearly know what a genius was, I was a good deal puffed up with the idea of being one, and on that account took things easily at school, learning only now and then when in the humour, but in the main passing ahead of my schoolfellows. At the last public examination I went through before leaving school, I distinguished myself by my answering; and the master said to me, 'You will get on, however little you may work.'

"M. Imbert, who was present at the examination, took me home with him according to promise, and thus was I most advantageously placed for making my way in the world. I was at first delighted at the thought of becoming an architect, so much the more as M. Imbert was goodness itself, and took great interest in me: but at the end of a year I had got enough of it. I felt a great desire to try something else. M. Imbert began to see my indifference, or rather my unwillingness, to stick steadily to his business. He remonstrated and scolded in a way far from pleasant. 'Jacque,' said he, 'I am afraid you will never do any good—Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none.' Tired of this sort of dog-life, and with a mind to be a soldier, I was more than half-pleased when I was drawn by the conscription. My parents, as you may well believe, were greatly grieved at it; but so was not I. Ah, sir, at that time the uniform was so handsome! and I, a youngster, already saw myself a captain, colonel, general, and what not beside. I seemed as if I had nothing to do but to put my foot in the stirrup. There were a great many raw recruits like myself, but then I had received a better education than most of them."

"Well, I hope you did your duty as a soldier?" observed M. Grandville.

II.

"You shall hear," proceeded Denoyer. "On entering the army, I soon found that all is not gold that glitters. It is one thing to idle about the streets in a gaudy uniform, and another to endure fatigue, wounds, and starvation. The Russian campaign was destined to give me a trial of soldiering. I passed three months with the depôt of the regiment, which was quartered in the environs of Mayence, on this side of the Rhine. I was one of five or six hundred recruits who were drilled every day, and all day long. I knew my business as well in a fortnight as the oldest veteran; and our officers took notice of me already, and predicted that I should have epaulettes at the end of the campaign. As I wrote a good hand, and spelt well, my sergeant-major intrusted me with his business, which I per-

formed whilst he was amusing himself at Baden, on the other side of the Rhine; and that obtained me some kindnesses on his part.

"At this time my passion for books was stronger than ever. As one was never out of my hand, I passed for a very learned man, which did not at all make me a favourite with my comrades, or even with our officers. For then, sir, people did not think so much of men of education as they do now. What is more, the emperor himself, great man as he was, did not much like his soldiers to be readers. All he wanted was, to see them do his bidding; and he was furious at the notion of any one thinking for himself. Well, the order arrived for us to repair to Hamburg, to rejoin the Maréchal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl. Then we went through Prussia and Poland, and stood fire for the first time at Mohilow. Look, sir, one who has not seen a battle, and a battle like that, where nine of our cavalry regiments were cut in pieces, can scarcely estimate the truth of the Spanish proverb, 'War is the feast of death.' Surely it is the feast of wolves. I felt that day my blood boiling in my veins, and yet my courage was more in exercise in subsequent battles than on that day of Mohilow. Then I was like one drunk or mad, but afterwards I knew the danger.

"I will say nothing, sir, of our horrible retreat, nor of the passage of the Berezina. It has been related by others in their books much better than I could do it. Surely the horrors of that time were sufficient to open the eyes of those who think that to turn the earth into a slaughter-house, and men into butchers of each other, is heroism? If in every war the Chinese saying comes true—I long ago met with it in a book, when I didn't believe it; now I do—'The most brilliant victory is only the light of a conflagration, which the tears of suffering humanity slakes into a smoke, the faithful emblem of its miscalled glory'—if this be true of every war, what must be said of the horrors of this disastrous epoch, in which we had to contend at once with men, the elements—earth and heaven? There are still times, sir, when I start up in my sleep, when in my dreams I am again in the midst of these terrors. No words could place before you the sufferings, physical and moral, then endured. All social ties were broken. Hunger, devouring hunger, reduced us to the brutal instinct of self-preservation; while, like savages, the strongest despoiled the weakest. They rushed round the dying, and frequently waited not for their last breath; and if some preserved enough of good in them to consult their own safety without injuring others, yet their virtue, save in some few rare instances, went no farther. Leader or comrade fell by our side, and we passed by him without moving a step out of our way, for fear of prolonging our journey, or even turning our head; for our beard and our hair were stiffened by the ice, and every motion was pain. Often have I seen real tears of blood flowing from

eyes inflamed by the continual sight of the snow and the smoke of the bivouacs; and then the poor creatures fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands—their heads moved for a little alternately to the right and left—some faint cries of agony escaped from their open mouth—at last they fell on the snow, and died. I saw, but even did not pity them; for what had they lost by dying?

"At Youpranoüi, the same village where the emperor only missed by an hour being taken by the Russian partisan Leslawin, the soldiers burnt the houses completely as they stood, merely to warm themselves for a few minutes. The light of these fires attracted some of these miserable wretches, whom the excessive severity of the cold and their sufferings had rendered delirious; they ran in like madmen, and gnashing their teeth, and laughing like demons, threw themselves into these furnaces, where they perished in the most horrible convulsions. Their famished companions regarded them undismayed; there was even some who drew out these bodies from the flames, and it is but too true that they ventured to pollute their mouths with this loathsome food! But I must not talk any more of that dreadful time.

"Only a few thousands, as you know, lived to come back to France. I was one of them; but I was worn out, and having been badly wounded, I got my discharge. It was some time before I was like my former self, and had quite enough of military affairs. Instead of returning to Troyes a great general, I crawled into it a beggar. The hopes of returning to the house of my poor dear father had very much helped to keep me alive; and what, therefore, was my distress of mind when I found that the good man was dead! M. Imbert, my former master, had left the country. My poor old mother, almost blind, was living in loneliness and poverty; she who had always been so comfortably off. My return to her, sir, was truly a scene. We spent the first day weeping for our country, my father, and ourselves. The next day we began to try what I could do to earn bread; but, alas! everywhere an apprenticeship was necessary, even for six months; and my mother had almost nothing more to sell, and there were two to be maintained now.

"For the thousandth time I was sorry for having been a genius. I wished I had been a plain blockhead, with only as much sense as could have learned a handicraft; for now I should have been above starvation. I considered myself the most unlucky dog in existence; I felt, as it were, that my education had been my ruin."

"Stop, Jacque, I cannot agree to your reasoning," said M. Grandville. "Nothing is wanting to him who has a determined purpose, who applies all the energy of his will, and steadily perseveres in the same object; that is to say, he has an end, a single end, to which his every action, his every thought, refers."

"Well, sir, I had one. All my actions, and all my thoughts,

were occupied with my mother. I wished with all my heart to deliver her from poverty, and to make some provision for her old age, and I could hardly succeed in keeping her from absolute want. The rich, sir, little know how hard it is for poor people to gain a livelihood."

"I know it, and that better than most people, Jacque Denoyer. If I now enjoy a competence, I only owe it to my perseverance in the profession my father obliged me to embrace against my will, and from which all my tastes revolted. But, like you, I had an aged and infirm mother, with no other support but myself; and, more than you, I had a sister also to provide for. My mother lived to a great age, surrounded with all the comforts of life. She had seen my sister and myself well settled, and she died in the midst of her grandchildren, blessing us with the fondest affection."

Jacque Denoyer made a motion as if going to rise; he appeared greatly moved; but remained in his place.

"Sir," said he, after a moment's pause, "my mother blessed me also! Notwithstanding, she died with great grief at heart; she knew not what would become of me; and in fact I knew not myself. I wished much to leave the town; for in Troyes our equals had seen us well off and well clothed, and I was then so wretched. M. Deschamps, a solicitor, whom I knew by name, was at this time in want of a trustworthy man to carry money to Bar-upon-Seine. Some one mentioned me to him. He would only pay my expenses there, but not back. I did not care for that, as I did not intend returning to the town. I knew that my mother had a brother who was living in the environs of Bar-upon-Seine, so I resolved to go to him. I knew of no other relation in the world, and so I set out. Ah, sir, my heart failed me when leaving Troyes! I had nobody belonging to me but this uncle, and if he did not devise some plan, what was to become of me?

"An excellent man, sir, was my uncle; every one knew Father Mercier, for so he was styled, for the circuit of ten leagues round. He was considered a very learned man, having studied with the view of becoming a priest before the great Revolution; and so much the more, as he had been professor of the French tongue at Bar-upon-Seine for some time. But for ten years he had lived quietly at Landreville, where he had opened a little school for children. He had no children, and his wife was dead; but Toinette Lerouge, his stepdaughter, lived with him.

"I was received like a son, sir; and at the end of a week my uncle said to me, 'If you will marry Toinette, I will make you my heir. The house and garden are not very large, but they are entirely my own. You know enough to keep school and Toinette also, for she takes my place when I go to the mayoralty to copy deeds. The mayor is fond of us; for my sake he

will employ you when I am unable to work; and if, my children, you do but put your minds to the work, things will go on well.' To say the truth, Toinette pleased me greatly; she was neat and pretty, active at her work, and always in good-humour. The only thing I have never repented of in my life is having taken her for a wife. Yes, sir, if it was to do over again, I would do it again. I say so to her every day; and I have said so to her at a time when we were so unhappy, that the greatest favour the good God would have done us would have been to take us out of this world.

"We were now married. I became a schoolmaster, and filled my uncle's place at the mayoralty. It appeared to me most strange at first, being obliged to bear so patiently with this little noisy set; I who had been in the habit of seeing such strict discipline. I felt greatly displeased at it. There was one point upon which my uncle and I never could agree—it was upon education. He maintained that knowledge should be diffused as much as possible; that we French were in this respect behind every other civilised nation; that it was shameful to find so few knowing either how to read or write; and that the ignorance of the people was in a great measure the cause of their wretched condition. But, sir, I maintained the contrary. My uncle tried to persuade me that my arguments came from a spirit of contradiction; that though I had lost my time, and was ready for everything, but good for nothing, the fault lay not in my reading and writing, but in my character—my love of change, and want of steady application, and many other things which I do not remember. Nor was my employer the mayor behindhand in his arguments on the same subject.

"One day in particular, after having read me a lecture of an hour long, he said to me—'Listen, Denoyer; I will put a case to you which you will understand, since you have read scientific books, and have been in chemical laboratories. Let us suppose that you, an ignorant man, wished to make use of instruments which you have seen produce marvellous things in the hands of chemists and natural philosophers—what would happen? Not knowing how to make use of them, you would burst the retorts; you would break the instruments; you would hurt yourself, and indignantly exclaim, "All this is good for nothing but to waste time and maim people." But if you have lost your time and maimed yourself, is it the fault of the instruments or of those who make them work wonders, or rather yours, who do not know how to use them?'

"That was a famous argument, sir," said Jacque Denoyer.

"And what answer did you make to the mayor?" demanded M. Grandville, smiling.

"I do not remember, sir. I was more ready with an answer then than I am now. But the mayor, without yielding an inch of ground, said to me, 'Well, Denoyer, both at school

and at M. Imbert's you were given instruments which you did not know how to make use of, because you did not wish to do so. Knowing how to read, write, cipher, and draw, would have enabled you, with the advice of M. Imbert, to become a distinguished man, no matter in what career, if you had been resolved to work; but you were not so resolved. Then M. Imbert was glad to get rid of you, and let you go off as a soldier. In the regiment, your knowledge was of some little use to you; but you did not try to increase it—to extend it—the only means of rendering it profitable. On your return, if you had not known how to read or write, you would not have been able to support your mother, not having any trade at your fingers'-ends; for with your head, if even you had not known how to read or write, for all that you would not have been a stone-cutter, like your father, and you would not now be a schoolmaster. Your knowledge, however slight it may be, has been of some use to you in the regiment, at Troyes, and here; it is not that, therefore, which has injured you, but your not knowing how to make use of it—your carelessness, and the changeableness of your disposition, which you have never endeavoured to overcome.' This was very hard to hear, sir," continued Jacque Denoyer. "Happily, the mayor only spoke thus to me when we were alone together. I felt at times that he was right, but I asked myself afterwards—Who will answer for it, but that many of my pupils will be like myself? Instead of following a good trade, they will employ their time now at one thing and now at another; and that in the end they also will only arrive at being ready for everything, and good for nothing. And then scruples of conscience arose, and I felt that, by instructing them, I was not well employed, because I was not at all persuaded of the utility of the instruction that I was giving them. However, sir, things went on pretty well till the death of my uncle; then my disgust increased so very much, that I wandered all day like a troubled spirit. Toinette anxiously inquired what was the matter with me. Ah! Toinette is a woman of sense, and of a kind heart. She entered into my scruples, and said to me, 'Jacque, you must not follow a profession which troubles your conscience. See what you would like to undertake. Even if you should wish to quit the country, I am ready to go with you.' She spoke to the mayor, who was kind enough to write to some person of his acquaintance at Bar-upon-Seine. This person procured me a place as overseer in the paper factory of M. Bonchamp. We bade adieu to Landreville, after having sold our house and garden; and I went to reside with Toinette and Pierre, our first-born, at M. Bonchamp's, at Bar-upon-Seine.

"I should only tire you were I to tell you how from M. Bonchamp I went to M. Laville, from M. Laville to M. Blanche, from M. Blanche to M. Lafond, and from that to I know not how many places. I could not stay long anywhere."

"How came that?" asked M. Grandville, who had listened to Jacque Denoyer with much interest.

"I do not know, sir; if it was not that, continually thinking, in spite of myself, of what the mayor had said to me, I wished to make up for lost time, and laboured to increase my knowledge, so as to render me decidedly good for something. But I was discouraged at seeing how many things I had to learn; and I thought that it was henceforth too late to become a really well-informed or good workman. Once discouraged, I neglected my duty, and thus got myself discharged.

"At first every one was good enough to be astonished at the quantity of things I knew; at my finding a remedy for everything; at my being able to supply, by my own invention, anything wanting in the workshops and in the house. But astonishment and praise were soon succeeded by their getting tired of the interruptions thus occasioned to that part of the business committed to me. They first became exacting, and then unjust. Ah, sir! why did I learn to read and write? Why was I not all my life a good workman, like my father? An excellent man he was! He never opened a book in his life, nor my mother either."

"And does Toinette know how to read and write?" inquired M. Grandville.

"Yes, sir, and to write also very nicely. At one time that, finding nothing to do, I left Bar-upon-Seine as a carrier, she took it into her head to open a class for little girls. During the two years I was absent, she earned enough to be enabled to show me, on my return, my three children comfortably clothed, and some articles of furniture in the house which was not there when I went away."

"Was it you that prevented her from continuing it?"

"No, sir; it was the government. Toinette had no diploma, and you must have one to keep a school; and she was not learned enough to pass an examination."

"If you had remained at Landreville," said M. Grandville, "could you have succeeded your uncle as schoolmaster?"

"Yes, sir; thanks to the patronage of the mayor, who would have given me a diploma."

"And would Toinette have been able to keep the class in your absence?"

"Without the least difficulty, sir."

"Jacque Denoyer," said M. Grandville in a serious tone, "reflect, I beg of you, on all you have just been telling me; then decide yourself whose fault it has been if your lot, and that of your wife and children, have been marked by misfortune. By your own avowal Toinette is almost as well educated as yourself, and her knowledge, far from being injurious to her, has been useful both to herself and young family. How comes it, then, that what has, as you say, been utterly useless to you, has been to her a means of livelihood?"

Jacque Denoyer regarded M. Grandville with an air of astonishment, as he answered, "I cannot tell, sir, and I have never thought of this difference."

"Do think of it, I beg of you," said M. Grandville, rising. "When you have found out the cause of this difference, we will have another talk about it."

Jacque Denoyer rose with his master, and bowing respectfully, returned to the garden.

III.

On entering the garden, Jacque found that his children were employed with their mother in weeding the borders. He passed by them without speaking, and taking his ladder and pruning-knife, went to tie up and dress the vine, which was beginning to shoot. As he worked, the mind of Jacque Denoyer was occupied with more serious reflections than he had ever had in his life. For a moment a blush overspread his countenance, as he felt how inferior he was in all points to his courageous Toinette, who had never desponded as he had done, and who had contrived, with the little knowledge she possessed, to give bread to her children, and even to her husband.

How was it that, endowed with many advantages, and aided by almost every one he met, he had all his life remained in obscurity and even in indigence, whilst many of his old companions, much less gifted by nature, and less favoured by circumstances, had contrived to gain, if not a competence, at least a livelihood? How was it that he always found himself ready for everything, and good for nothing?

But it was in vain that Jacque Denoyer put these questions to himself for nearly two hours that day; he could not solve the enigma.

In the evening, when the children were in bed, Jacque Denoyer and Toinette found themselves alone together, as they usually were at the close of each day. Living happily together, they sat up a little late at night, either to converse, or because Jacque had some interesting book to read to Toinette whilst she was at her work.

"What is the matter with you this evening?" inquired Toinette of her husband, seeing him dull and absent. "Are you already dissatisfied with this place?" added she with inquietude.

"If I were dissatisfied here," replied Jacque, continuing to straighten the teeth of his rake, "I should be unworthy of so good a master—a master who gives one such good advices."

"What has he said to you?"

"Said! Nothing at all. He wants me to tell him the reason of something, and I cannot find out the reason."

"The reason of what?"

"The reason why I am ready for everything, and good for nothing. I have been torturing my brain the whole day. Sometimes I think I have the reason, and then I say, No, it is not that. It certainly was not self-conceit; for though everybody told me I was a genius, I never believed it; nor did I ever refuse any work that was offered to me, no matter of what kind. Nor was it ambition; for, on the contrary, I have always regretted not having learned my father's trade; and I never aspired to more than to be able to support thee, Toinette, and to bring up our children properly; and surely that was but my duty?"

"Did you tell him your story?"

"He obliged me to do so; and now he cannot be made to believe that it was having learned to read and write that made me ready for everything, and good for nothing, as the mayor used to say; and these words, which he repeated over and over again, seem to me ever flashing before me."

There was a few moments' silence.

"Did M. Grandville say anything about our children?" said Toinette.

"Very little; but I foresee that very soon he will be urging me to send them to school."

"Well, and what will you do?" inquired Toinette, after a little hesitation.

"Listen to me, Toinette," replied Jacque Denoyer. "I have continually in my mind a thought of Rousseau, which struck me as so beautiful, that I have learned it by heart, and I repeat it to myself twenty times a-day:—'Ignorance never does harm: error alone is fatal: and we do not go astray because we do not know, but because we fancy we know.'"

"I am not learned enough," replied Toinette, "to explain to you what seems to me absurd in this thought, apparently so beautiful. There is something in it which I cannot get down. After all, it is a false position; for surely he who does not know the road from this to Troyes will go astray as soon as he who thinks he knows it, yet does not know it."

"Yes, Toinette; but he who does not know the road will ask it, and be told: he who fancies he knows it will not ask, and will go astray."

"That is all very fine, Jacque; but there is something not quite clear in it. It seems to me like something that looks true at first, but is not at all so in the end. I grant that only to know things by halves, and to believe that we know them, may lead us to commit folly; but to know nothing at all——"

"Is much better," cried Jacque Denoyer, "because then one will inquire."

"I have my doubts of that. Ignorant people are the worst off. They doubt nothing, and they go straight before them, without disturbing themselves about where they are going."

"As for me, I am not of your opinion, Toinette. If I had not

fancied I knew, I should not have missed my way as I have done, but should have arrived at something; and lest my children should do the same, I am determined that they shall remain in ignorance."

"And become drunkards, and bad characters; for what else can they then be?" exclaimed Toinette warmly. "Ah, Jacque, Jacque! when my poor stepfather reproached you for having a spirit of contradiction, was he far from wrong? Whose is the fault, yours or your masters', if the instruction which they have given you has not been of any use to you?"

"Come, here you are, like M. Grandville, demanding the why of the thing."

"Not only do I ask you," continued Toinette, "but I will tell you, if you like."

"Oh, indeed you would do me a great service."

"Well," cried Toinette, becoming more and more animated, "I will only repeat what Father Mercier, worthy man, has said to me hundreds and hundreds of times with regard to you—'When a man goes through life without an aim, he travels far, and never arrives.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jacque Denoyer, "there is, nevertheless, a place at which we all arrive, and that is the grave."

"Yes, undoubtedly," replied Toinette; "but we arrive there more or less creditably according as we have ill or well discharged our duties in this world; and it is the duty of every one so to conduct himself as to be useful to himself and others."

"So then you mean to say that all that was wanting to me to succeed was a steady purpose?"

"I only say," replied Toinette, "that we poor people, whose only wealth is in our labour, must have a trade."

"Is not that the very thing I say?"

"Have a moment's patience. It is true we must have a trade. But during those years in which we are not able to do much, it is well for our parents to have schools to send us to. Here we acquire, whilst young, the love and the habit of industry; we obtain the means of employing hereafter our leisure hours in acquiring, without leaving our trade, knowledge relative to that trade, which will enable us to distinguish ourselves afterwards from workmen of the same kind——"

"Unless, indeed," added Jacque Denoyer, "that our only object is to amuse ourselves, and that we read simply for the pleasure of reading, like some one we know. You guess whom I mean?"

Toinette was silent, and hung down her head over her work.

Jacque Denoyer was silent also. What his wife had just been saying gave him much food for thought. In spite of himself, he felt not only that she *might* be right, but that she *was* right.

Jacque Denoyer passed for a very learned man in the village of Juilly le Chatel, only about a mile distant from the house of

M. Grandville; and to say the truth, he knew a great variety of things, but, as has been seen, it did not make him wiser or richer, simply because in his youth, in spite of the advice of M. Imbert, who would gladly have pushed him on in the world, he had neither a determined aim nor perseverance enough to follow it.

The day after his conversation with Toinette, Jacque Denoyer went to the orchard of old Thomas for some graffs, and as he went along, he thought of what his wife had said to him the evening before.

"Well, I really believe my wife has found out the answer to this droll sort of enigma," said he to himself. "I see the thing which is meant. It is to have some distinct aim or end in view, and to bring the will to bear on it, so as not to fall through by the way. A very good idea this, no doubt; but what can a poor fellow like me have to do with an aim or a will?" And that inward voice, which seldom deceives us, answered—"Every man, having a will, may give himself an aim, and, by the persevering exertion of that will, he may reach it sooner or later." Jacque Denoyer at this moment arrived at old Thomas's door, and immediately entered the house.

"You have come just in the nick of time," said he. "Look! here is a packet of papers which I have just received, and which I cannot read, for I am not more learned to-day, as far as reading goes, than I was in my cradle. Ah, if there had been a school in the village in my time, as there is now! Decipher that for me, if you please. Well, I am determined nothing shall be spared in the education of my boy. I have charged the schoolmaster to give him extra lessons if necessary. I wish him to know how to read and write like a notary, even though I may have nothing to put by at the end of the year. Yes, Master Denoyer, not to know how to read or write is to be at the mercy of everybody—of the bad as well as the good, and there are but too many of the former. Education is a real treasure—it is useful everywhere, and at every age."

Amongst the papers that Jacque Denoyer was given to read, there were letters which gave great pleasure to old Thomas. "Why do I not know how to write!" cried he; "I would myself answer my old masters, who are so kind to our children."

"I will answer for you, if you like," said Jacque Denoyer.

"Ah, that is delightful! You will do me a great service."

When the answers were finished, Jacque Denoyer read them out to old Thomas, who appeared at once pleased and dissatisfied. "It is very well said," exclaimed he; "much better than I could say it myself; and yet, after all, Master Denoyer, it is not what I feel here"—and he laid his hand upon his heart—"no, nor exactly what I am thinking of here"—and he touched his forehead. "It seems to me like another language; but for all that, I am just as much obliged to you."

Returning home, Jacque Denoyer could not help thinking of

what Thomas had just been saying, and for the first time it occurred to him that persons who did not know how to read or write were much to be pitied, that they were in the hands of others, and that, even with the best possible intentions, no one, when answering for them, could make them speak as they themselves would speak.

To this thought succeeded many others. At last Jacque Denoyer asked himself if he would wish to deprive his children of a knowledge the value of which he himself had felt so many times?—if he could condemn them to remain all their life in ignorance?—if, in short, he would not be delivering them, bound hand and foot, to be imposed on by every quack, knave, and impostor, at a time when means of instruction were held out on every side—at a time when men of intellect, the friends of human nature, were endeavouring, like the genial light of heaven, to dispel the clouds of ignorance, looking upon them as charged with every evil which can afflict mankind? "Yes; but, but——" said Jacque Denoyer, remembering the use he had made of his natural and acquired powers. For a moment he was ready to reproach his parents, his masters, and M. Imbert, for not having been more strict with him; but then he felt that he could blame no one but himself for not having become what he might have been. He had got enough of warning. "We shall see," said he, opening the little garden gate. Some minutes after, he was at his work, and, with all the address of a first-rate gardener, was ingrafting what he had brought from his old friend's orchard.

IV.

"Sir," said Jacque Denoyer to his master, who had stopped to look at his work, "surely no one would be in want if, as you and my wife Toinette wish to persuade me, it were enough to have an aim and a will; for, after all, sir, the aim of every one is to gain a livelihood, and to live as well as possible."

"Undoubtedly," replied M. Grandville. "But if a man's will is less determined after the first few steps; if he wavers at the first obstacles, and then turns aside to some path that appears to him more easy, and then again to another, and so on to the end; that is to say, till he is no longer able to put one leg before the other, he will certainly have travelled far, but without arriving anywhere; and this is the history of more than three-fourths of mankind. The man, on the contrary, who has a determined aim and a firm will, does every day what ought to be done to attain this end: it is the one object of his thoughts. He does not permit circumstances, which have more or less influence over his lot, to discourage him. The path he has taken is the one which will conduct him to his end. He follows it obstinately, or rather perseveringly. The strength of his will sustains him. He closes

his ear to indolence as to the instigations of self-love. He makes use of his acquired knowledge to smooth the difficulties which he meets, and, distrustful of himself, keeps strict guard over himself. If circumstances not to be controlled oblige him to change his path, he still carries with him, into his new career, the same courage, the same perseverance, till the end—which man, born to labour and to suffer, ought to place before him—is attained; that is, till he arrives at the end of his career, without having been burdensome to any one, and after having been useful to those depending on him."

"It is quite true," said Jacque Denoyer, shaking his head; "I must grant that; but it is very difficult, sir, especially when one is young."

"Jacque Denoyer, it is as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. It is in youth man receives those impressions, and that happy or unfortunate direction, the impress and feeling of which he preserves all his life. We ought constantly to repeat to the child an aim and a will, and constantly point out to him that, without an aim and without a will, man is nothing, does nothing, and will attain to nothing. The trade, profession, or calling, is but the means of arriving at an end. But these means are all-powerful, if we perseveringly use them—if we endeavour to carry them out to the utmost extent. You must not fancy, Jacque, that after a certain age it is not possible to acquire this will, in which consists all our strength. In youth, in order to form a will, we must obey. In riper age, in order to give ourselves a will, we need only will. You, for example, Jacque, have lost the season of your youth, and many opportunities which were presented to you; now you can take warning by your past errors. Know how to will, and you and your family will enjoy the only true happiness which exists here below. Have a firm will, and you will employ your already-acquired knowledge in acquiring more. Books will give you new ideas on gardening. Books will place before you all that refers to the care required by that most noble and useful of animals—the horse. You will learn to improve my fruit and kitchen gardens. You will multiply the horses of the Norman breed that I have just got. By increasing your master's revenue, you will enable him to do much more for you than his present fortune would permit. Your children will be brought up in the house. They will choose a trade; they shall be assisted in their apprentice fee, and aided in their establishment when they arrive at a proper age. Toinette and you, grown old in my service, will find protectors for your old age, and friends for your boys, in my children when I am no more. Behold the end, Jacque! Now your own will is all that is wanting."

As he pronounced these words, M. Grandville went away and continued his walk.

"The worthy man!" said Jacque Denoyer, gazing after him for some time; then drying his moistened eyelids with the back

of his hand, began to cut the tree which he had just grafted. "If every one would speak in that way," added Jacque Denoyer, "we should know the reason of things, and then they would become easy. Come, courage! The end is there, as M. Grandville said; now only the will is wanting, and, with God's help, it shall not be long so."

M. Grandville was kind enough often to converse with his gardener. Their conversation always turned upon serious subjects—such, for instance, as the direction to be given to that early education which commences, if we may so speak, from the cradle; and upon the profit which men may derive from the happy and unhappy circumstances which mark the course of a long life.

"In whatever condition our lot may be cast," said M. Grandville one day, "we shall always be able to get on if we have an aim and a will; and we shall always be respectable if we respect ourselves, and if the seeds of a pure morality have been developed in our heart. Yes, Denoyer, I am, as you have been told, the son of a peasant; and, thank God, I have never been foolish enough to be ashamed of it. A kind patron did for me what M. Imbert wished to do for you. Like you, I distinguished myself at the school where he had placed me. He was a notary at Bar-upon-Seine. He brought me home with him, and made me work in his study, which did not please me at all. He perceived my repugnance, and said to me, 'Grandville, now that you have received a certain education, and acquired a taste for a higher grade of life, you will find it hard to resign yourself to merely following the plough. If the profession of the law does not suit you, look well around you, and see what you would wish to embrace; but once having decided, let nothing induce you to change. Your father cannot leave you anything; your mother is getting old; you have a sister. If I am pleased with you, I will do more for you than you hope. Reflect, consider; consult your father, and decide.'

"I consulted my father; I reflected; I weighed the matter," continued M. Grandville; "and courageously I laid aside those books of science which had made me so happy, and surrounded myself only with law books. At my hours of recreation only I studied botany and natural history, of which I was passionately fond, and I often said to myself, How happy the rich must be! They can read whatever they like, and have cabinets full of curiosities out of the three kingdoms of nature. Then I little suspected that books and knowledge are less valued by the rich than might be expected. But I knew by experience that books and scientific pursuits ought only to be used as a recreation by him who must have a profession, and that his daily studies ought to have reference only to that profession. At the time of the Revolution of 1789, for I date very far back," continued M. Grandville, smiling, "I was the head clerk of M. Delaroche. This good old man perished in a riot, on account of the high price of corn. All ...ice was fearfully convulsed. The notaries, with whom were

deposited the title-deeds of the nobility and the principal inhabitants of the provinces, ran great risks. Mademoiselle Delaroche, whom I was to marry, was obliged to take refuge with her relations; and I, after having by her desire collected all the most valuable papers which were in the study, retired to my father's; and my first care on arriving there was to bury the title-deeds which I had saved under the floor of our cabin. The horrible tempest, in which so many families and properties were wrecked, ceased at last; order was beginning to be re-established; peace and calm again returned; and there were no more proscriptions. Some even dared to claim their rights, and regain their properties; and the head clerk of M. Delaroche, upheld by public esteem, became a notary in his turn. Then it was that I felt happy at having overcome my youthful repugnance to the profession. I was able to offer a home to my aged parents and my sister. The comforts by which they were surrounded were all the fruit of my labour. Soon after, Heaven blessed my union with Adelaide; my sister married a rich farmer of Buseuil; and at last the moment arrived when, without neglecting my business, and without extravagance, I could have a library composed of my favourite books. I also had a cabinet of specimens of natural history; a hortus siccus, shells, birds stuffed by my own hands; and, to my great happiness, I soon was in correspondence with learned men, who condescended to think me worthy of sharing the pleasure of their discoveries. My son has as little taste as myself for the profession of the law. My fortune enabling me to allow him to choose, he became a physician; and, residing at Paris, he has distinguished himself amongst the learned men of that great city. He is a member of several learned societies, and will one day perhaps be in the Academy. But, like his father, his daily studies have reference to the profession he has embraced; so that his name is already celebrated in the annals of medicine. I can only repeat to you, Denoyer—an aim and a will! With these you may attain to anything."

"Yes, sir, when one is young," replied the gardener sighing; "but at my age, and when one has wasted time and fair opportunities——"

"The loss of time and fair opportunities is irreparable, is irremediable," replied M. Grandville. "You have now no other resource but to resign yourself to the obscure path which you have chalked out for yourself; but you may still, as I have already told you, render yourself useful to your master, and labour for your children's future good. It alone depends on you, Denoyer, not to be an ordinary gardener or groom. Study! Give but very little, indeed, of your time to books of mere amusement, that your children, guided by your example, may early wish to have an aim—may early feel the power of perseverance. If they are destined only for labourers, you will have at least the certainty that they will be good workmen, good characters, and happy

men. Good conduct always carries its reward with it; and the well-merited esteem of honest people lighten, even to the very poorest, the burden of each day. You will find it in your turn, Denoyer. You will then understand that in every rank general esteem may be obtained; and you will find that this general esteem is, to the man who possesses it, the best earthly source of innocent pleasure and moral strength."

How far Jacque Denoyer profited by the lessons of M. Grandville may be judged of by his words to his son. "I was nearly forty years old when I entered his service; and at forty I was fit for everything, and good for nothing; and so true is this, that had not M. Grandville taken pity on us, and received us into his house, we should have all died of hunger. His kindness did not stop there; he made me examine my past conduct—he showed me that to change one's mind at every moment, if we may so speak, and to have no decided opinion, is the defect of persons who suffer themselves to be governed by passion rather than by reason; a defect which leaves them all their lives like so many grown children, and which proceeds from the want of the habit of reflecting upon what they see, and upon what they ought to do. It is in youth that this habit must be acquired; and then it becomes a safeguard against the commission of folly at an age when folly is inexcusable. Thus he taught me to reflect before I acted; and only from this day out was I a man. My son, an aim and a will, never forget that it is this which makes the man, which prevents him from being burdensome to any one, and which renders him useful to himself and to those who depend on him. You may one day be a father in your turn. Let your children learn from you what you now learn from me—that in order to attain the desired end, you must not wander from the path opened to you by your parents or friends; but that, on the contrary, you must concentrate on this one point all your faculties and all your powers: you must *will one thing*, and will it perseveringly."

STORIES OF AIMS AND ENDS.

SECOND STORY.

I.

In the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, a district in the east of France, bordering on Germany, some time ago lived Hans Keller, a German by birth, who, after having spent some part of his life as a pedler, settled, with his wife Theresa, and his little daughter Florence. The family was obscure, and had few friends, but those who knew them respected them for their industry. By many they would have been considered poor; but *poor* is a wrong

term to apply to persons who work for their living, and owe no man anything.

When Hans first settled in Nancy, he was doubtful of what means he should resort to for a living, and he unfortunately, from the effects of rheumatism, was unable to undertake any very active pursuit. Where, however, there is a will, there is a way; and those who maintain a good character have seldom any difficulty in getting some one to help them forward. Hans could sew well, and so could his wife Theresa; to this accomplishment, therefore, they resolved, after some consideration, to look for subsistence. Making his desires known to a merchant with whom he formerly had dealings, he was recommended to a tailor as being an honest man, and from this person he and Theresa received employment. They were not, to be sure, intrusted with the principal articles of attire; but although they confined themselves to the sewing of vests, and other light articles, they found in that a means of decent livelihood.

Hans, as a German, knew the value of education, and he accordingly took care, even by pinching himself of comforts, to give his daughter Florence a little schooling. When we say that, with this good *end* in view, he actually gave up smoking—a great sacrifice for a German—any one can judge of his anxiety to get his daughter forward. "Who knows," said he to his wife, "but Florence may one day be a credit to us. At all events, if she is not educated, she must be a drudge all the days of her existence, and I am determined to give her a chance of being something better than I am. Nothing like looking a little upward. Those who look down, run their head into the mire."

Theresa, a lively Frenchwoman, had an immense reverence for Hans's understanding, and cordially agreed in these wise observations. Hans, accordingly, had his daughter taught reading and writing at school, and he himself took pains to instruct her in arithmetic. He also spoke to her in German, so that, when only eight years of age, Florence spoke and read German and French with equal fluency.

Florence was a promising child, and took so readily to learning, that it was a pleasure to instruct her. Many a happy day did the father pass at his work, with his child by his side, conversing with her; telling her some of his old-world stories, or sounding the depths of her arithmetic lore, or trying to astonish her with the exhibition of his, by asking her to write for him in figures eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven. The little girl tried till her father's smile told her she had succeeded. She had learned to sew, and thus was able to help her parents in their work; and by degrees occupations grew upon her, for, gentle and obliging, all her neighbours came to her to write letters for them to their friends, and in the evening she taught some children to read whom employment in the day prevented attending school. Every spare moment she had, she gave to any books she could

borrow from a neighbour, or buy for the very few pence it ever was her lot to possess.

II.

The time at length came when Florence required to go out into the world, and the question was debated what she should be. She was quite ready to do anything that her parents suggested. "I'll tell you what you must be," said Hans to her one day; "you must go as an apprentice to a mantuamaker. That is a respectable business; and if you conduct yourself well, and show good taste, there is no fear of you." Florence was delighted. She was apprenticed to a lady; but it was only as an out-door apprentice, and she still lived at home.

The duties of this situation were irksome; but what line of life has not its petty troubles? And the mind which shrinks from facing these troubles is good for very little. One of Florence's troubles was the poverty of her attire: the other apprentices affected to keep aloof from her on account of her not being so genteel as they were. Florence was fortunately able to disregard this silliness, and by her obliging and mild disposition made herself friends. Besides, she did not care much for keeping company with the giddy girls, her fellow-apprentices. Her resources for recreation were happily confined to a quiet walk with her parents, and a book. Had she had but a guide or encouragement—any one to put useful books into her hands—how profitable might have been her love for books! Nevertheless, under any circumstances, that love is a benefit. But whatever might have been the extent of the cultivation of her mental faculties, her affections had been fully developed; for in her home, poor as it was, reigned love, and peace, and family harmony. Poverty was not rendered doubly bitter by that which makes the stalled ox a far worse portion than the dinner of herbs where love is. Florence had not to witness the mutual reproach, the angry taunt, that is too often the salutation or the welcome of the endurers of the same hardships. She had never to crouch beneath the rude rough blow, too often the only mode known to the poor man of disciplining his child—a mode debasing alike to both. Her principles, too, were gradually forming. From earliest childhood she had seen temperance, persevering industry, and strict honesty, and knew that the sure ground, the strong motive, was the fear of God. She had seen suggestions to unlawful gain quietly and simply put away, as if such things were not to be dwelt upon for a moment. Such education as this is within the power, within the reach, of every parent. Let each try, as far as in him lies, to surround his child with an atmosphere of honesty, industry, truth, and love. Some parents speak of beginning the education of their children; who can tell how it has been begun by circumstances? It has been well said

that "insensible education is to the intellectual and moral system the most important, as insensible perspiration is the most important to the physical system."

We have said that Florence's course of reading was too desultory to suffer her to make much progress in actual knowledge, but still her mind was more or less brought into play; and there was an intelligence in the expression of her countenance that drew from a lady, who saw her pass, the remark, "Would you not say that girl thinks?" The girl did indeed think. At that moment her thoughts were serious enough, for that morning she had found that her father's failing sight wholly incapacitated him from his usual work, and that her mother, weakened by illness, the consequence of daily increasing privation and anxiety, could no longer labour as formerly. She felt that she must now be their sole support. She had just completed her term of apprenticeship, and her employers were not very numerous, and the wages for a whole day's work was but eightpence; and as she left them for that day's work, her heart was heavy within her, and, with a feeling of utter despondence hitherto unknown to her, she cried, "Is there nothing but misery in the world?" She tried to dispel the thought by gazing after some young companions who passed her in gay laughter over some merry-meeting of the evening before, and the effort was successful. The happiness of her companions seemed like a hope for her. We are mistaken when we say "Look beneath thee, and thou wilt deem thyself happy." No: more true consolation is in that belief in the existence of happiness which arises from seeing that there are more prosperous lots than our own. Florence felt what has been expressed in the old lines —

> "But though I am sad, not so cold is my sorrow,
> That nature can't waken a smile in my eye;
> And this still warm heart a pure pleasure can borrow,
> From seeing another more happy than I."

Certain it is she was always sadder when she beheld any one more wretched than herself.

But Florence's beau ideal of happiness was not the merry-meetings of the young people of her own class. No: it lay rather in being able to learn everything that was in the books she daily saw in the hands of the pupils of a neighbouring school. If she had but money, she too might learn; but there was less hope of this every day, for every day things were growing rather worse. For one month she could get no work, and her mother was weighed down under the pressure of a debt unavoidably contracted during that month. One morning, as she passed by a hairdresser's shop, while pondering how she could relieve her mother from this burden, the idea occurred to her of selling her hair, of which she had a profusion. She entered the shop, but the owner did not want hair. However, he proposed

her coming, on two evenings in the week, for his pupils to practise on her long black hair, which she might thus preserve, while her object would be equally attained by the compensation for each sitting. The girl hesitated; but the thought of handing to her mother even this small sum decided her, and the proposal was accepted. Twice every week did she lend her dark hair and pale face to have tried upon her all the gay ball headdresses. Theresa's debt was paid, and the little household again went on in its usual course. Florence, however, suffered from her plan: she got violent headaches, and her hair began to fall off in such quantities, that at last even this slender resource failed her.

One evening, while reading that verse of the New Testament, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God," she was interrupted by a milkwoman of the next village, who wanted a letter written to her daughter. As she entered, the good woman displayed, with great delight, a little red shawl. "See," said she, too eager to wait for the customary salutations; "look here! It was my daughter who sent me this beautiful handkerchief. You must write a fine answer for me, Florence, and tell her that I was in great want of the money she sent. Indeed I do not know how I could live, only for her," added the poor woman, as she turned to Theresa, who looked at Florence, and made no answer.

"What employment has your daughter, Dame Charlot?" asked Florence.

"She is a lady's-maid at Lyons," answered the mother exultingly; "and has fifteen pounds a-year wages, not counting perquisites."

Florence neither stirred nor spoke; but her eye had, in turn, sought that of her mother. They understood each other entirely, even before Florence had uttered the words—"I, too, will be a lady's-maid!"

Theresa now laid her hand upon her daughter's head, and whispered, with tearful eyes, "You are right; you may go, my child."

All being thus tacitly arranged, hope was once more an inmate of Florence's heart. Her parents' poverty constrained them to catch at as a hope what nothing else could have induced them to sanction—her leaving them. They eagerly grasped at the idea that she might not be obliged to go out of the town in which they lived, when they heard from a neighbour that Madame Hebert wanted a servant. Florence, dressing herself as neatly as her wardrobe would permit, and lifting up her heart in prayer, set off to look for the place.

Her heart beat audibly as she rang the house-bell; and when the door opened, she was so pale, that the servant held out her hand to support her. She asked to see Madame Hebert; and being shown in, soon told the object of her visit. The lady had

often heard of Florence Keller from an old servant for whom she had written letters.

"You read a great deal, I believe?" said she to Florence.

"I like to read sometimes, madame."

"You know how to write?"

"A little, madame."

"Is it not you who write all Claudine's letters for her?"

"Yes, madame."

"And how much does she pay you for doing so?"

Florence blushed, and answered in a low but steady voice, "She does not pay me anything, madame. The poor do not sell their little services to each other; they have so little to give."

Madame Hebert now put some questions as to her knowledge of needlework, and whether she had done the whole work of the house at home. There was no possible good reason for declining to employ her; and, nevertheless, Madame Hebert did not wish to take Florence into her service. She felt that the young girl had more than ordinary intelligence and refinement, and she dreaded lest she should be above her business. Was she right or wrong? Are the most humble household offices, the greatest minutiæ of feminine duty, inconsistent with everything that is elevated, everything that is intellectual? Florence's subsequent history must answer the question.

Madame Hebert hoped that disagreement about wages would furnish a pretext; but Florence was quite willing to leave them to be fixed by her employer, when a short trial should enable her to estimate the worth of her services. At last the truth came out. "I must confess, my good girl, that I should be afraid of your spending your time reading, and neglecting your business."

Florence looked as if she did not quite understand. "Does madame mean to say that I would wrong her?"

"Oh no, no," replied Madame Hebert quickly. "Oh no."

"And yet, madame, I should consider I was robbing you if I employed my time in anything that could occasion the neglect of that which you paid me for doing."

"I am glad you think so rightly; but I assure you I have had servants who had no scruples in that way."

"Believe me, madame," said Florence respectfully, but firmly, "it was because they did not read enough, or read to no purpose."

"Well, my good girl, I will let you know when I make up my mind." And Florence curtsied, and withdrew.

On her return home she tried to look cheerful, but her attempt at a smile made her mother weep. "I see, my child, that you have not succeeded."

"Not to-day; but to-morrow, who knows what may happen."

"Come, cheer up! God is where he was," said Keller. "Cheer up! Whilst the good man rests, the fine weather comes back.

Better luck after supper perhaps. The soup and potatoes are ready, and excellent they are; it was I who boiled them. But, wife," added he, "Dame Philippa has been selling wood all day about the town, and could get nothing ready; a drop of this warm soup will do the old soul good. Go and call her." Theresa ran off with the invitation, while Florence laid another plate, and soon Dame Philippa took her place at the poor man's table.

"It is scarcely fair I should take from you," said their neighbour as she sat down.

"All quite fair, all quite right," said Keller. "When there is enough for three, there is enough for four. And, besides, if we are not the richer by it, depend upon it we shall not be poorer."

They now fell into conversation, and Theresa related Florence's failure in her attempt to get a situation.

"Ah," said the old guest, "they think your daughter is too fond of you; and depend upon it she will never get a place here, even if she did not know how to read."

"Why not?" said Florence, who had no idea what she could mean.

"Oh, just because they would suspect you of taking things out of the house to your parents. My niece Josephine could not get a place here, though she does not know A from B; but they knew that she did her best to help her mother. So, as she had no chance here, she went to Paris, where she is now in a very good place. Ah, Florence, people are very suspicious. If they trusted us more, it might be better; but too many of us have given them cause for distrust. But Josephine writes to me that a lady was inquiring of her about a waiting-maid. What would you say to setting off to Paris, Florence? I warn you that you will never get a good place here. Josephine says the wages are thirteen pounds."

Keller heard of Paris, and put his plate away: his dinner was spoiled for that day. But he said—"After all, it is but reasonable. If I had a boy, it must have come to his turn to serve in the army, and he might have to leave me for the other end of the world: and then, too, we are old; my sight is failing, and my work too; and what can this poor child do for three with only her own two hands? Come, there is no help for it. Who knows but this is an opening of Providence for our good?"

Florence evinced neither pleasure nor grief: her whole mind was full of the one thought—"how could she get to Paris?"

Dame Philippa was thinking of the very same thing. "You must have somewhat more than two pounds for the journey, and you must have something to live upon while you are looking for the place. Josephine has a friend, a workwoman, who will give you a lodging. Now, I think I have found a way of managing the matter. My niece sent me money to take me to see her; you

shall go in my place, and tell her that I cannot go to her for three months to come. Before that time you will be able to return the money, and then I can go."

Grateful, indeed, was Theresa; Florence could only press the good woman's hand. Keller turned to his wife—"I told you how it would be; what we give at the door comes in again by the window! If we had not thought of Dame Philippa this evening, where would the money for the journey be got? A little kindness is often not ill spent."

The preparations for Florence's departure were not long in making. Some calico chemises were put into a small trunk, and a few pair of stockings, knit by a poor widow to whom Theresa daily ministered of her poverty, by taking her a little dinner. This is what Keller called "God's tithe." How much do the struggling classes everywhere contribute of this tithe to neighbours! When Florence took leave of the poor widow, tears were shed by both. "Good-by, good-by, Florence; God will bless you," were the last words the young maiden heard as she departed from the door of her humble acquaintance.

If we dwell on these details, it is because we know how much surrounding circumstances contribute to form the mind. The affectionate union between Keller and Theresa, their readiness to share with their poor neighbours their scanty store, their own cheerful resignation—all this accounts for the development of Florence's mental faculties and affections; for her being so devoid of selfishness, and for her practical good sense.

Two days before her departure, all her relatives and friends flocked to bid her farewell; and, with the tact which affection gives, every one had a story to tell; and it was always of some young girl who, having left her native village from poverty, had returned rich and happy—a kind of indirect prediction, for the fulfilment of which they trusted to time and to the good providence of God. The young girl was sorry to part with these kind, good people; she had often felt that there were thoughts which it would have been useless to have expressed to almost any amongst them; but there was not one affectionate feeling that had not its echo.

III.

Florence had arrived in Paris, and had gone direct to the house of Josephine's friend. That very night Dame Philippa's niece paid them a visit, and it was agreed that the next day should be devoted to showing the lions of Paris to the young provincialist.

Florence was not so much surprised as she expected to be. This is easily accounted for. When we leave our own little town, we know it all by heart—its whole extent—its every street is in our mind's-eye at once; whereas, of the large city into which we are for the first time introduced, we see now one street, then another,

but only one at a time, and in succession, as we walk along; so that, comparing it with the little town which we have taken in as a whole, it is very natural that we should not at first think the large city quite so large. Six months after, when we can view it also as a whole, it is a different matter.

The next day came, and she was shown the way to Madame Duhamel's house. She was ushered into a room, and the lady began her inquiries.

"How old are you, my good girl?"

"I am twenty, madame," said Florence with a curtsy.

"You can do needlework, and iron, and do up linen?"

Florence replied in the affirmative.

"Can you read?"

At this question Florence turned pale, and seemed in evident embarrassment.

The lady believed her agitation to arise from the shame of ignorance.

"It is no matter," said she to the young girl; "you will suit me very well. I shall be quite satisfied if you can remember any message I may send by you."

"I can read, madame."

"Oh, very well. You know the wages I give?"

"Yes, madame."

"What is your name?"

"Florence Keller."

The appearance of Florence made a favourable impression; her open brow, her black eyes sparkling with intelligence, and her demeanour—which, without the slightest degree of servility, was as respectful as possible—had already won the good graces of her new mistress.

"Your occupation will be altogether about myself," said she. "The whole business of the household is divided between five servants, and any spare time you may have is at your own disposal; with this restriction, however, that you are not to go out without my permission."

Florence drew a long breath. From past failure, she was almost afraid that the confession of her knowing how to read would have been the signal for the breaking off the negotiation. She congratulated herself, however, that she was asked no question that would have drawn out the information of her being letter-and-petition-writer-general for her own little district at home. Had it been known, would she have been rejected? We cannot tell. These were days—may we hope that they are altogether bygone days—when the education of the poor had to contend with the active prejudices, as it still has with the supine indifference, of the upper classes.

Florence was now installed as lady's-maid. Her fellow-servants were four in number. A cook, who seemed to be of somewhat hasty temper, but, on the whole, good-natured; a footman;

a coachman; and the nursery-maid. Rose could not always manage the three children, so that the two elder ones were very often with Florence. Eugene was thirteen, Frances eleven, and little Clemence two years old.

Madame Duhamel pleased at first sight, so expressive was her countenance of kindness and benevolence. Her husband, somewhat older than she was, and very well informed, undertook the education of his children himself.

It is no great proof of the general kindliness of human nature, that a new arrival at a college or a boarding-school is usually regarded with some degree of prejudice. It is the same with a new servant in a house, and consequently Florence met but cold looks at first from the inmates of the kitchen. However, she was so polite at table, and made herself so agreeable by the many nice stories she had read, and was so obliging to them all, that she soon became a general favourite, notwithstanding what they called her fine lady look, and her really white hands.

Florence's room was near the drawing-room, and when in the evening there was music, the young girl thought of her dear father, who used to be so fond of it. "My poor father," said she, "how happy you would be here!" Then she thought that she might one day be able to send for her parents, to live near her in Paris; and the idea dispelled her sadness. Florence was in utter ignorance of the subjects in which the children were instructed. She had read much, but, as we have said, without either guide or system. Yet nothing had been lost upon her heart, which, at once softened and enlarged by the education of love and tenderness she had received in her home, learned something even from the most desultory reading. Mind was developed in the developing of affection.

Already had the young domestic been able to repay Dame Philippa the money she had lent for her journey, and even to send something to her parents. Madame Duhamel, who made the remittances for her, showed her growing approval of her by allowing her daughter frequently to study by her side. Frances was quick and intelligent, she liked reading aloud, and Florence liked to listen. Frances repeated to her the lessons in grammar and history; this was improving to both parties. Madame Duhamel had the kindness and good sense to be pleased with this profitable intercourse. She not only chose books for them, but was often present at the readings, making Florence bring her work into her room, and sit with her. Florence felt at first a little constraint in her presence; but when she saw that it was esteem for her character that induced her mistress thus to condescend, she soon began to love Madame Duhamel as a friend, nay, almost as a mother. How did she long for an opportunity to show her she was not ungrateful, by doing something that would indeed contribute to her happiness! And she sighed as

flowers: let him find, on his return, his garden in better order, and you more learned."

"I will try, at all events," said Ambrose.

And he set to work, and was soon bidding fair to be a good gardener. And Florence contrived to find occupation for Bernard also. He did not care about gardening; but a basketmaker, a friend of his, came to settle in the neighbourhood, and Bernard was soon able to exhibit a straw-basket, his own handiwork. Florence was delighted. No more gambling, no more visits to the tavern, no more lounging and losing of time. Even Rose at last, seeing every one occupied, got tired of having no object; and one fine day she came with a petition to Florence to teach her to read. This was a great and unexpected conquest.

M. Duhamel was not slow in perceiving the reform in his household. When he came into the garden with his children, he was glad to praise the labours of Ambrose, and to question him about the culture of particular plants. Ambrose showed both intelligence and considerable knowledge in his answers. Once M. Duhamel began grafting a tree under the direction of Ambrose, and he was not a little proud of being thus a more learned man, on at least one point, than his master.

But we must return to the special duties to which Florence devoted herself. She began as lady's-maid, and for some time had little to do with the children, further than being a companion to the elder. An incident occurred which tended materially to alter her position.

Eugene, less studious than his sister, was at times a cause of great uneasiness to his father. He was very inattentive at his lessons; he was quite tired of studying by himself, and wished for some companion with whom he might talk of the Cæsars of Rome and the gods of Greece. Above all, he utterly disliked learning languages—he saw no use in it; and it was only at the positive command of his father that he ever took a lesson. His absurd reasoning on this point, and his indolence, led to irritation in his father, the expression of which did but increase the boy's distaste to study. All this was great grief to Madame Duhamel. "His father and I wish him to learn Latin, and German, and English. No man can be a gentleman, or rise to distinction in France, without these languages." This she said one day in Florence's hearing.

"Pardon, madame," modestly observed Florence; "if you like, I shall try to teach Eugene German; for I speak that language the same as French; it is the language of my father."

Madame Duhamel was delighted. "By all means, good Florence, begin to teach Eugene German; speak to him as much as possible in that tongue."

Here by an accident—and is human life not full of such *accidents*?—Florence again found herself in a position to be useful. And never did poor girl exert herself with more patience or more

and house-servants. I, too, will become a depositor. Let us all make a trial. What say you?"

The notion of saving anything was new to all the servants, and they laughed heartily at Florence's proposition. Florence laughed too; but after laughing, she again talked of beginning to deposit a trifle.

"Come, let us reckon up," said she, "how much we can muster as a commencement. I have got nine francs and a half, and will deposit six; and will also take the trouble, without commission, of entering all your names; that is to say, if you will trust me."

As much from the drollery of the thing, as with any serious idea of saving, each gave Florence a few francs to deposit in the Caisse d'Epargne, and that day she completed the transaction by entering all the names, and getting a small book for each. She likewise, on all occasions afterwards, carried small sums to be added to the different accounts; and thus, by a little management, she put her fellow-servants in the way of accumulating something for their future use.

Nor was this all that Florence did to render those about her happy. Let us follow her into the garden, where she has gone with a botanical book, examining the flowers whose history she is studying with Eugene and Frances. Ambrose is there too; not botanising, indeed, but loosening the earth about some shrubs, and thinning some beds of vegetables.

"You are fond of gardening, Ambrose?" asked Florence.

"Oh yes; while I was in the country, I used to work at it with my whole heart."

Florence put her hand to her forehead, as if a bright idea had occurred to her.

"Well," said she, "why not learn every day something of gardening? At your leisure time you could keep the flower-knots in order."

Ambrose rubbed his brow, and seemed to hesitate a little.

"I did not bargain for that, Florence: it is not my business. When I have dusted the sitting-rooms, and polished the furniture, my time is my own—at least when there is no company."

"And it is for that very reason, because the time is your own, that I am anxious you should turn it to profit; and in learning a trade, you would be working for yourself, and making a provision for the future. I have heard my master often say that he thought it his duty to allow his servants some time that they might call their own, and I am sure he would be much gratified to see it well employed."

"Well, indeed—perhaps you are not so much in the wrong after all."

"Listen to me, Ambrose. My master is going away for a month. I will ask him to leave out some books on gardening, and we can read them together. You know how fond he is of

are young, and go with him, require a governess who speaks English. Madame Tremonille has just been writing a note to me on the subject. If you like, I shall recommend you?"

Florence's bursting heart and panting bosom could not, for a moment, permit her to speak her thanks. She was overwhelmed with the magnificence of the offer, and the prospects it opened up; and when she was able to speak, it was to pour out her gratitude, and state her fears of not being competent for the duties of this new and brilliant situation.

Madame Duhamel, however, allayed these feelings, and interested herself so effectually, that Florence was accepted by Madame Tremonille.

In a short time Florence left France with the Tremonilles; and London, like a new world, burst on her senses.

Kind reader, you will not be able to guess where and who Florence now is; and I fear I must not satisfy your very reasonable curiosity. The once poor girl of Nancy, by the force of her simple yet energetic character, rose to be the wife of a learned professor in one of our northern universities; and no lady is more esteemed or admired in the circle in which she has been received. Her parents, I believe, are still living in France, supported in comfort by her munificence; and old Hans is repeatedly heard to say, that although all cannot rise in the world as his dear Florence has done, it may be generally observed that those who *aim well end well.*

ACCOUNT OF THE GIPSIES.

THE strange race of people, of whom we propose to give an account in the following Tract, are found scattered to the number, it is believed, of about 700,000 souls in all over the whole of Europe, and are distinguished by different names in different countries. In Great Britain they are called *Gipsies*, from the idea of their Egyptian origin, for the same reason the Spaniards call them *Gitanos;* in France they were long termed *Bohemians*, because the first European country in which they appeared was Bohemia; in Russia they are styled *Zigani;* in Turkey *Zingarri;* and in Germany *Zigeuner*—words conceived to be derived from the term *Zincali*, by which the gipsies sometimes designate themselves, and which is understood to signify "The Black men of Zend or Ind." The characteristic name, however, applied by the gipsies to their own race and language, is said by Mr Borrow to be *Rommani*, a word of Sanscrit origin, which means "The Husbands."

ORIGIN OF THE GIPSIES—THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN EUROPE.

Although, in all countries, native outcasts and criminals have adopted the habits and occupations of gipsies, and have been even known to associate with them, yet it is established beyond a doubt that the real gipsies constitute a single race, distinct from any other in Europe, and using a language peculiar to themselves.

Thus far all are agreed; but when we come to inquire what

that stock is from which the gipsies have all sprung, we find different opinions entertained by different authorities. Some Spanish writers have asserted them to be the relics of the Moors who once inhabited Spain; others have believed them to be of Tartar origin; others, again, have endeavoured to prove them to be Persians; while there have not been wanting persons to maintain that they arose in some eastern part of Europe, and thence branched off into the western nations. None of these opinions, however, gained so wide credence as that which supposed the original country of the gipsies to be Egypt. This idea, which was propagated, and firmly believed, on the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and which is still held by the gipsies of the present day, is proved, however, to be quite untenable. Not only is the gipsy language different from the Coptic, and the gipsy manners different from those of the natives of Egypt, but, what is still more decisive, gipsies are found wandering through Egypt as through other countries, and are there treated as foreigners, just as with us. On the whole, the supposition which is supported by the greatest amount of evidence, and which, indeed, has already displaced all others, is that which assigns an Indian or Hindoo origin to the gipsies. Of the many proofs adduced in favour of this view, the most convincing is that derived from the wonderful similarity between the gipsy language and the Sanscrit or the Hindoostanee. For a long time it was believed that the gipsy language was a mere jargon or slang, resembling the cant language of thieves, and invented for similar purposes. This, however, is a mistake, as could be very conclusively shown. By the industry of various inquirers, a vocabulary has been drawn up of several hundreds of gipsy words; and the number of these which have been found to be pure Hindoostanee, is perfectly decisive as to the Indian origin of the gipsies. The following table may serve to illustrate this, as well as to exhibit the similarity of all the European dialects of the gipsy language:—

English.	German Gipsy.	English Gipsy.	Hungarian Gipsy.	Spanish Gipsy.	Hindoostanee.
One	Ick or Ek	Yake	Jek	Yeque	Ek
Two	Duj	Duee	Dui	Dui	Du
Three	Trin	Trin	Trun	Tria	Trin
Four	Schtar	Stor	Schtar	Estar	Tschar
Five	Pantsch	Pan	Pansch	Pansche	Pansch
Ten	Desch	Dyche	Dösch	Deque	Des
Gold	Sonnikey	Sonnekar	Sonkay	Sonacai	Suna
Eye	Aok	Yock	Jakh	Aquia	Awk
Nose	Nak	Nack	Nakh	Naqui	Nakk
House	Ker	Kare	Ker	Quer	Gur
Water	Panj	Parnee	Pani	Pani	Panj

The conclusion of the Indian origin of the gipsies, to which we are led by a consideration of their language, is remarkably

corroborated by the similarity of character, customs, and occupations which the gipsies exhibit with certain existing tribes or castes among the Hindoos, particularly the Nuls or Bazegurs, a wandering race in Hindoostan, of very low repute among the other Hindoos, and speaking a dialect apparently as different from the pure Hindoostanee as the gipsy is. Accordingly, with the supposition in our minds that the gipsies are the relics of a wandering race expelled from Hindoostan, let us see how far this supposition accords with what we know of their history.

The earliest mention made of the gipsies in Europe refers to the year 1414, when they are said to have appeared in the Hessian territories; and, in the course of a few years from that date, they were to be found in most parts of Germany. "They travelled in hordes, each having its leader, sometimes called *Count*; others had the title of Dukes or Lords of Lesser Egypt. In 1418 they were found in Switzerland, and in 1422 they made their appearance in Italy. The 'Bologna Chronicle' states that the horde, which arrived in that city on the 18th of July 1422, consisted of about one hundred men, the name of whose leader, or Duke, as they termed him, was Andreas. They travelled from Bologna to Ferli, intending to pay the pope a visit at Rome."* Their appearance in France bears the date of 1427. "On August 17, 1427," says an old French Chronicle, "came to Paris twelve Penitents, as they called themselves—namely, a duke, an earl, and ten men—all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of being put to death. Some time after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them again to renounce Christianity." Such had been the account they gave of themselves in Germany, Poland, and other countries where they first appeared. The story seems to have produced considerable sensation; "for," continues the Chronicle, "when the emperor of Germany, the king of Poland, and other Christian princes heard it, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit their country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance, to wander over the world without lying in a bed." Having thus contrived to obtain the pope's sanction, they were able, with the assistance of safe conducts, granted to them, in their character of pilgrims, by various sovereigns and princes, to roam about as they pleased without molestation. "They had been wandering five years," proceeds the Chronicle, "when they came to Paris; first, the principal people, twelve in number, as above narrated, and soon after the commonalty, about one hundred, or one hundred and twenty, reduced from one thousand or twelve hundred, which was their number when they set out

* Hoyland's Survey of the Gipsies.

from home, the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police out of the city at Chapel St Denis. Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and one or two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, all their faces scarred, their hair black; their only clothes a large old shaggy garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord sash, and under it a poor petticoat. In short, they were the poorest miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women, who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes; and, what was worse, they picked people's pockets of their money."

It is probable, from these and other accounts, that the gipsies had spread themselves over all the countries of the continent before the middle of the fifteenth century; they did not, however, arrive in Great Britain till the beginning of the sixteenth. Wherever they went they appear to have told the same story regarding their origin and purposes, and so to have procured a degree of toleration which they could not have experienced in any other character than that of religious pilgrims. The manner of their appearance, however, only increases the mystery of their origin. With a view to solve the riddle, let us assume the theory of their Hindoo origin, and glance at the state of Hindoostan at the period corresponding to the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and see whether any occurrence in Indian history can be discovered which will stand to the appearance of the gipsies among the western nations in the relation of cause to effect.

The conquest of India by the Mohammedans, though begun about the year 1000, may be said to have extended over several centuries. One of the most fanatical of the later Mohammedan conquerors of Hindoostan was Timour Beg, who, in 1408 and 1409, ravaged India, for the purpose of disseminating in it the religion of the prophet. "Not only," says Mr Hoyland, "was every one who made any resistance destroyed, and such as fell into the enemies' hands, though quite defenceless, made slaves, but in a short time those very slaves, to the number of one hundred thousand, were put to death." The inference is, that great masses of the population fled from the conqueror, the greater proportion of them finding refuge, probably, in the safer parts of the peninsula; but some, and these probably of the lowest or *Sudra* caste of Hindoos, being obliged to quit the peninsula altogether. Whatever likelihood there may be in this supposition, the theory of the origin of the gipsies now generally adopted is, that they are the relics of a mass of Hindoos, of a very low caste, who were expelled from India during the war of Timour Beg.

Quitting India, we can suppose these wandering outcasts, speaking a dialect of Hindoostanee tinged with Persian, to have slowly pursued their route westward towards Europe; at first, perhaps,

in a compact body, but afterwards in straggling bands. Proceeding along the south of the Caspian, or the north of the Persian Gulf, they would pass into Europe through Asiatic Turkey, some of their number, possibly enough, penetrating first into Egypt. Once arrived in Europe, their route most naturally would coincide with that which the Crusading armies had pursued in a reverse direction, when marching into Asia several centuries before; and this would account for their early appearance in Hungary, Wallachia, and the Sclavonic parts of Europe. The rest may be expressed in the words of Mr Borrow. "If," says he, "the Rommani trusted in any God at the period of their Exodus from India, they must have speedily forgotten him. Coming from Ind, as they most assuredly did, they must have been followers (if they followed any) of Buddh or Brahma; yet they are now ignorant of such names. They brought with them no Indian idols, as far as we are able to judge at the present time, nor, indeed, Indian rites or observances, for no traces of such are to be discovered amongst them." The inference is, that even in the East they must have been a contemned and outcast sect, without any of those religious ideas and traditions which the Hindoos, in general, or at least those of respectable caste, were acquainted with. As to the story of their Egyptian origin, it is probable that its authors were the European ecclesiastics, who, surprised at so strange an apparition as these wanderers must have been, and building on some hint that they had come from Egypt, imagined that they saw in them the fulfilment of the prophecy of Ezekiel—"I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate; and her cities among the cities that are laid waste, shall be desolate for forty years; and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries."

At all events, the idea, once started, accorded with the spirit and mode of thinking of the age. The gipsies themselves, cunning by nature, and without the slightest scruple arising from any belief of their own, seem to have accepted with thankfulness the theory of their own origin which the clergy had invented for them, finding in it a passport from place to place, and a protection from the ill treatment which their gipsy habits might have otherwise drawn down upon them, as well as a great recommendation to them in their trade of telling fortunes, Egypt being the reputed land of magic. Conforming to all that was required of them, suffering their children to be baptised, and styling their leaders "Lords and Dukes of Little Egypt,"* they roved about in bands,

* An epitaph in a convent at Stainbach records that, on the eve of St Sebastian, in 1445, "Died the Lord Panuel, Duke in Little Egypt, and Baron of Hirschhom, in the same land;" and one at Pfevz, announces the death, in 1498, of the "high-born Lord John, Earl of Little Egypt, to whose soul God be gracious and merciful." These must have been leaders of gipsy gangs.

absolute heathens in intelligence and heart, astonishing the inhabitants of the towns and villages they visited by the strange spectacle of pilgrim-Christians atoning for their sins by penance, and yet robbing hen-roosts, and practising uncouth arts as they went along.

LAWS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES REGARDING THE GIPSIES.

It was not long before the true character of the gipsies began to be known, and they were looked upon in all countries as a pest and nuisance. Accordingly, we find that, in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enactments were passed for their suppression in all the principal states of the continent. In Spain, an edict for their extermination was passed during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492; and this not proving effectual, similar edicts were issued by Charles V. and his successor Philip II. These severities, however, did not produce the effect intended; and equally ineffectual were the numerous laws passed against the gipsies in France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Germany. Slinking into hiding while the fit of persecution lasted, the black children of Ind always emerged again, wandering hither and thither in gangs, tinkering pots and kettles, stealing, and telling fortunes.

In England the gipsies seem to have made their appearance about a century after their first arrival in Europe, or about the year 1512; and ten years after that date we find a statute of Henry VIII. directed against them. So little effect had this and other acts, that it is calculated that the gipsies in England amounted, in the reign of Elizabeth, to upwards of ten thousand. In this queen's reign very sanguinary statutes were passed against them, which remained in force till the reign of George III., although latterly they had fallen into desuetude, and the gipsies had come to be treated as mere rogues and vagabonds, punishable under the vagrant act.

It is not probable that long time elapsed between the arrival of the gipsies in England and their appearance on the north side of the Tweed. The first mention of them, however, in Scottish history refers to the year 1540, when the following singular document was issued in favour of one of their number. "Writ of privy-seal in favour of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, granted by King James V., February 15, 1540." This writ directs all sheriffs and magistrates to assist John Faa in apprehending "Sebastian Lalowe, Egyptian, ane of the said John's company," with his eleven "complices and part-takers," who have rebelled against him, and "removed out of his company, and taken frae him divers sums of money, jewels, claiths, and other goods, to the quantity of ane great sum of money; and on nae wise will pass hame with him; howbeit he has bidden and remained of lang time upon them [waited for them long], and is bounden and obliged to bring hame with him all them of his

company that are alive, and ane testimonial of them that are dead." The document then goes on to express the king's sorrow that John Faa cannot get his people to take them home to "their own country, after the tenour of his said bond, to his heavy damage and skaith [hurt], and in great peril of tynsel [loss] of his heritage, and express against justice." Then follows an order to all sheriffs, &c. to lend John Faa their prisons, stocks, and fetters, and whatever may be necessary for reducing his refractory subjects to order; with a charge to all the king's lieges not to molest John Faa, or his company, in their lawful business within the realm in their passing, remaining, or "away-ganging furth of the same;" and a special order to masters of vessels and mariners to receive John Faa and his company when they shall be ready to go "furth of the realm to the parts beyond the sea."

From this curious document it appears that the gipsies, with a view to avoid the persecution in Scotland which they had been subjected to in other countries, had recourse to a stratagem, by which the authorities were completely deceived. Entering Scotland with his gang, John Faa had given out the usual story that he was a Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, come to visit this remote country; and so well had he managed matters, as to obtain a recognition from the king of his jurisdiction within his own band, "according to the laws of Egypt," thus saving the gipsies from the fangs of the Scottish law. A short experience of the character of their visitors had probably made the Scotch anxious to get rid of them; and to avoid forcible expulsion, either a pretended schism had taken place among the gipsies, and Sebastian Lalowe had seceded from the general gang with eleven followers; or, if the schism was real, John Faa contrived to make it serve his purpose.

The government seem to have been completely imposed upon; and John Faa and his company remained in Scotland for a long time unmolested. For twenty or thirty years they appear to have gone about in many districts of Scotland, pursuing their trade of tinkering and fortune-telling with impunity, but becoming every day more intolerable. To such a height did the nuisance increase during the reign of Queen Mary, that the government was at length roused to the necessity of taking active measures for the suppression of the gipsies; and in 1579 a comprehensive statute was passed against vagrancy of all sorts. This statute provides that "such as makes themselves fools, *and are bards*, or other such-like runners about, being apprehended, shall be put in the king's ward and irons sae lang as they have ony goods of their own to live on; and when they have not whereupon to live of their own, that their ears be nailed to the tron, or to another tree, and their ears cuttit off, and banished the country; and if thereafter they be found again, that they be hangit." In this act are specially included "the people calling

themselves Egyptians, and others that feign knowledge of prophecy." This was the first of a series of acts directed against the gipsies through a period of nearly two centuries, all of them of a sanguinary description. A long list of gipsies might be given who were victims to their severity. In July 1611, four Faas were hanged as Egyptians, notwithstanding that they pleaded the possession of a special license to remain in Scotland; in July 1616, three gipsies, two of them Faas, the other a Baillie, were hanged in the same circumstances; in January 1624, Captain John Faa, and seven other gipsies of his gang, five of whom likewise bore the name of Faa, suffered the same fate; and a few days after their execution, Helen Faa, the wife of the captain, and ten other gipsy women, were drowned. To give an idea of the summary manner in which these poor wretches were disposed of, we may quote the words of an act of privy-council, dated Edinburgh, 10th November 1636, respecting a number of gipsies who had been apprehended and lodged in Haddington jail. Having been detained there a month, it was declared by the council that "whereas the keeping of them longer within the said tolbooth is troublesome and burdenable to the town of Haddington, and fosters the said thieves in an opinion of impunity to the encouraging of the rest of that infamous byke [hive] of lawless limmers to continue in their thievish trade; therefore the Lords of Secret Council ordain the sheriff of Haddington or his deputes, to pronounce doom and sentence of death against so many of these thieves as are men, and against so many of the women as wants children; ordaining the men to be hangit and the women to be drowned; and that such of the women as has children be scourged through the burgh of Haddington, and burnt in the cheek." Notwithstanding these severities the gipsies continued to infest Scotland, particularly such districts as Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Tweeddale, where they formed regular clans or colonies, and are still known. We shall return to these Scottish gipsies; in the meantime, however, we shall collect and present in a condensed form such information as can be procured respecting the character, customs, and modes of thinking of the gipsies in general.

CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE GIPSIES.

Of this strange people, scattered, it is believed, over nearly the whole habitable world, whose tents, according to Mr Borrow, "are pitched alike on the heaths of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalayan hills, and whose language is heard at Moscow and Madrid, in the streets of London, and in those of Stamboul," it must be confessed that we shall never know much if we confound them with the common vagrants whose habits bear an external resemblance to theirs. The wild habits of the gipsies are all to be traced up to an inveterate peculiarity of race, of organisation, distinguishing them from the mere vagabonds which every

generation produces for itself, and not to be extirpated by the ordinary means which may be found effectual in the case of such.

The following is Mr Borrow's description of the features and physical appearance of the gitanos or Spanish gipsies; and it applies with little variation to their brethren of other countries. "They are for the most part," he says, "of the middle size, and the proportions of their frames convey a powerful idea of strength and activity united: a deformed or weakly object is rarely found amongst them in persons of either sex; such probably perish in infancy, unable to support the hardships and privations to which the race is still subjected from its great poverty; and these same privations have given, and still give, a coarseness and harshness to their features, which are all strongly marked and expressive. Their complexion is by no means uniform, save that it is invariably darker than the general olive hue of the Spaniards: not unfrequently countenances as dark as those of Mulattoes present themselves, and, in some few instances, of almost negro blackness. Like most people of savage ancestry, their teeth are white and strong; their mouths are not badly formed; but it is the eye, more than in any other feature, that they differ from other human beings. There is something remarkable in the eye of the gitano. Should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of Old Castile; were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior—still would the gitano be detected by his eye, should *it* continue unchanged. It is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in shape from eyes of the common cast. Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression—which, to be understood, must be seen—and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light."

The dress of the gipsies varies in different countries, but is generally ragged and peculiar. In Spain, the gipsy women "wear not the large red cloaks and immense bonnets of coarse beaver which distinguish their sisters of England; they have no other head-gear than a handkerchief, which is occasionally resorted to as a defence against the severity of the weather; their hair is sometimes confined by a comb, but more frequently permitted to stray dishevelled down the shoulders; they are fond of large earrings, whether of gold or silver. Inattention to cleanliness," continues Mr Borrow, "is a characteristic of the gipsies in all parts of the world. They are almost equally disgusting in this respect in Hungary, England, and Spain. The floors of their hovels are unswept, and abound with filth and mud; and in their persons they are scarcely less vile."

Wherever gipsies are found there is a striking similarity in their pursuits and occupations. "Everywhere," says Mr Borrow, "they seem to exhibit the same tendencies, and to hunt for their

bread by the same means, as if they were not of the human, but rather of the animal species. In no part of the world are they found engaged in the cultivation of the earth, or in the service of a regular master; but in all lands they are jockeys, or thieves, or cheats; and if ever they devote themselves to any toil or trade, it is assuredly in every material point one and the same." Mr Hoyland, in his "Historical Survey of the Gipsies," gives the following account of their habits. "Some gipsies," he says, "are stationary, and have regular habitations according to their situation in life. To this class belong those who keep public-houses in Spain; and others in Transylvania and Hungary who follow some regular business and live in miserable huts. But by far the greater number of these people lead a very different kind of life: they rove about from one district to another in hordes, having no habitation but tents, holes in the rocks, or caves. Some live in their tents during both summer and winter. In Hungary, those who have discontinued their rambling way of life, and built houses for themselves, seldom let a spring pass without taking advantage of the first settled weather to set up a tent for their summer residence. The wandering gipsy in Hungary and Transylvania endeavours to procure a horse; in Turkey, an ass serves to carry his wife and a couple of children, with his tent. When he arrives at a place he likes, near a village or a city, he unpacks, pitches his tent, ties his animal to a stake to graze, and remains some weeks there. His furniture seldom consists of more than an earthen pot, an iron pan, a spoon, a jug, and a knife, with sometimes the addition of a dish. These serve for the whole family. Working in iron is the most usual occupation of the gipsies. In Hungary this profession is so common, that there is a proverb there, 'So many gipsies, so many smiths.' But the gipsies of our time are not willing to work heavy works; they seldom go beyond a pair of light horse-shoes. In general, they confine themselves to the making of small articles, such as rings and nails; they mend old pots and kettles; make knives, seals, and needles; and sometimes they work in tin and brass. Their materials, tools, and apparatus are of a very inferior kind. The anvil is a stone; the other implements are a pair of hand-bellows, a hammer, a pincers, a vice, and a file. In favourable weather the work is carried on in the open air; when it is stormy, within the tent. The gipsy does not stand, but sits on the ground cross-legged at his work. He is generally dexterous and quick, notwithstanding the bad tools he works with. Another occupation much followed by gipsies is horse-dealing, to which they have been attached from the earliest period of their history. In those parts of Hungary where the climate is so mild that horses may lie out all the year, the gipsies avail themselves of this circumstance to breed, as well as to deal in horses; by which means they sometimes grow rich. Instances have been known on the continent of gipsies keeping from fifty to seventy horses each,

some of which they let out for hire, others they exchange or sell. But these are not numerous."

The two employments of tinkering and horse-dealing have been the apparent means by which the male gipsies, at all times and in all places, have earned their livelihood. "The English gipsies," says Mr Borrow, "are constant attendants at the race-course; what jockey is not? Perhaps jockeyism originated with them, and even racing, at least in England. Jockeyism properly implies the *management of the whip;* and the word *jockey* is neither more nor less than the term, slightly modified, by which they designate the formidable whips which they usually carry. They are likewise fond of resorting to the prize-ring, and have occasionally attained some eminence in those brutalising exhibitions called pugilistic combats." Theft and robbery have always furnished the gipsy with a large proportion of what was necessary for his support; and in all countries the gipsies have made a conspicuous figure in the records of crime and violence. House-breaking and highway robbery, horse and cattle stealing, and less adventurous pilfering, seem, until a late period, when the improvement of police has made impunity in such crimes less easy, to have been universal among them. Their trade of jockeys, too, has always enabled them to obtain money by cheating in a variety of ways. Altering, by the dexterous use of the scissors and paint, the appearance of the horses which they or some of their companions have previously stolen, they have been known to palm them off again in the way of sale on their original proprietors. They are accused also, especially in Spain, of poisoning and maiming cattle, with a view to obtain either the carcasses or the cattle themselves at a low price; and it is probably from this that the story of their disgusting preference of carrion for food has taken its rise. "It would be wrong," says Mr Borrow, "to conclude that the gipsies are habitual devourers of carrion. Many of the carcasses are not, in reality, the carrion which they appear, but are the bodies of animals which the gipsies themselves have killed by poison, in hope that the flesh might be abandoned to them." Besides the eating of carrion, the gipsies have not escaped, in credulous countries, the more horrible imputation of cannibalism. The charge of kidnapping children is better authenticated. In Spain, children appear sometimes to have been carried away by gipsies, and sold as slaves to the Moors in Africa; and it is well known that Adam Smith, the author of the "Wealth of Nations," was carried off when a child of three years of age by a gang of gipsies in Fifeshire, from whom he was recovered by his uncle, who rode after them in pursuit.

The gipsies did not monopolise the trade of fortune-telling on their first appearance in Europe, for that took place at a time when sorcerers abounded, and necromancy was an art believed in by many of the learned. Probably their natural cunning

taught them that this was the most profitable employment in which they could engage; and the story of their coming out of Egypt must have co-operated with the general wildness of their demeanour, and the unearthly expression of their eye, in placing them, in the popular estimation, at the head of their profession. Now, the gipsy women, especially the old and ugly ones, are in special request in all countries among those who wish to pry into futurity, and ascertain their marriage fate. The servant-maids of London pay their sixpences and shillings to gipsy women, who come to the low areas early in the morning, to tell them their fortunes, before the families are up; half-tipsy young men do the same thing in a frolic at fairs, where gipsies are usually to be found; in Spain, ladies of rank have been known to consult these swarthy seeresses; and even in our own country, educated young ladies are said to go in pairs and parties to have interviews with some keen-eyed hag relative to their matrimonial prospects.

Among the tricks practised by gipsy women on the continent, besides that of express fortune-telling, or *La Bahi*, as the gipsies themselves call it, are the *Hokkano Baro*, or Great Trick, which consists in persuading some credulous person to deposit money or precious articles in some place underground, with a view to obtain five or six times the quantity when they are again dug up; and the *Ustilar Patesas*, which consists in abstracting money by sleight-of-hand. While thus practising on other people's credulity, the gipsies do not appear to have any superstitious beliefs of their own, unless it be in the *evil eye*, or power of injuring people and making them sick by a glance, a belief founded on a physical fact; and in the loadstone, which the Spanish gipsies believe to be gifted with some miraculous qualities. Yet Mr Borrow, while he speaks of this exemption of the gipsies from belief in prophecy, relates the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which he vouches. While in Madrid, in the spring of 1838, he was thrown into prison for distributing Bibles; and here he was attended by his Basque servant, Francisco, a good-humoured fellow, of immense strength. In ten days they were released, and returned to their lodgings. Here they were visited by a man who had forced himself upon Mr Borrow's acquaintance some time before his imprisonment, and in consequence of his ferocious habits of speech, and his incessant demands for wine, had become exceedingly disagreeable. According to his own account, he was a gipsy by the mother's side; his name was Chaleco, and he was a captain on half-pay in the service of Donna Isabel, whose uniform he wore. He had received a shot through the lungs, as he said himself, which occasioned him the most horrible fits of coughing; and his whole manner was incoherent and insane. "In age he was about fifty, with thin flaxen hair covering the sides of his head, which at the top was entirely bald. His eyes were small, and, like ferrets',

red and fiery; his complexion like a brick, a dull red, chequered with spots of purple." Such was the person who called on Mr Borrow after his release from prison. He sat the whole evening smoking and drinking wine, which he ordered from a tavern on Mr Borrow's account; and when the last bottle was exhausted, he asked for more. "I told him in a gentle manner," says Mr Borrow, "he had drunk enough. He looked on the ground for some time, then slowly, and somewhat hesitatingly, drew his sword, and laid it on the table. It was become dark. I was not afraid of the fellow, but I wished to avoid anything unpleasant. I called to Francisco to bring lights, and, obeying a sign which I made him, he sat down at the table. The gipsy glared fiercely upon him; Francisco laughed, and began with great glee to talk in Basque, of which the gipsy understood not a word. The gipsy was incensed, and forgetting the language in which, for the last hour, he had himself been speaking, complained to Francisco of his rudeness in speaking any tongue but Castilian. The Basque replied with a loud carcajada, and slightly touched the gipsy on the knee. The latter sprung up, seized his sword, and retreating a few steps, made a desperate lunge at Francisco. The Basques, next to the Pasiegos, are the best cudgel-players in Spain, and in the world. Francisco held in his hand part of a broomstick, which he had broken in the stable, whence he had just ascended. With the swiftness of lightning he foiled the stroke of Chaleco, and in another moment, with a dexterous blow, struck the sword out of his hand, and sent it ringing against the wall. The gipsy resumed his seat and his cigar. He occasionally looked at the Basque. His glances were at first atrocious, but presently changed their expression, and appeared to me to become prying and eagerly curious. He at last arose, picked up his sword, sheathed it, and walked slowly to the door; there he stopped, turned round, advanced close to Francisco, and looked him steadfastly in the face. 'My good fellow,' said he, 'I am a gipsy, and can read baji. Do you know where you will be at this time to-morrow?' Then, laughing like a hyena, he departed, and I never saw him again. At that time on the morrow Francisco was on his deathbed. He had caught the jail fever, which had long raged in the Carcel de la Corte where I was imprisoned."

So far as has been ascertained, the gipsies have no system of religious belief, properly so called, and are quite indifferent to all religious subjects. In Spain, Mr Borrow found them as nearly absolute atheists as he could conceive mortals to be, the only doctrine that they appeared ever to have seriously held being that of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. Mr Borrow frequently attempted to interest them in religion, by translating to them simple portions of the gospels, as, for instance, the parable of the prodigal son, accompanying the reading with a comment suited to their capacities; he found, however, that although some

of them, particularly the women, listened with attention, and expressed their delight, it was rather because they were gratified to find that the gipsy jargon could be written and read, than that they were impressed by the matter of the narrative. Persevering in the labour of translating parts of Scripture into the gipsy tongue, Mr Borrow was in the habit of holding little congregations of gipsies in Madrid, with a view both to instruct them, and to practise himself in the art of rendering the ideas of Christianity into so uncommon a dialect. The attachment of the gipsies to his person, and the pleasure they took in singing little gipsy hymns which he wrote for them, generally procured him a respectable attendance; but he mentions that no dependence was to be placed on their behaviour, they were always so disposed to the grotesque. One day he held a congregation, at which a gipsy jockey, whom he had offended, was present; the rest of the congregation consisted of about seventeen women. "I spoke," he says, "for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the gitanos in Spain. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer, and Apostle's Creed, in Rommani. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the jest, squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies."

In England and Scotland the gipsies appear to exhibit the same carelessness regarding religion as their Spanish brethren; they seem, however, to be more alive to superstitious impressions. Thus, in Scotland, the gipsies almost universally apply to the clergyman of the parish where they take up their head-quarters to have their children baptised, not from any intelligence of what the rite signifies, but because they think it unlucky to have an unchristened child in a family, a notion which they have borrowed from the people of the country. They sometimes attend divine service, but principally with a view to retain such a hold of the church as may entitle them to have their children baptised. "I have ever understood," says a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," speaking of a tribe of Scottish gipsies, "that they are extremely superstitious—carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *soughing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, on meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect. They also burn the clothes of their dead from a superstitious motive. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment; and conceive that 'the deil tinkles at the lyke-wake' of those who felt in their *dead-thraw* the agonies of remorse." These, however, are mere superstitious no-

tions with which they have been infected by their Scottish neighbours; and the gipsies of Scotland seem essentially to be as near to heathens as Mr Borrow states the Spanish gipsies to be.

With regard to the *morality* of the gipsies, little more can be said than that they have a strong attachment to each other, which, however, does not prevent them from fighting and quarrelling among themselves; and that they treat, as their natural enemies, the *Busnees* or Gentiles. Yet, though revengeful and remorseless in their conduct towards people who have insulted them, the gipsies yet show themselves capable of gratitude for favours, and are known to respect the property of such as have been kind to them. All are agreed that the marriage contract among the gipsies is lightly entered into; and, among the Scottish gipsies at least, polygamy has been known to exist; but, according to Mr Borrow, the assertions respecting the licentiousness of the gipsy women are founded on a mistake. "Nothing," he says, "is more sacred among the gipsies than the fidelity of the gipsy wife to the husband of her own race."

ANECDOTES OF THE SCOTTISH GIPSIES.

One of the earliest anecdotes of the Scottish gipsies is that of "Johnnie Faa, the Gipsy Laddie," who eloped with the lady of the Earl of Cassilis. This story rests on tradition, and on an old ballad; the facts, so far as they can be gathered, are thus related in the "Picture of Scotland." "John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that he would never permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage, and the best fortune of his time. The match seems to have been dictated by policy; and it is not likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, she had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tyningham, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl of Cassilis was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower, on the banks of the Doon. He was disguised as a gipsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. The countess consented to elope with her lover. Ere they had proceeded very far, however, the earl came home, and immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party at a ford over the Doon, still called the 'Gipsies' Steps,' a few miles from the castle. He brought them back to Cassilis, and there hanged all the gipsies, including the hapless

Sir John, upon 'the Dule Tree,' a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes on a mound, in front of the castle gate, and which was his gallows in ordinary, as the name testifies—

'And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie;
And we were a' put down for ane—
A fair young wanton lady.'

The countess was taken by her husband to a window in front of the castle, and there compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death—and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called 'The Countess's Room.' After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted up for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting staircase, upon which were carved heads, representing those of her lover and his band; and she was removed thither, and confined for the rest of her life—the earl, in the meantime, marrying another wife. One of her daughters was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. The effigies of the gipsies on the staircase at Maybole are very minute; the head of Johnnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, large, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features." Such is the story; but whether the hero, who is here called Sir John Faa of Dunbar, was himself of gipsy blood, as the ballad bears, and as tradition asserts, or whether he was merely in such intimacy with the gipsies as to obtain their aid in the adventure, cannot be decisively ascertained. It may be mentioned, however, that the colony of gipsies long established in Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, always claimed to be of the same stock with the Faws or Falls, a family of respectability settled in East-Lothian, and of which the hero of the ballad may have been a scion, holding some rank in Scottish society, and yet keeping up a connexion with his outcast kindred.

In the records of the family of Penicuik, in Edinburghshire, is preserved an account of an assault made by a band of gipsies on Penicuik House, late in the seventeenth century, illustrating the lawless habits of the Scottish gipsies at that time. The anecdote is thus given in an early number of "Blackwood's Magazine." "The gang broke into the house while the greater part of the family were at church. Sir John Clerk, the proprietor, barricadoed himself in his own apartment, where he sustained a sort of siege, firing from the window upon the robbers, who fired in return. By an odd accident, one of them, while they strayed through the house in quest of plate and other portable articles, began to ascend the stair of a very narrow turret. When he had got to some height, his foot slipped, and, to save

himself from falling, he caught hold of what was rather an ominous means of assistance—namely, a rope, which hung conveniently for the purpose. It proved to be the bell-rope, and the fellow's weight on falling set the alarm-bell a ringing, and startled the congregation who were assembled in the parish church. They instantly came to the rescue of the laird, and succeeded, it is said, in apprehending some of the gipsies, who were executed."

The records of the Courts of Justiciary exhibit many proofs of the savage and violent habits of the gipsies, in various parts of Scotland, during the eighteenth century. Many anecdotes of them are likewise preserved by tradition, particularly regarding the Yetholm gipsies, a gang which has produced some of the most celebrated specimens of the race.

The village of Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, famed as the seat of the largest gipsy colony in Scotland, lies embosomed among the Cheviot hills, about eight miles from Kelso, and is divided by a stream called the Bowmont into two portions—*Kirk* Yetholm and *Town* Yetholm—a broad level haugh intervening between them. The village called *Kirk* Yetholm is the haunt of the gipsies. "A mill and a churchyard rise from the brink of the water; the church itself is low, and covered with thatch; beyond which appear the straggling houses of the village, built in the old Scottish style, many of them with their gable ends, backs, or corners turned to the street or *town-gate*, and still farther up the *Tinkler Row*, with its low, unequal, straw-covered roofs, and chimneys bound with rushes and hay-ropes—men and women loitering at their doors, or lazily busied among the carts and panniers, and ragged children scrambling on the *midden-steads*, in intimate and equal fellowship with pigs, poultry, dogs, and *cuddies*." Such is the description given of Kirk Yetholm by a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" nearly thirty years ago. No one knows at what time the gipsies first selected Kirk Yetholm as a place of residence, or what reasons led them to prefer it. The Faas are believed to have settled in it at a very early period, probably a century and a half ago at least; the Youngs, Gordons, &c. followed. In the year 1797 the gipsy population of Kirk Yetholm amounted to fifty; and there is reason to think that, at no time during the eighteenth century, was it very much below that number.

The Faas seem to have been the hereditary monarchs of the gipsies of Kirk Yetholm, and some of them attained to great notoriety in their day. None, however, of the Yetholm gipsies possess so great claims on our attention as Jean Gordon, acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott to be the prototype of Meg Merrilies. One of the earliest notices of this heroine is in connexion with the trial, in the year 1727, of Robert Johnstone, a gipsy, for the murder of Alexander Faa, by stabbing him with a *graip* or three-pronged fork, such as is used about farm-offices. Tradition calls

the murdered man Geordie Faa, and makes him Jean Gordon's husband; the story then proceeds as follows:—Johnstone, the murderer, was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of June 1727, but managed to escape from prison. "But it was easier to escape from the grasp of justice than to elude gipsy vengeance. Jean Gordon traced the murderer like a bloodhound, followed him to Holland, and from thence to Ireland, where she got him seized, and brought back to Jedburgh; and she at length obtained the reward of her toils, and enjoyed the gratification of seeing him hanged on the Gallow-hill. Some time afterwards, Jean being up at Stourhope, a sheep-farm on Bowmont water, the goodman there said to her, 'Weel, Jean, ye hae got Rob Johnstone hanged at last, and out o' the way.' 'Ay, guidman,' replied Jean, lifting up her apron by the two corners, 'and a' that fu' o' gowd hasna done't.'" Not long after this Jean herself seems to have been in difficulties, for in May 1732 we find a petition presented to the circuit court at Jedburgh in behalf of "Jean Gordon, commonly called the Duchess," then prisoner in the tolbooth of Edinburgh. In this petition she states that she is now "become an old and infirm woman, having been long in prison;" and she offers, if released, "to take voluntar banishment upon herself, to depairt from Scotland never to return thereto." Jean, however, when released, still clung to her native haunts about Yetholm, as the following stories will show.

"My father," says Sir Walter Scott, "remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

"It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle, to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted, and lost his way.

"A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farmhouse to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure—for she was nearly six feet high—and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous sur-

prise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

"Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—'Eh, sirs! the winsome guidman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye maunna gang farther the night and a friend's house sae near.' The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

"Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

"This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scots call it, or bedclothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

'E'en the winsome guidman of Lochside, poor body!' replied Jean. 'He's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame, wi' a toom purse and a sair heart.'

'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or not; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused, and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she

had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then removed his whole property; nor could his earnest intreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

"I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say, that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, '*Hang them a'!*' Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, 'The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!' Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was, in many respects, wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a stanch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals '*Charlie yet! Charlie yet!*' When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon."

A granddaughter of Jean Gordon, whom Sir Walter recollected having seen in his infancy, was Madge Gordon, who acted as queen of the Yetholm gipsies, and seems to have retained many of old Jean's qualities. She is described as having been "a remarkable personage, of very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes even in her old age, bushy hair, that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. When she spoke vehemently (for she had many complaints), she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrel while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number."

A particular account of the Yetholm gipsies was furnished in the year 1815 to Mr Hoyland, a member of the Society of Friends, who was collecting information respecting the gipsy race, by

Bailie Smith of Kelso, who had known them intimately for a period of forty or fifty years. At his first acquaintance with them, he said, "they were called the *Tinklers* of Yetholm, from the males being chiefly employed in mending pots and other culinary utensils. Sometimes they were called *Horners*, from their occupation in making and selling horn spoons, called *cuttie*s. Now (1815), their common appellation is that of *Muggers*, or, what pleases them better, *Potters*. They purchase at a cheap rate the cast or faulty articles at the different manufactories of earthenware, which they carry for sale all over the country, in groups of six, ten, and sometimes twelve or fourteen persons, male and female, young and old, provided with a horse and cart, besides shelties and asses. In the country they sleep in barns and byres, or other outhouses; and when they cannot find accommodation in such, they take the canvas covering from the pottery cart and squat themselves below it, like a covey of partridges in the snow. The residence of those who remain at home is in the *Tinkler Row* of Kirk Yetholm. Most of them there have leases of their houses granted for a term of nineteen times nineteen years, for payment of a small sum yearly. Most of these leases were granted by the family of the Bennets of Grubet, the last of whom was Sir David Bennet, who died about sixty years ago (1755). The late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton then succeeded to the estate, comprehending the baronies of Kirk Yetholm and Grubet. He died about the year 1783; and not long afterwards the property was acquired by the late Marquis of Tweeddale's trustees. Mr Nesbit was a great favourite with the gipsies; he used to call them his body-guards, and often gave them money. I remember," continues Mr Smith, "that, about forty-five years ago (1770), being then apprentice to a writer, who used to receive the rents as well as the small duties of Kirk Yetholm, he sent me there with a list of names and a statement of what was due, recommending me to apply to the landlord of the public-house in the village for any information or assistance which I might require. After waiting for a long time, and receiving payment from most of the feuars or rentallers, I observed to this landlord that none of the persons of the names of Faa, Young, Blythe, Fleckie, &c. who stood at the bottom of the list for small sums, had come to meet me, and proposed sending to require their immediate attendance. The landlord, with a grave face, inquired whether my master had desired me to ask money from those men. I said, 'Not particularly; but they stand on the list.' 'So I see,' replied he; 'but had your master been here himself he dared not ask money from them, either as rent or feu-duty. He knows that it is as sure as if it were in his pocket. They will pay when their own time comes, but do not like to pay at a set time with the rest of the barony, and still less to be craved.' I accordingly returned without the money, and reported progress. I found the landlord was right. My

master said with a smile that it was unnecessary to send to them after they had got notice from the baron officer; it was enough if I had received the money if offered. Their rent and feu-duty were brought to the office in a few weeks. I need scarcely add those persons were all gipsies."

When Mr Smith first knew the Yetholm gipsies, their king was old Will Faa, a contemporary, and probably a relative of Madge Gordon, Jean's granddaughter. Will never forgot his descent from the "Lords of Little Egypt," and was in the habit also, it is said, of paying an annual visit to the Messrs Falls of Dunbar, with whom, as has been already remarked, the gipsy Faas claimed kindred. Will seems to have been a great favourite in the district: he had twenty-four children, all of whom he had christened in great state, in the presence of his assembled clan and some of the neighbouring farmers, who humoured him. At these christenings Will always appeared dressed in his wedding-robes. He is said to have maintained his kingly sway with a very rigorous hand, negotiating, when he thought proper, for the restoration of property stolen by any of his tribe. "When old Will Faa," says Mr Smith, "was upwards of eighty years of age, he called on me at Kelso, in his way to Edinburgh, telling that he was going to see the laird, the late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton, as he understood that he was very unwell, and himself being now old, and not so stout as he had been, he wished to see him once more before he died. The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his common practice. Next market-day, some of the farmers informed me that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge (the South Bridge was not then built); that he was tossing about his old brown hat, and huzzaing with great vociferation that he had seen the laird before he died. Indeed Will himself had no time to lose, for having set his face homewards by the way of the sea-coast, to vary his route, as is the general custom of the gang, he only got the length of Coldingham, when he was taken ill, and died." His body was conveyed by his clan to Yetholm, where his obsequies were celebrated, after the gipsy fashion, with great feasting and uproar.

On the death of old Will Faa, we are informed, by another authority, the kingly dignity was usurped by a bold gipsy who had no right to it, and who ultimately, after a sort of civil war, was dethroned to make way for the true successor. This usurper was the leader of an inferior gang of gipsies, and a somewhat notable character in his day. He was once tried for stealing a sum of money at a market in Dalkeith. There was pretty strong proof of his guilt; but, somewhat to the surprise of the court, the jury returned a verdict of "not proven." The judge, in dismissing him from the bar, alluded to the weight of evidence against him, and told him that "he had rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows that morning," and had better take care in future; an advice

which the advocate who had acted as his counsel thought fit to repeat in a somewhat open manner. To the no small entertainment of the auditors, the gipsy resented the affront by saying, that "he was proven an innocent man, and naebody had ony right to use siccan language to him."

Among the more recent chiefs of the Yetholm gipsies was one designated "Gleid-neckit Will," alluding to some twist in the shape of his throat. Of this individual the following anecdote is related in the first volume of "Blackwood's Magazine." "The late Mr Leck, minister of Yetholm, happening to be riding home one evening from a visit to Northumberland, struck into a wild solitary track or drove-road across the Fells, by a place called *The Staw*. In one of the dense places through which the path led him, there stood an old deserted shepherd's house, which of course was reputed to be haunted. The minister, though little apt to be alarmed by such reports, was somewhat startled on observing, as he approached close to the cottage, a grim visage staring out past a *window-claith*, or sort of curtain, which had been fastened up to supply the place of a door, and also several dusky figures skulking among the bourtree bushes that had once sheltered the shepherd's garden. Without leaving him any time for speculation, however, the knight of the curtain bolted forth upon him, and seizing his horse by the bridle, demanded his money. Mr Leck, though it was now dusk, at once recognised the gruff voice and great black burly head of his next-door neighbour, Gleid-neckit Will, the gipsy chief.

'Dear me, William,' said the minister in his usual quiet manner, 'can this be you? Ye're surely no serious wi' me; ye wadna sae far wrang your character for a good neighbour for the bit trifle I hae to gie, William?'

'Saif us, Mr Leck,' said William, quitting the rein, and lifting his hat with great respect, 'whae wad hae thought o' meeting *you* out owre here-awa? Ye needna gripe ony siller for me; I wadna touch a plack o' your gear, nor a hair o' your head, for a' the gowd o' Tividale. I ken ye'll no do *us* an ill turn for this mistak; and I'll e'en see you through the Staw. It's no reckoned a very canny bit, mair ways than ane; but *ye'll* no be feared for the *dead*, and *I'll* take care o' the *living*.' Will, accordingly, gave his revered friend a convoy through the haunted pass, and notwithstanding this ugly mistake, continued ever after an inoffensive and obliging neighbour to the minister, who on his part observed a prudent secrecy on the subject of the rencounter during the lifetime of Gleid-neckit Will."

At the time when Mr Smith of Kelso contributed his information respecting the Yetholm gipsies (in 1815), they were one hundred and nine in number, and he thought them on the increase. According to the latest account—that given by the Rev. John Baird, minister of the parish of Yetholm in the year 1839

—the colony then consisted of twenty-six families, including in all one hundred and twenty-five individuals.

Although the Kirk Yetholm gipsies have attracted more attention than any other clan of the same race in Scotland, numerous stories are current respecting remarkable gipsy characters who have, at various times during the last century, figured in other parts of the country. We have already mentioned that the true prototype of Meg Merrilies, according to Sir Walter Scott's own admission, was the famous Jean Gordon of Yetholm; yet various other localities have put in their claims to the honour of having produced the original of this celebrated gipsy character. The following, from Sir Walter's own pen, occurs in the notes to "Guy Mannering:"—

"Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the *Caird* of Barullion, king of the gipsies of the western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice from the following peculiarities:—He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkcudbright, 23d November 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkcudbright church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two ram's horns, and two horn spoons.

"In his youth, he occasionally committed highway robbery. On one occasion the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally, at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognising the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge; and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the circuit court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court; Bargally swore that it was the identical article

worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in the court who knew well both who did, and who did not, commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looking the laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the court and crowded audience—'Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn, am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?'

"Bargally replied, in great astonishment, 'Yes! you are the very man.'

'You see what sort of memory this gentleman has,' said the volunteer pleader: 'he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington.' The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted, and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon.

"While the king of the gipsies was thus laudably occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the judge's gown; for which offence, combined with her presumptive guilt as a gipsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned."

Towards the end of last century a horde of gipsies, known by the name of the "Lochgellie band," from the designation of the town where they had then head-quarters, used to extend their peregrinations over the shires of Fife, Kinross, Perth, Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeen; and it appears that this band can boast of nearly as many heroes of the gipsy species, directly or collaterally connected with it, as the more celebrated Yetholm colony. The predominating surnames in this clan were Graham, Brown, Robison, and Young. Two of the most famous of those who went by the first of these surnames were called Old and Young Charlie Graham, who were successively chiefs of the tribe. Young Charlie Graham was hanged at Perth for horse-stealing about the year 1795. "His feet and hands," it is said, "were so small in proportion to the other parts of his athletic body, that neither irons nor handcuffs could be kept on his ankles and wrists without injuring them. He had a prepossessing countenance, an elegant figure, and was, notwithstanding his tricks, an extraordinary favourite with the public. He sometimes stole from wealthy individuals and gave the booty to the

indigent, although not gipsies; and so accustomed were the people in some places to his bloodless robberies, that some only put spurs to their horses, calling out as they passed him, 'Aha, Charlie, lad, ye've missed your mark the night!' In the morning of the day on which he was to suffer, he sent a message to one of the magistrates of Perth, requesting a razor to take off his beard, at the same time desiring the person to tell the magistrate, that 'unless his beard was shaven, he could neither appear before God nor man.' This extraordinary expression warrants the opinion that he imagined he would appear in his mortal frame before the Great Judge of the universe. A short while before he was taken out to the gallows, he was observed very pensive and thoughtful, leaning upon a seat. He started up all at once, and exclaimed in a mournful tone of voice, 'Oh! can ony o' you read, sirs? Will some o' you read a psalm to me?' at the same time regretting much that he had not been taught to read. The fifty-first psalm was accordingly read to him by a gentleman present, which, he said, soothed his feelings exceedingly, and gave him much ease and comfort of mind. He was greatly agitated when he ascended the platform—his knees were knocking one against another; but just before he was cast off, his inveterate gipsy feelings returned. He kicked off both his shoes in sight of the spectators; and it was understood that this strange proceeding was intended to falsify some prophecy that he would die with his shoes on. A number of his band attended his execution, and when his body was returned to them, they all kissed it with great affection, and held the usual late-wake over it. His sweetheart or gipsy wife, I am not sure which, of the name of Wilson, his own cousin, put his corpse into hot lime, then buried it, and sat on his grave in a state of intoxication till the body was rendered unfit for dissection. This man boasted, while under sentence of death, of never having shed human blood."*

Sandie Brown was another noted gipsy belonging to the Lochgellie band. He sustained sometimes the part of the strolling gipsy, and sometimes that of the gentleman-highwayman. In the latter capacity "he wore, when in full dress, a hat richly ornamented and trimmed with beautiful gold-lace, then fashionable among the highest ranks of Scotland. His coat was made of superfine cloth, of a light-green colour, long in the tails, and having one row of buttons at the breast. His shirt, of the finest quality, was ruffled at the breast and hands; and he had a stock and buckle round his neck. He also wore a pair of handsome boots, with silver-plated spurs, all in the fashion of the day. Below his garments he carried a large knife, and in the shaft or butt-end a small spear or dagger was concealed. His brother-in-law, a gipsy called Wilson, wore a similar garb, and both

* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. ii.

rode the finest horses in the country." Both were favourites with the country people. In his capacity as a mere gipsy thief, Brown was as expert as he was dashing in his other capacity of highwayman. Once, being in want of butcher-meat for his tribe, he resolved to steal a bullock which he had observed grazing in a field in the county of Linlithgow, and which, by some accident, had lost about three-fourths of its tail. "He purchased from a tanner the tail of a skin of the same colour as this bullock, and in an ingenious manner made it fast to the remaining part of the tail of the living animal. He then drove off the booty. As he was shipping the beast at Queensferry on his way north, a servant, who had been despatched in quest of the depredator, overtook him. An altercation immediately commenced; the servant said he could swear to the ox in his possession, were it not for its long tail, and was accordingly proceeding to examine it narrowly to satisfy himself in this particular, when the ready-witted gipsy took his knife out of his pocket, and in view of all present, cut the false tail from the animal, taking a part of the real tail along with it, which drew blood instantly. 'Swear to the ox now, you scoundrel!' said he, throwing the tail into the sea."

At length, after several hair's-breadth escapes, Brown and his brother-in-law, Wilson, came within the swoop of the law. They were hanged together in Edinburgh; and, horrible to relate, "while these two wretches were shivering in the winds in the convulsive throes of death, Martha, the mother of the former, and the mother-in-law of the latter, was apprehended on the spot, in the act of stealing a pair of sheets. They were, in all probability, intended for the winding-sheets of her unfortunate sons, who were just suffering in her presence."

We shall conclude this string of anecdotes by a notice of the famous Aberdeenshire gipsy, Peter Young, who was related, it is said, both to the Yetholm and the Lochgellie band; indeed, according to the expression made use of by one of the tribe, "the gipsies are a' sib [all kin]." Peter had a brother, John, about twelve years younger than himself. Their father had enlisted during the American war; but at the peace of 1783 he returned to Scotland, and resumed his old occupation, that of a travelling tinker. Peter succeeded him, and was captain of a band well known in the north of Scotland, where his exploits are told to this day. Possessed of great strength of body, and very uncommon abilities, Peter was a fine specimen of his race, though he retained all their lawless propensities. He was proud, passionate, revengeful, a great poacher, and an absolute despot, although a tolerably just one, over his gang, maintaining his authority with an oak stick, the principal sufferers from which were his numerous wives.

"Peter esteemed himself to be a very honourable man, and the keepers of the different public-houses in the country seem to

have thought that, to a certain extent, he was so. He never asked for *trust* as long as he had a halfpenny in his pocket. At the different inns which he used to frequent, he was seldom or never denied anything. If he pledged his word that he would pay his bill the next time he came that way, he punctually performed his promise. Peter's work was of a very miscellaneous nature. It comprehended the professions of a blacksmith in all its varieties, a tinsmith, and brazier. His original business was to mend pots, pans, kettles, &c. of every description, and this he did with great neatness and ingenuity. Having an uncommon turn for mechanics, he at last cleaned and repaired clocks and watches. He also could engrave on wood or metal; so also could his brother John; but where they learned any of these arts I never heard. Peter was very handy about all sorts of carpenter work, and occasionally amused himself, when the fancy seized him, in executing some pieces of curious cabinet-work that required neatness of hand. He was particularly famous in making fishing-rods, and in the art of fishing he was surpassed by few. Placed in advantageous circumstances, what might this man not have become? As the case was, he was continually committing depredations on society; and no pains being taken to improve his habits, he came out of prison worse than he went in. At length he committed a capital crime, and was condemned to be hanged at Aberdeen.

"During the few weeks which were permitted to elapse between sentence and execution, Peter appeared to be very penitent, and perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him. Having been heard to complain of the coldness of his feet, different articles of clothing were sent to him by humane people to keep him warm. The practice in Aberdeen at that time was for the jail to be finally shut at four o'clock P.M. Public executions always took place upon the Friday, being the market-day. Upon the previous Wednesday, when the jailor came to inquire if he wanted anything for the night, Peter sprung upon him like a tiger, took the keys from him, and said if he would remain quiet, he would not touch a hair of his head. He had been for some time at freedom from his irons, having sawed them through with the mainspring of a watch. He commanded the jailor to lie down upon his back, and, with dreadful imprecations, swore that if he moved a finger or a toe, and especially if he looked out at the window, he would murder him on the spot. The jailor was well aware of the kind of man he had to deal with, and was therefore very compliant. After thus settling matters with the jailor, which occupied five or six hours, at a time of night when everything appeared to be quiet, Peter went down stairs and informed his fellow-prisoners what he was about. It so happened that there were a great number then in the prison at Aberdeen. He had all the keys, and showing these was sufficient hush-money. When he thought everything was prepared, at one o'clock he went himself

to unlock the outer door; but, unfortunately for him, it was bolted on the outside. This for a moment staggered him; but no time was to be lost—no exertion spared. In a state of fearful agony and desperation, he threw his immense strength upon the door, and it yielded to the impulse, and flew open. In the old prison of Aberdeen there was always a soldier on guard. Peter seized his firelock, and made him accompany him, until he set every prisoner at liberty. He was the last that went out himself. Having locked the door, and left the key in the lock, he delivered the firelock to the sentinel, and ran off.

"There was at that time a great deal of snow upon the ground. Peter was well acquainted with every devious path in the county; he needed nobody to pilot him. According to his own account, he tore off the skirts of his coat immediately upon leaving the prison, and made all the speed he could to the hilly country, or what is called the head of Aberdeenshire. He had travelled about twenty-four miles, and, being quite exhausted, lay down to sleep. Sir Edward Bannerman and some other gentlemen were out on a sporting expedition, and their dogs made a dead set at Peter, who was lying on the snow fast asleep. Sir Edward knew Peter perfectly, and, according to the statement of some, had been one of the jury that condemned him. They bound Peter, and sent an express to Aberdeen. The magistrates ordered that he should be sent to town under a strong guard.

"By this time it was Friday morning; the gallows was erected, and everything prepared for the execution; but, in going up the Shiprow, attended by a great mob, some person called out, 'Peter, deny that you are the man!' The provost, council, &c. examined him. Peter said he knew nothing about such a man as Peter Young; he never heard of him; his own name was John Anderson; and he wondered what they meant by making such a *wark* about him. Though he was as well known in Aberdeen as the provost himself, yet none could be found to identify him. He therefore escaped being hanged at this time, and was sent to Edinburgh, where, after a short delay, and the necessary examinations, the unfortunate man was executed. John Young, his brother, was hanged at Aberdeen for the murder of a gipsy cousin in 1801; the whole family, indeed, consisting of seven brothers, became victims of their own unregulated passions, and of the law of capital punishment."

We now conclude with a more pleasing department of inquiry, namely, the prospect of the

CIVILISATION OF THE GIPSIES.

The foregoing sketches afford a melancholy picture of human degradation and neglect. According to the barbarous policy of a past age, no attempt was made to reclaim the gipsies to the

usages of civilised life; they were left to wander at large, exposed to every species of temptation to crime, and when caught, they were punished with all the usual vengeance of the law. In recent times, in consequence of that wise and more philanthropic mode of dealing with the criminal classes in society, which has been gaining ground, some attempts have been made to call attention to the condition of the gipsies, with a view to their instruction and civilisation. This has been particularly the case in Great Britain, where the gipsies are supposed to be about eighteen thousand in number—a large proportion of the population to be left abandoned to a lawless course of life. The attempts which have been made, although by no means so energetically or extensively supported as they ought to have been, have been sufficient at least to demonstrate the practicability, with the assistance of time, of civilising and domesticating this unfortunate race.

The most remarkable, and perhaps the most successful attempt to reclaim the gipsies, is that begun a few years ago at Yetholm in Roxburghshire. Here, as already mentioned, a tribe has been many years located, but, in the course of time, it has become so mingled with the general population of the country, that few traits of the original gipsy character remain. Among these, unfortunately, is the tendency to vagrancy. Bands sally forth at certain seasons to carry on small tinkering or huckstering occupations, and, as formerly, either encamp by the waysides, or find a shelter among the farmers or peasantry, to whom they are professionally serviceable. No doubt the establishment of a rural police, and also the general enclosing of the country, have considerably limited the disposition to roam, but it still exists. The effort to suppress it, and to cultivate habits of civilisation, has been mainly conducted by the Rev. John Baird, minister of Yetholm, who thus speaks of the aptitude of his gipsy parishioners in learning. "Most of the tribe are able to read, though very indifferently. They seem alive to the advantages of education, and speak of it as the only legacy which a poor man can leave to his children; but the migratory habits of the people prevent their children from remaining long enough at school ever to make much progress. The children are generally remarked as clever. One large family of children have been taught to read by their mother at home; and I have known a father (when he was able) who gave a lesson every day to his two children in the course of their migrations. I may mention, as a proof of the anxiety of parents on this subject, that most of them have again and again professed their willingness to leave their children at home throughout the year for instruction, could they only afford it. Of late, the greater number of the tribe have attended church occasionally, and some with exemplary regularity. Their ideas on the subject of religion, however, are extremely limited and erroneous. Nor can they well be otherwise, consi-

dering their unsettled way of life and their defective education. Yet they profess a general respect for religion, and, when absent from church, excuse themselves on the ground that they have no suitable or decent clothing. I have not been able to ascertain whether they entertain any peculiar sentiments on the subject of religion. Like most ignorant persons, they are very superstitious. All of them profess to belong to the established church, and there are no dissenters among them. Eight or nine of them are communicants. Most of them possess Bibles, which have been purchased, however, rather for the use of their children when at school than for any other purpose. Those who have not Bibles would purchase them, they say, could they afford it."

The effort at reclamation began in 1839, by the establishment of a society in Edinburgh, and the collection of voluntary contributions and subscriptions. This society still exists,* and affords encouragement to Mr Baird in his benevolent labours. The plan carried out by the society, with its results, will be learned from the following extracts from a communication with which Mr Baird has favoured us (Nov. 1846).

"Our plan is simply this—To keep the children at home during the excursions of their parents (who are absent usually about ten months out of the twelve), to give them a useful education, and afterwards to find situations for them as servants or apprentices. In this we have succeeded to some extent. Eight girls have been hired as servants, several of whom, however, are at home at present; two from bad health; and one is required, in the absence of her parents, to take care of her brothers and sisters attending school. All of them have conducted themselves well. Nearly as many lads have been hired or apprenticed, or are otherwise employed in ordinary agricultural operations. Two unmarried men, not educated at our expense, and three married men with wives and families, are also now employed as industrious day-labourers. Several of the younger men have been working on the railways. Including the children of these families, there are now between thirty and forty who, for the present, have been withdrawn from the vagabond life of their tribe, and are now in the fair way, we trust, of becoming useful members of society.

"At the commencement of our operations, and indeed all along, we have had difficulties to contend with. I remember well (when there appeared a probability of funds being obtained, and it seemed necessary to make a beginning) of calling first on the gipsy families to explain our intentions, and afterwards on some individuals who appeared to be suitable persons with whom to intrust the care of the children left at home. From the former I had fair promises; they expressed a great desire for the education of their children, much apparent gratitude for

* W. R. Baillie, Esq. secretary and treasurer, 19 Broughton Place, by whom subscriptions will be received.

what was proposed to be done, and I left them in the belief that the plan met their entire approval." From the latter, Mr Baird goes on to say he was met by several objections; and for a short time, he adds, "I doubted if a commencement would be made at all. I was not, however, kept long in suspense. One family at length announced their intention of leaving their children—two little girls of nine and ten years of age. They proposed taking their departure on the following day, and begged to know with whom their children should be left. I assured them their children should be taken care of, but requested them to delay their departure only another day, to give me time to make arrangements. Up to this time I had failed in inducing a single individual to receive a gipsy child as a boarder on almost any terms. I now made one last attempt, which proved as unsuccessful as the former. The morning came when the gipsy family should depart; the mother soon arrived, with her inquiry where the children were to be left. I said, 'Leave them with me,' and with me they were left. A comfortable apartment and bed were provided them; and from the manse they went daily to school. Here they remained a week or ten days. In little more than half of that time, however, I received one application after another from some of those who had formerly refused to receive them, offering them accommodation; and from that time, for several years after, I had no difficulty in getting all the children that were left at home comfortably accommodated. And as for the gipsy parents, they soon went from one extreme to another, and would have left all their children but their infants; but we refused to take any below six years of age.

"Occasionally since then, we have had the same difficulty to contend with. The parents would leave their children only with certain individuals, who could not perhaps receive them; and all along, it has been a difficult matter to get proper persons to take charge of them. Now, they are frequently left in their parents' houses, under the care of an older sister or other relative, such as a grandmother. We allow no money, but a certain proportion of meal for each child; the school fees are paid, and clothing occasionally is provided, chiefly for the girls. For some years past we have had from thirty to forty, sometimes upwards of forty, children at school; and the teacher reports favourably of their conduct and progress."

We have here the most conclusive evidence of the improvability of the gipsies: their better faculties only require to be developed, and those of an evil tendency suppressed in youth, in order that they may assume their proper place among the ordinary population of the country. It is to be trusted that the meritorious effort at reclamation will not be suffered to languish for lack of means, and that its example will lead to similar attempts for civilising and bettering the condition of the gipsies in England and other countries.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, the undoubted original of Defoe's celebrated character, Robinson Crusoe, was born in the year 1676, in the village of Largo, on the southern coast of the county of Fife in Scotland. The name of Selkirk (or Selcraig, which was the old mode of spelling it, and which the subject of our narrative did not exchange for Selkirk till after leaving his native place to go to sea), is not an uncommon one in the village, the population of which now considerably exceeds two thousand. John Selkirk, the father of Alexander, was a thriving shoemaker, who lived in a house of his own, which has since been pulled down, at the west end of the town. He appears to have been a man of strict temper, respected for his steady and religious character, and, like the majority of Scottish parents at that time, a severe disciplinarian in his family. The name of his wife, the mother of our hero, was Euphan Mackie, also, it would seem, a native of Largo, and reported by tradition to have been the very contrast of her husband in her parental conduct—as yielding and indulgent as he was rigorous. In the case of Alexander, however, there was a special reason why Mrs Selkirk should prove a kind and pliant mother. Not only was she considerably advanced in years at the time of his birth, but, by a chance not very common, he was her seventh son, born without an intermediate daughter, and therefore destined, according to an old Scottish superstition, to come to great fortune, and make a figure in the world. Mrs Selkirk, good easy woman, firmly believed this, and made no doubt that her son Sandie was to be the great

man of the family. He was therefore her pet; and the greater part of her maternal care, in respect to his education, consisted in confidential discourses with him by the fireside when the rest of the family were absent, and in occasional consultations how they should screen some little misdemeanour from the eyes of his father.

Young Selkirk was a clever enough boy, and quickly learned all that was taught at the school of his native town. Besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, he is said to have made considerable progress in navigation—a branch of knowledge likely to be of some repute in Largo, not only on account of its being a sea-coast town, with a considerable fishing population, but also in consequence of its having been the birthplace and property of Sir Andrew Wood, a distinguished Scottish admiral of the preceding century, whose nautical fame and habits must have produced considerable impression on it. At all events, whether owing to the ideas he received at school, or to the effect on his mind of the perpetual spectacle of the sails in Largo Bay, and of his constant association with the Largo fishermen, Selkirk early determined to follow a seafaring life. Either out of a disposition to let the boy have his own will, or as thinking the life of a sailor the likeliest way to the attainment of the great fortunes which she anticipated for her son, his mother favoured his intention; his father, however, opposed it strenuously, and was anxious, now that his other sons were all settled in life, that his youngest should remain at home, and assist him in his own trade. This, and young Selkirk's wayward and obstinate conduct, seem to have kept him and his father perpetually at war; and a descendant of the family used to show a walking-stick which the old man is said to have applied to the back of his refractory son, with the affirmation, "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." Notwithstanding the boy's restless character, respect for his father's wishes kept him at home for a considerable time: a father's malediction being too awful a thing for even a seventh son to brave with impunity.

The first thirteen years of Selkirk's life coincide with the hottest period of the religious persecutions in Scotland. He would be about three years of age at the time of the assassination of Archbishop Sharp, which took place at not a very great distance from Largo; and the chief subject of interest, during his boyhood, in Fife, as in the other counties of Scotland, was the position of the church, then filled by Episcopalian and indulged clergy, greatly to the disgust of the people. What part old Selkirk and his family may have taken during the time when it was dangerous to show attachment to Presbytery—whether they professed themselves Covenanters, or whether, as is more probable, they yielded a reluctant attendance at the parish church—cannot be ascertained; but the following entry in the parish records of Largo,

referring to the year 1689, immediately after the Revolution had sealed the restoration of Presbytery in Scotland, will show that if they did attend the parish church, it was not out of lukewarmness to the popular cause, or affection for the established clergyman:—"Sabbath, —— 1689.—Which day, the minister being obstructed in his duty, and kept out of the church by a great mob armed with staves and bludgeons, headed by John Selkirk, divided what money there was amongst the poor, and retired from his charge." John Selkirk, who thus signalised himself by heading the mob for the expulsion of the conforming clergyman, was the eldest brother of our hero, who, however, is reported himself to have testified his enthusiasm by flourishing a stick with the other boys. This outburst of Presbyterian zeal freed Largo from the unpopular clergyman, and in a short time in it, as well as in the other parishes of Scotland, the Presbyterian rule was re-established.

SELKIRK GOES TO SEA—RETURNS TO LARGO—INCURS KIRK CENSURE FOR QUARRELSOME CONDUCT.

One of the first youths in Largo to experience the stricter discipline of Presbytery, whose restoration he had celebrated, was Alexander Selkirk. His high spirits, and want of respect for any control, led him, it would appear, to be guilty of frequent misbehaviour during divine service; for under date the 25th of August 1695 is the following entry in the parish records:—"Alexander Selcraig, son of John Selcraig, elder, cited to appear before the session for indecent conduct in church." This seems to have been more than our hero, now in his nineteenth year, could submit to. The elder's son to appear before the session, and be rebuked for laughing in church! Within twenty-four hours after this terrible citation the young shoemaker was gone; he had left Largo and the land of kirk-sessions behind him, and was miles away at sea. When the kirk-session met, they were obliged to be content with inserting the following paragraph in the record:—"August 27th.—Alexander Selcraig called out; did not appear, having gone to sea." Resolved, however, that he should not escape the rebuke which he had merited, they add, "Continued until his return."

The return which the kirk-session thus looked forward to did not take place for six years, during which we have no account of Selkirk's adventures, although the probability is, that he served with the bucaneers, who then scoured the South Seas. To have persisted in calling the young sailor to account for a fault committed six years before, would have been too great severity. The kirk-session, accordingly, do not seem to have made any allusion to the circumstance which had driven him to sea; but it was not long before a still more disgraceful piece of misconduct than the former brought him under their censure. The young sailor, coming home, no doubt, with his character rendered still

more reckless and boisterous than before by the wild life to which he had been accustomed at sea, was hardly a fit inmate for a sedate and orderly household, and quarrels and disturbances became frequent in the honest shoemaker's cottage. One of these domestic uproars brought the whole family before the session: the peace and good order of families being one of the things which were then taken cognisance of by the ecclesiastical authorities in every parish. The circumstances are thus detailed in the session records:—"November 1701.—The same day, John Guthrie delated John Selcraig, elder, and his wife Euphan Mackie, and (his son) Alexander Selcraig, for disagreement together; and also, John Selcraig (Alexander's eldest brother), and his wife Margaret Bell. All of them are ordered to be cited against next session, which is to be on the 25th instant."

Agreeably to this citation the parties appeared—the father, the mother, the eldest son and his wife, and our hero. On this occasion John Selcraig, the elder, "being examined what was the cause of the tumult that was in his house, said he knew not; unless that Andrew Selcraig (another of the old man's sons who lived in the house, and who was but half-witted) having brought in a can full of salt water, of which his brother Alexander did take a drink through mistake, and he (Andrew) laughing at him for it, his brother Alexander came and beat him, upon which he ran out of the house, and called his brother John (John and his wife, Margaret Bell, would appear to have lived in a neighbouring house; and Andrew had run into it to call his brother). Being again questioned what made him (Selkirk the father) sit upon the floor with his back at the door, he said it was to keep down his son Alexander, who was seeking to go up to get down his pistol. And being inquired what he was going to do with it, said he could not tell." Such was the tenor of the old man's evidence. On the same day the culprit Alexander was called; but he had contrived to go to Cupar, to be out of the way. Directing a second citation to be issued against him for next session, the court proceeded to examine the other witnesses. The younger John Selkirk gave his evidence as follows:—"On the 7th of November last, he being called by his brother Andrew, came to his father's house; and when he entered it, his mother went out; and he, seeing his father sitting upon the floor, with his brother at the door, was much troubled, and offered to help him up; at which time he did see his brother Alexander in the other end of the house casting off his coat, and coming towards him; whereupon his father did get up, and did get betwixt them (Alexander and John), but he did not know what he did besides, his (John's) head being borne down by his brother Alexander; but afterwards, being liberated by his wife, he made his escape." Margaret Bell, John's wife, who thus courageously rescued her husband from the clutches of Alexander, was next examined. She declared that her husband being called out by

his brother Andrew to go to his father's house, she followed him, "and coming into the house, she found the said Alexander gripping both his father and her husband, and she, labouring to loose his hands from her husband's head and breast, her husband fled out of doors, and she followed him, but called back, 'You false loon, will you murder your father and my husband both?' whereupon he (Alexander) followed her to the door; but whether he beat her or not, she was in so great confusion she cannot distinctly say, but ever since she hath had a sore pain in her head." The last witness examined was Andrew Selkirk, whose laughter at his brother's mistake had been the original cause of the quarrel. Andrew, however, was able to say "nothing to purpose in the business," and the further investigation of the matter was adjourned until the next meeting.

The session met again on the 29th of November; and this time the culprit was present. The following is the entry regarding the interview between the future Robinson Crusoe and his ecclesiastical judges:—"Alexander Selcraig, scandalous for contention and disagreeing with his brothers, compeared, and being questioned concerning the tumult that was in his house, whereof he was said to be the occasion, confessed that he having taken a drink of salt water out of a can, his brother Andrew laughing at him for it, he did beat him twice with a staff. He confessed also that he had spoken very ill words concerning his brother; and particularly that he had challenged his elder brother John to a combat of *dry nieves* [dry fists], as he called it, else then, he said, he would not care even to do it now, which afterwards he did refuse. [The meaning seems to be, that at first he told the session to their face that he would not care even then to challenge his brother, but afterwards retracted the expression.] Moreover he said several things; whereupon the session appointed him to compear before the face of the congregation for his scandalous carriage." This punishment, the greatest disgrace which could be inflicted on a Scotchman of that day, the young sailor actually underwent; for on the next day, Sunday, November 30, 1701, "Alexander Selcraig, according to the session's appointment, compeared before the pulpit, and made acknowledgment of his sin in disagreeing with his brothers, and was rebuked in the face of the congregation for it, and promised amendment in the strength of the Lord, and so was dismissed." Did ever this scene of himself, standing abashed on a stool, and suffering a public rebuke before a whole churchful of people, recur to him when, a few years after, he was standing by his hut in his desert island, with his hairy cap on his head, and without a single human face to look round upon? Did he laugh, or did the tears come at the recollection?

Probably Selkirk would not have stayed to undergo the punishment inflicted on him by the session, but would have gone off to sea, as on the former occasion, had the season not been too far

advanced for him to find a ship. He therefore remained at Largo during the winter; whether assisting his father at his trade, or going about idle, we do not know. In the spring of 1702 he seized an opportunity of going to England; and a short time afterwards we find him engaged to proceed with the celebrated Dampier on a bucaneering expedition to the South Seas. That our readers may understand the nature of this expedition, during which that extraordinary event happened to Selkirk which has made his name so famous, it will be necessary to give a brief account of the people called the Bucaneers.

THE BUCANEERS—SELKIRK JOINS A PRIVATEERING EXPEDITION UNDER DAMPIER—ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE.

As is well known, the Spaniards were the first to discover and take possession of the lands in the new world, including the choicest islands of the West Indies, and the rich coasts of South America and Mexico. It was not long, however, before adventurers of other nations, especially French, English, and Dutch, pressed into the newly-discovered seas, and attempted to procure a share of the good things with which the American islands and shores abounded. The Spaniards, whose savage cruelties to the unfortunate natives of the lands they had discovered had made them absolute lords of every portion of American ground on which they had planted themselves, resisted the new-comers with all their strength; attacked their ships, drove them out of the spots where they endeavoured to found their small settlements, and in a hundred other ways annoyed and injured them. The consequence was, that the English, French, and Dutch adventurers who had congregated in the West Indian Archipelago were unable to settle down permanently in any place, but were obliged to keep up a continual war with the Spaniards, in order to maintain their existence. Hayti or St Domingo, being the earliest and most flourishing of the Spanish settlements, became the principal haunt of these rivals and enemies of the Spaniards. A number of French adventurers, whom the Spaniards in their narrow jealousy had driven out of the island of St Christophers, took up their head-quarters in the small island of Tortuga, adjoining the northern coast of St Domingo, and convenient as a station from which they could make expeditions into the latter island, for the purpose of hunting the wild cattle and swine with which it swarmed. This of course increased the animosity of the Spaniards, who resented these incursions upon their territory, and attacked the intruders without mercy whenever they surprised them in the woods of St Domingo. Compelled thus to associate themselves for mutual safety in bands of considerable force, and joined by adventurers of other nations, the *Bucaneers*, as the French were called, from the custom of *bucanning* or drying and smoking the flesh of the animals which they killed, became a formidable body. Many of them, tired of the

miserable life which they led on shore, embarked in vessels, and sought a desperate but congenial occupation in attacking and plundering the richly-laden ships which were constantly sailing from the Spanish colonies to the mother country. Allured by the charms of this lawless mode of life, fresh adventurers arrived from France and England in ships fitted out for the purpose, with the permission of the French and English governments, both of which were eager to damage the Spanish interests; and thus, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, the West Indian Archipelago, and the shores of South America, swarmed with crews of pirates, who, under the name of privateers, chased every merchant vessel that made its appearance. When they came up with such a vessel quitting an American harbour, they boarded her with the most reckless audacity, either murdered the sailors and passengers, or made them prisoners, and shared the cargo according to their own rules of equity. In consequence of their ravages, the Spanish colonists in the new world became less and less disposed to risk their property in commerce, and the intercourse which had hitherto been kept up between the colonies and the mother country was greatly interrupted. Disappointed of prizes at sea, the bucaneers did not hesitate to make up for the loss by storming and plundering the Spanish settlements on the American coasts. Landing in the night-time on the beach, close by some ill-guarded town or village, they would surprise the inhabitants while asleep, and either carry off all the wealth they could find, or sell back their own property to the wretched inhabitants for a heavy ransom. The bucaneers were, in fact, a floating nation of robbers; a revival in more modern times of the Norwegian sea-kings. They had their own rude notions of justice; they even professed religion in the midst of their licentiousness; and many of them never gave chase to a flag without falling down on their knees on the deck to pray God that he would grant them the victory and a valuable cargo. The more respectable among them defended their mode of life, by saying that the injuries they perpetrated upon the Spaniards were a just retribution upon that nation for their cruelties to the Indians, or sought shelter under the general usage of the time, which authorised the various governments of Europe to grant licenses to private adventurers to harass and destroy the ships and ports belonging to nations with which they were at war. These excuses, joined with the love of adventure and the desire of wealth, the prospect of attaining which was so great in the bucaneering mode of life, operated as motives sufficient to induce a number of persons belonging to families of good repute to engage in the trade; nor did they incur disgrace by so doing. As we have already seen, young Selkirk, although he was the son of a stanch Scottish Presbyterian, and had been subject from his infancy to the wholesome impressions of respectable society, had not scrupled to join the rovers of the South Seas,

His experience of the toils and dangers of such a life had not cured him of his propensity to adventure; and now, for the second time, he leaves his father's house to become a privateer.

William Dampier, the originator and commander of the expedition which Selkirk now joined, was an Englishman, who had gone to sea at an early age, and for upwards of thirty years had been enduring the innumerable hardships and vicissitudes incident to the life of a sailor in those times. He was a man of ardent mind and great abilities, as the accounts of his voyages which he has left testify; and he had gained more knowledge of the South Seas than any man then living. He had not, however, with all his energy and skill, been very successful in improving his own fortunes; and now, at the age of fifty years, he was planning another expedition, which he hoped would issue in the acquisition of immense riches for all concerned. He found little difficulty in persuading some merchants to fit out two vessels, the St George and the Fame, each of twenty-six guns, the former to be commanded by himself, the latter by a Captain Pulling; and as war had just been declared against France and Spain, in consequence of a dispute regarding the succession to the crown of the latter, in which Great Britain, Holland, and several other countries ranged themselves against France, he easily obtained the necessary commissions from Prince George, then high admiral of England, authorising the crews of the two ships to attack and plunder the French and Spaniards for their own profit. Thus entitled, so far as the lord high admiral's warrant could entitle them, to grow rich by robbing Frenchmen and Spaniards all over the world, the adventurers listened eagerly to the plans which Dampier proposed as most sure to succeed. The first of these was, that they should sail to the south-eastern coast of South America, proceed up the river La Plata as far as Buenos Ayres, and earn £600,000 at one stroke by capturing the Spanish galleons usually stationed there. Should this plan fail, they were to sail round Cape Horn, and make a privateering cruise as far as the coast of Peru, where they would be likely to fall in with some valuable prizes; and should they fail also in this, they could still find profitable occupation in plundering the Spanish towns along the western coast of South America, waiting for the ship which periodically sailed from the Mexican port of Acapulco, and which would be a splendid capture. Such were the hopes which Dampier held out to the crews. The vessels were victualled for nine months; "and the articles of agreement were, *no purchase, no pay;* or, in other words, the merchants risked the vessels, and the crews their limbs and lives."*

All was prepared for sailing, and the vessels were already in the Downs, when, in consequence of a quarrel between Dampier and

* Howell's Life of Alexander Selkirk.

Pulling, the latter went off alone, intending, he said, to make for the Canary Islands. Neither he nor the ship was ever heard of afterwards. Dampier, on Pulling's departure, lost no time in procuring the equipment of another vessel instead of the Fame. The name of the new vessel was "The Cinque Ports," of about ninety tons burthen, with a crew of sixty-three, and carrying sixteen guns. This ship joined the St George in the Bay of Kinsale, on the Irish coast, on the 18th of May 1703, and made all haste to proceed on their voyage. Still it was not till the 11th of September that they left Kinsale. The following is the list of the officers of the ships respectively as given by Mr Howell:—In the St George—William Dampier, captain; John Clipperton, chief mate; William Funnel, second mate; and John Ballet, surgeon: in the Cinque Ports—Charles Pickering, captain; Thomas Stradling, lieutenant; and *Alexander Selkirk*, sailing-master. The appointment of our hero to so responsible a situation as that of sailing-master indicates considerable confidence in his abilities and seamanship.

On the 25th of September the vessels reached Madeira, and here Dampier had the disappointment of learning that his delay, in consequence of Pulling's desertion, had deprived them of the chance of capturing the galleons in the La Plata river, these ships having already arrived at Teneriffe. The crews then resolved to trust to the chances which the other plans proposed by Dampier might afford. Accordingly, they made straight for the South American coast. The only incident of consequence on the way was the disagreement of Captain Dampier with some of his crew. On the 2d of November they passed the equator, and on the 8th they saw the coast of Brazil.

On the 24th of November they anchored at the island Le Grand, in latitude 23 degrees 30 minutes south. "It produces," says William Funnel, the second mate of the St George, who wrote a narrative of the voyage, "rum, sugar, and several kinds of fruit, but all very dear, on account of supplying the inland town of St Paul with necessaries. Here we wooded, watered, and refitted our ships; and nine of our men falling out with Captain Dampier, left us, and went ashore." Another incident which happened at Le Grand, and which exercised a bad effect on the remainder of the expedition, was the death of Captain Pickering of the Cinque Ports, who was succeeded by his lieutenant, Stradling, a man of ferocious and quarrelsome temper. The death of Pickering, the appointment of Stradling, the frequent altercations between Dampier and his crew, the difference of views which began to be manifested among the sailors as to the best plan for rendering the rest of the voyage successful, all preyed upon the mind of Selkirk to such a degree, as to render him disgusted with his situation. He had a dream, it is said, off the coast of Le Grand, which left the firm impression on his mind that the expedition was to be disastrous, and that he ought to

take the first opportunity of giving up all connexion with it. It was not till some time afterwards, however, that he resolved finally to do so.

Leaving Le Grand on the 28th of December, the vessels continued their voyage southwards; passed the Falkland Isles on the 29th, and were encountered by such a storm in rounding Cape Horn, that they lost sight of each other on the 4th of January 1704. They did not fall in with each other again till the 10th of February, when the St George, anchoring at the island of Juan Fernandez, after a tedious voyage along the coasts of Patagonia and Chili, found that the Cinque Ports had been waiting there for her three days. "We anchored," says Funnel, "in the great bay, in thirty-five fathoms. At this island we wooded, watered, and refitted our ships, giving them a heel, to clean their sides as low as we could, which took up much time, and occasioned both companies to be much on shore. In this island there are abundance of cabbage-trees, which are excellent, though small. The cabbage-tree, which is a species of palm, has a small straight stem, often ninety or a hundred feet long, with many knots or joints, about four inches asunder, like a bamboo cane. It has no leaves, except at the top, in the midst of which the substance called cabbage is contained. The branches of this tree are commonly twelve or thirteen feet in length; and at about a foot and a half from the tree the leaves begin, which are about four feet long, and an inch and a half broad—the leaves growing so regularly, that the whole branch seems one entire leaf. The cabbage, when cut out from among the roots of the branches, is usually a foot long, and six inches in diameter, and as white as milk. From the bottom of the cabbage there spring out several large bunches of berries, like grapes, each bunch being five or six pounds weight. The berries are red, and about the size of cherries, each having a large stone in the middle, and the pulp tastes like that of haws. On the island we saw also the sea-lion, which is so called, as I suppose, because he roars somewhat like a lion, and his head has also some resemblance to that animal, having four large teeth in front, all the rest being short, thick, and stubbed. Instead of feet and legs, he has four fins, the two foremost serving him, when he goes ashore, to raise the fore-part of the body, and he then draws the hind-part after him. The two hinder fins are of no use on land, but only in the water. The animal is very fat; for which reason we killed several of them, from which we made a ton of oil for our lamps, and while at this island, made use of it also for frying our fish. They have short light-coloured hair when young, becoming sandy when old. Their food is fish, and they prey altogether in the water, but come on land to sleep, when five, six, or more of them huddle together like swine, and will often lie still three or four days if not molested. They are much afraid of men, and make off as fast as they can into the

water. If hard-pressed, they will turn about, raising their bodies on their fore-fins, and face you with their mouths wide open; so that we used to clap a pistol to their mouths and fire down their throats. Sometimes five or six of us would surround one of these monsters, each having half a pike, and so prick him dead, which commonly was the sport of two or three hours."* Selkirk little thought, while cutting the branches of the cabbage-trees, and hunting sea-lions with Funnel and the other sailors on the beach of Juan Fernandez, that in a short time this island was to be his solitary home.

The life of comparative idleness which the crews of the two ships were leading on the island was not favourable to good-humour or harmony, especially as, hitherto, they had not succeeded in attaining the object of their expedition. The sailors of the Cinque Ports quarrelled with their captain, Stradling; and the dispute at length ran so high, that forty-two men, or more than two-thirds of the crew, went ashore, and threatened to remain. Whether Selkirk, who, as sailing-master, was next in rank to Stradling on board the Cinque Ports, was one of those who revolted, is not ascertained; but the sequel renders it probable that he was. At length Dampier succeeded in reconciling the sailors with their captain, order was restored, and matters went on as usual.

On the 29th of February the idle crews were roused to activity by the sight of a sail. In their hurry to give chase, they left behind them one of their boats, their anchors, a quantity of oil, and other materials, and, what was more alarming, five sailors and a negro, who happened to be straggling in a part of the island distant from the beach at the time when the sail was seen. Bearing out to sea, they found the strange ship to be a Frenchman of thirty guns. After a long pursuit, they came up with her next day, and engaged her very close, the St George keeping her broadside to broadside for seven hours. A gale then sprang up, and the Frenchman escaped, disappointing the privateers of their expected booty. Nine of the St George's men had been killed, and many more wounded in the action. The crews were, nevertheless, exceedingly anxious to continue the chase; but Dampier opposed them, saying it was not worth while, and "they did not need to care for merchantmen, as he could get them a prize of £500,000 any day of the year." They therefore returned, in no very good-humour, to Juan Fernandez, which they came in sight of on the 3d of March. To their surprise they found two French vessels at anchor off the island, each of thirty-six guns: a sight which made them glad to sheer off, leaving the boat, the anchors, the oil, and the six sailors to their fate. It afterwards appeared that the Frenchmen, on landing, had taken possession of all the stores they found on the island,

* Funnel's Narrative.

and made prisoners of four of the six men, the other two managing to conceal themselves.

Prevented from again taking up their station at Juan Fernandez, the St George and the Cinque Ports bore away north-east for the coast of Peru, which they came in sight of on the 11th of March. "Coasting northward along the shore," says Funnel, "which is the highest and most mountainous I ever saw, we were surprised, on the 19th of March, to see the waves changed to a red colour for seven or eight leagues, though, on sounding, we had no ground at one hundred and seventy fathoms; but on drawing up some of the water, we found the colour to be owing to a vast quantity of fish-spawn swimming on the surface." Keeping a constant look-out for vessels to attack, they saw, on the 22d of March, two at some distance, the sternmost of which proved to be the Frenchman which they had chased and fought off Juan Fernandez. They were very eager to capture this vessel, not merely on account of her value, but because, if she reached Lima —the port she seemed to be bound for—her crew would communicate the intelligence that two bucaneering ships were on the coast, and so prevent the merchantmen in that port from sailing. Captain Dampier, however, was averse to attack her; and she escaped, greatly to the discontent of the men, whose fears were in great part realised, and who were only kept from breaking out in rebellion by the capture of two considerable prizes a few days afterwards. Clearing these vessels of the valuable part of their cargo, as well as a barque laden with plank and cordage, which they fell in with on the 11th of April, they let them go, and began to meditate a descent upon some settlement on the coast north of Lima. Santa Maria was the town they resolved to attack, as they expected there to find a great quantity of gold collected from the adjacent mines. On their way to this town from the island of Gallo, which they left on the 17th of April, they captured a small Spanish vessel, on board of which they found a Guernsey man, who had long been a prisoner among the Spaniards. In high spirits with these omens of success, they sailed for Santa Maria, Captain Dampier telling them that, on a former occasion, one hundred and twenty pounds weight of gold had been carried off by a bucaneer from that town, and that, as it was now much larger, the quantity of gold in it must be enormous. They reached the town, and commenced the attack in the night-time. "The design, however," says Funnel, "miscarried, whether from fear, confusion, or the enemy having early intelligence of our motions, which enabled them to cut off many of our men. This is certain, that we became quite sick of our fruitless attempts before the 1st of May, and immediately re-embarked. We were now so short of provisions, that five boiled green plantains were allotted for six men; but when almost out both of hope and patience, a vessel came and anchored close beside us at midnight, which we took without resistance. This proved a

most valuable prize, being a ship of one hundred and fifty tons, laden with flour, sugar, brandy, wine, about thirty tons of marmalade of quinces, a considerable quantity of salt, and several tons of linen and woollen cloth: so that we had now a sufficient supply of provisions even for four or five years." On board of this rich prize, to secure an equitable division of the spoil among the crews of the two ships, were placed William Funnel and Alexander Selkirk: the former on behalf of the crew of the St George, the latter on behalf of the crew of the Cinque Ports.

The bucaneers carried their prize into the Bay of Panama, and anchored with her under the island of Tobago on the 14th of May. "Here," says Funnel, "Captains Dampier and Stradling disagreed, and the quarrel proceeded to such a length, that they could not be reconciled, so that at last it was determined to part company, all the men of both crews being at liberty to go with which captain they pleased. Five of our men went over to Captain Stradling, and five of his men came to us." It would therefore seem that our hero, Selkirk, had here an opportunity of changing his captain; and as it is certain that he had no special friendship for Stradling, his not availing himself of the opportunity would indicate that, bad as Stradling was, he preferred him to Dampier. Probably he thought that, by remaining with Stradling, who was more unhesitating in his measures than Dampier, he would sooner grow rich. At all events, he and Funnel, on quitting the prize, resumed their old stations in their respective ships. The prize was abandoned after all that was considered valuable had been taken out of her; and on the 19th of May 1704 the two ships parted company, never to meet again—the St George sailing away in quest of more prizes, the Cinque Ports remaining behind. It is with the fate of the latter that we are now to be further concerned; and as Funnel went with the St George, we have no longer his narrative to guide us.

SELKIRK LEFT BY THE CINQUE PORTS ON JUAN FERNANDEZ—DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND.

For three months the Cinque Ports kept cruising along the shores of Mexico, Guatemala, and Equatorial America, like a villanous vulture watching the horizon for its prey. No ships, however, appeared to reward the greedy activity of the crew; and at length, in the end of August, Stradling resolved to turn southward, and make for Juan Fernandez, to take in provisions and refit. Meanwhile, as was natural among so many men of savage character cooped up idle in a vessel, all was dissension on board. Stradling and Selkirk especially were, to use a common phrase, at daggers-drawing; now in loud and angry dispute below, now scowling sullenly at each other on deck. Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel as soon as an opportunity offered. Accordingly, when in the beginning of September they came in sight of Juan Fernandez, and the two men who had been living on the island

since the beginning of March—when, it will be remembered, the St George and Cinque Ports had been obliged to sheer off without being able to pick them up—made their appearance, healthy and strong as ever, and delighting their old companions with an account of how they had spent the seven months of their solitary reign, eating fruit in abundance, chasing goats, and hunting seals, the idea flashed across his mind that he would take their place, and leaving the vessel to sail away without him, remain the possessor of Juan Fernandez. By what process of imagination he flattered himself that such a life would be agreeable; whether he finally adopted his resolution in a fit of unthinking enthusiasm, such as sometimes leads to strange and whimsical acts, or whether his differences with Stradling, and his disgust with his situation on board the Cinque Ports, were really such that escape by any method seemed advisable, cannot now be known; but at all events, the conclusion was, that when the vessel was ready to leave the island, Selkirk signified his intention of remaining. Stradling made no objections; a boat was lowered, Selkirk descended into it with all his effects, three or four men rowed him ashore under the direction of the captain, the crew of the Cinque Ports looking on from the deck. Selkirk leaped on the beach, his effects were lifted out after him by the sailors, and laid in a heap; they shook hands with him heartily, the captain standing in the boat, and bidding them make haste. The sailors jumped in, and the boat was pushed off. Poor Selkirk! he had felt a bound, an exultation of spirit at the moment of stepping on shore; but now, as the boat was shoved off, and the men sat down to the oars with their faces toward him, pride, anger, resolution, all gave way; the horrors of his situation rose at once to his view, and rushing into the surf up to the middle, he stretched out his hands towards his comrades, and implored them to come back and take him on board again. With a jeering laugh the brutal commander bade him stick to his resolution, and remain where he was, adding that it was a blessing for the crew to have got rid at last of so troublesome a fellow. The boat accordingly went off to the ship, and in a short time the Cinque Ports was out of sight. Selkirk remained on the beach beside his bundles, gazing after her till it grew dark.

Juan Fernandez, the island on which our poor Scotchman was thus cast ashore, is situated in latitude 33 degrees 40 minutes south, and longitude 79 degrees west, about four hundred miles west of the coast of Chili. The name is properly applied to a group of islands consisting of two larger and a few smaller; and the name now given to that inhabited by Selkirk, and which is the largest of the group, is Mas-a-tierra. The island was first discovered in 1572 by a Spanish navigator, who conferred on it his own name of Juan Fernandez; and for a short time it was inhabited by a small colony of Spaniards, who ultimately aban-

doned it, however, to settle on the mainland. Afterwards, as we have already seen, it became a resort of such bucaneering vessels as required, during their cruises on the west coast of America, to put in to some safe harbour to victual and refit. Once or twice, by a similar accident to that which we have described in the case of the six sailors who were left by the St George and the Cinque Ports in their hurry to give chase to the French merchantman, the island had become the residence of a castaway bucaneer, who was afterwards picked off by a passing ship. Thus, says a voyager whom we shall have yet to quote more at large, "Ringrose, in his account of the voyage of Captain Sharp and other bucaneers, mentions one who had escaped ashore on this island out of a ship, which was cast away with all the rest of the company, and says he lived five years alone, before he had the opportunity of another ship to carry him off. Captain Dampier also talks of a Mosquito Indian that belonged to Captain Watlin, who, being a hunting in the woods when the captain left the island, lived there three years alone, till Captain Dampier came hither in 1684 and carried him off." Whatever amount of truth there may be in these particular statements as to Juan Fernandez, it is certain that Selkirk's solitary residence on this island was by no means the first instance of the kind. It does not appear to have been an uncommon thing for a bucaneer in those days to be either cast ashore on a desert island by the chances of shipwreck, or to be purposely left upon one by his captain out of savage ill-will, or as a punishment for mutinous conduct. Perhaps, if the records of old voyages were thoroughly searched, instances might be found of the kind as extraordinary as Selkirk's, if not more so. The magic touch, however, of the hand of a genius has conferred a celebrity on the history of the Fifeshire mariner which distinguishes him from all other Crusoes.

To proceed with our description of Juan Fernandez. The island is of an irregular form, from ten to twelve miles long, and about six broad, its area being about seventy square miles—somewhat less than that of the island of Bute. "The south-west side," says the voyager already quoted, "is much the longest, and has a small island about a mile long lying near it, with a few visible rocks close under the shore. On this side begins a ridge of high mountains, that run across from the south-west to the north-west of the island; and the land that lies out in a narrow point to the westward appears to be the only level ground in it. On the north-east side it is very high land, and under it are the two bays where ships always put in to recruit. The best bay is all deep water, and you may carry in ships close to the rocks, if occasion require. The wind blows always over the land, and at worst along shore, which makes no sea. Near the rocks there are very good fish of several sorts, particularly large crawfish under the rocks, easy to be caught; also cavalloes, gropers, and

other good fish, in so great plenty anywhere near the shore, that I never saw the like but at the best fishing season in Newfoundland. Pimento is the best timber, and most plentiful on this side of the island, but very apt to split, till a little dried. The cabbage-trees abound about three miles into the woods, and the cabbage is very good; most of them are on the top of the nearest and lowest mountains. The soil in these hills is of a loose black earth; the rocks are very rotten, so that, without great care, it is dangerous to climb the hills for cabbages; besides, there are abundance of holes dug in several places by a sort of fowls called puffins, which cause the earth to fall in at once, and endanger the breaking of a man's leg. Our summer months are winter here. In July snow and ice are sometimes seen; but the spring, which is in September, October, and November, is very pleasant. There is then abundance of good herbs, as parsley, purslain, &c."* To these descriptions, written about the year 1712, we may add an extract from the account given in Lord Anson's voyages in 1741, in order that our readers may have a pretty distinct idea of the appearance of the island, which, for four years and a half, was to be the home of Selkirk. "The woods," says the author of Anson's voyages, "cover most of the steepest hills, and are free from all bushes and underwood, offering an easy passage through every part of them; and the irregularities of the hills and precipices in the northern part of the island trace, by their various combinations, a number of romantic valleys, most of which have a stream of the clearest water running through them, tumbling in cascades from rock to rock. Some particular spots occur in these valleys where the shade of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, and the transparency and frequent falls of the streams, present scenes of wonderful beauty."

SELKIRK'S RESIDENCE IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

For many days after the departure of the Cinque Ports, Selkirk remained lingering about the spot where he was put ashore, unable to abandon the hope that Stradling would relent and come back for him. His constant occupation was gazing out into the sea. As soon as morning dawned he began his watch, sitting on his chest; and his deepest grief was when the evening came on, so that he could see no longer. Sleep came upon him by snatches, and against his exertions to remain awake. Food he did not think of, till extreme hunger obliged him; and then, rather than go in search of the fruits and game which the woods afforded, he contented himself with the shell-fish and seals' flesh, which he could obtain without removing from the beach. The sameness of the diet, the want of bread and salt, and the sinking sickness of his heart, caused him to loathe his food, so that he ate but at

* Voyage by Captain Woodes Rogers in 1708-9.

long intervals. Weary, and with aching eyes, he lay down at night, leaning his back against his bundles, listening to the crashing sound of rocks frequently falling among the woods, and to the discordant bleating of the shoals of seals along the shore. The horrors of his situation were augmented during the dark by superstitious alarms. Amid the murmur of the waves he could fancy he heard howlings and whistlings, as of spirits in the air: if he turned his head to the black and wooded masses behind him, they seemed peopled and in motion; and as he again turned it to the shore, phantoms stalked past. Often he cursed himself for the folly of the resolution which had brought him here; often, in the frenzy of fear, he would start up with the horrible determination of suicide; but a rush of softer feeling would come, and then he became calm. At length this gentler state of mind grew habitual; thoughts and impressions which had been familiar to him in childhood again came up; and the years which he had spent with brawling and ferocious shipmates, in the lawless profession of a privateer, were swept out of his memory like a disagreeable dream.

With the return of equanimity, Selkirk began to consider the means of rendering his residence on the island endurable. It was the month of October—a season corresponding in that locality to the middle of spring with us—and all was blooming and fragrant. The possibility of starving was not one of the horrors which his situation presented; and when he recovered calmness of mind sufficient to take a view of his solitary domain, he found himself in the midst of plenty. Besides the fish and seals which swarmed round the shores of the island, there were innumerable fruits and vegetables in the woods, among which was the never-failing cabbage-tree; and hundreds of goats skipped wild among the hills. Almost all the means of ordinary physical comfort were within his reach; and he had only to exert his strength and ingenuity to make the island yield him its resources. How he proceeded to do this; the various shifts and devices which he fell upon to supply his wants, and to add gradually to his store of comforts; the succession of daily steps and contrivances by which, in the course of four years and a half, he raised himself from comparative helplessness to complete dominion over the resources of his little territory; and, along with this, the various stages which his feelings went through, from the agony and stupefaction of the first night which he spent on the island, to the perfect freedom and happiness which he ultimately attained—we have not sufficient materials to be able to describe in detail. It is needless to say that the matchless narrative of Defoe is almost entirely a fiction, so far as the details of his hero's daily life in the desert island are concerned. Alexander Selkirk did not display such a genius for mechanical contrivances as Robinson Crusoe, or at least if he did, no record of his contrivances has been preserved. The island was not visited

by cannibal savages as is the case in the romance; no faithful Friday appeared to cheer the hours of the solitary; nor is there any journal preserved from which we learn whether ever such an incident occurred as the discovery of the mysterious foot-print in the sand. All these ornaments of the story the world owes to Defoe, whose object was not to write the history of Selkirk, or any other known castaway, but to describe, by the force of imagination, the life of an ideal hero on an ideal desert island. At the same time, there is no doubt that Defoe's narrative fills up our conception of Selkirk's long residence in his island with details such as must actually be true; and at all events there is a correspondence in some points between it and Selkirk's own account of his manner of life, furnished after his return to England to Sir Richard Steele and others, through whom it was made public. The particulars of this narrative, so far as it extends, we proceed to relate.

The stores which Selkirk had brought ashore consisted, besides his clothing and bedding, of a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a flip-can, a Bible, some books of devotion, and one or two concerning navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Such were the few implements and substances from the great civilised world which Selkirk had to help him in the task of subduing to his own convenience seventy square miles of earth and wood. Yet, in the possession of that small package, what strength lay in his hands, and how superior was he to the savage children of nature! Within the small compass of his chest was wrapt up the condensed skill and wisdom of ages, the ingenuity and industry of hundreds of men who had long gone to their graves. The flint and steel, the firelock, the gunpowder, the knife and hatchet, what power over nature was there not compact in these articles!—the mathematical instruments, of what knowledge were they not the symbols!—and, above all, the Bible, and the books which accompanied it, what wealth of conversation, what health of spirit, did they not bring with them!

The first object that occupied his attention, besides the daily supply of such food as was necessary for his subsistence, was the construction of a dwelling to serve him as a shelter from the weather. Selecting a spot at some distance from the beach, he cut down pimento wood, and in a short time built a hut in which he could reside. To this he afterwards added another. They were both constructed during the first eighteen months of his residence; but the task of improving them, and adding to their neatness, was a constant occupation to him during his stay on the island. The larger of his two huts, which "was situated near a spacious wood, he made his sleeping-room, spreading the bedclothes he had brought with him upon a frame of his own construction; and as these wore out, or were used for other

purposes, he supplied their places with goat-skins. The smaller hut, which he had erected at some distance from the other, was used by him as a kitchen, in which he dressed his victuals. The furniture was very scanty, but consisted of every convenience his island could afford. His most valuable article was the pot or kettle he had brought from the ship to boil his meat in; the spit was his own handiwork, made of such wood as grew upon the island; the rest was suitable to his rudely-constructed habitation. The pimento wood, which burns very bright and clear, served him both for fuel and candle. It gives out an agreeable perfume when burning. He obtained fire, after the Indian method, by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together until they ignited. This he did, as he was ill able to spare any of his linen for tinder, time being of no value to him, and the labour rather an amusement!"* The necessity of providing for his wants had the effect of diverting his thoughts from the misery of his situation; yet every day, for the first eighteen months, he spent more or less time on the beach, watching for the appearance of a sail upon the horizon. At the end of that time, partly through habit, partly through the influence of religion, which here awakened in full force upon his mind, he became reconciled to his situation. Every morning after rising he read a portion of Scripture, sang a psalm, and prayed, speaking aloud, in order to preserve the use of his voice; he afterwards remarked that, during his residence on the island, he was a better Christian than he had ever been before, or would probably ever be again. He at first lived much upon turtles and crawfish, which abounded upon the shores—his powder, with which he could shoot the goats of the island, having soon been exhausted: but afterwards he found himself able to run down the goats, whose flesh he either roasted or stewed, and of which he kept a small stock, tamed, around his dwelling, to be used in the event of his being disabled by sickness. One of the greatest inconveniences which afflicted him for the first few months was the want of salt; but he gradually became accustomed to this privation, and at last found so much relish in unsalted food, that, after being restored to society, it was with equal difficulty that he reconciled himself to take it in any other condition. As a substitute for bread, he had turnips, parsnips, and the cabbage-palm, all of excellent quality, and also radishes and water-cresses. When his clothes were worn out, he supplied their place with goat-skins, which gave him an appearance much more uncouth than any wild animal. He had a piece of linen, from which he made new shirts by means of a nail and the thread of his stockings; and he never wanted this comfortable piece of attire during the whole period of his residence on the island. Every physical want being thus gratified, and his mind soothed by devotional feeling, he at

* Howell's Life of Selkirk.

length began positively to enjoy his existence—often lying for whole days in the delicious bowers which he had formed for himself, abandoned to the most pleasant sensations.

Among the quadruped inhabitants of the isle were multitudes of rats, which at the first annoyed him by gnawing his feet while asleep. Against this enemy he found it necessary to enter into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the cats, which also abounded in his neighbourhood. Having caught and tamed some of the latter animals, he was soon freed from the presence of the rats, but not without some disagreeable consequences in the reflection that, should he die in his hut, his friendly auxiliaries would probably be obliged, for their subsistence, to devour his body. He was, in the meantime, able to turn them to some account for his amusement, by teaching them to dance and perform a number of antic feats, such as cats are not in general supposed capable of learning, but which they might probably acquire, if any individual in civilised life were able to take the necessary pains. Another of his amusements was hunting on foot, in which he at length, through healthy exercise and habit, became such a proficient, that he could run down the swiftest goat. Some of the young of these animals he taught to dance in company with his kittens; and he often afterwards declared that he never danced with a lighter heart or greater spirit than to the sound of his own voice in the midst of these dumb companions.

Selkirk was careful, during his stay on the island, to measure the lapse of time, and distinguish Sunday from the other days of the week. Anxious, in the midst of all his indifference to society, that, in the event of his dying in solitude, his having lived there might not be unknown to his fellow-creatures, he carved his name upon a number of trees, adding the date of his being left, and the space of time which had since elapsed. When his knife was worn out, he made new ones, and even a cleaver for his meat, out of some hoops which he found on the shore. He several times saw vessels passing the island, but only two cast anchor beside it. Afraid of being taken by the Spaniards, who would have consigned him to hopeless captivity, he endeavoured to ascertain whether these strangers were so or not before making himself known. In both cases he found them enemies; and on one of the occasions, having approached too near, he was observed and chased, and only escaped by taking refuge in a tree.

As Selkirk was only about thirty years of age, and as he found his constitution, which was naturally good, improved and fortified in a wonderful degree by his mode of life, the only cause which he could fear as likely to cut short his days, and prevent him from reaching the old age which he might expect to attain to in his island, provided no ship appeared to carry him off, was the occurrence of some accident, such as might very possibly befall him in his expeditions through the woods. Only one such accident occurred during his stay on the island: it had nearly

proved fatal, however. It has already been mentioned that in many parts of the island the soil was loose, and undermined by holes, and the rock weathered almost to rottenness. Pursuing a goat once in one of these dangerous places, the bushy brink of a precipice, to which he had followed it, crumbled beneath him, and he and the goat fell together from a great height. He lay stunned and senseless at the foot of the rock for a great while—not less than twenty-four hours, he thought, from the change of position in the sun—but the precise length of time he had no means of ascertaining. When he recovered his senses, he found the goat lying dead beside him. With great pain and difficulty he made his way to his hut, which was nearly a mile distant from the spot; and for three days he lay on his bed, enduring much suffering. No permanent injury, however, had been done him, and he was soon able to go abroad again.

Four years and four months had elapsed since Selkirk was left by Stradling on the island of Juan Fernandez. It was now the month of January 1709; his reckoning enabled him to know the lapse of time, at least within a week or two. Four times had the January summers of Juan Fernandez passed over his head, and already he was looking forward to the coming of the fifth autumn and winter. The whole island was now familiar to him, with its appearances and productions at various seasons. Custom had reconciled him to it; had almost brought him to regard it as his home; had almost made him cease to remember with regret the world from which he was an outcast. Occasionally, indeed, such thoughts as the poet has supposed must have occurred to him even now, after so long a period of acquaintance with solitude.

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute:
From the centre, all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh, solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind,
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light!
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place:
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot."

These thoughts, however, were not habitual. Even the idea of dying alone, and leaving his bones stretched out, to be found some day, at the distance of years, by those whom chance might bring to his mouldering hut in the woods, ceased to affect him sorrowfully. The religious impressions of his childhood had gained a supreme influence over him; and in communion with his Bible and with his own soul, the solitary man, clad in his goat-skins, became meek, thankful, and tender-hearted. How different from the rough young sailor who, not many years before, had been struggling in the grasps of his brother, his sister-in-law, and his old father on the floor of the cottage in Largo!

Whether the change of character was permanent, we shall now see, as we are about to relate the circumstances which led to his release from his solitude, and his restoration to society.

FATE OF STRADLING AND DAMPIER—EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN ROGERS—SELKIRK RELIEVED, AND BROUGHT HOME.

One hope of relief for Selkirk, even if other chances had failed, consisted in the probability that intelligence of his situation would reach England through some of the crew of the Cinque Ports, and that some vessel might, in consequence, be induced to pay a passing visit to Juan Fernandez for the purpose of ascertaining his fate. If Selkirk, however, had relied strongly on this probability, he would have been disappointed. The Cinque Ports never reached England. Old, crank, and worm-eaten, she foundered off the coast of Barbacoa not long after setting sail from Juan Fernandez. Out of the whole crew, only Captain Stradling and six or seven of his men were saved; and these were long detained prisoners among the Spaniards at Lima. They were in captivity during the whole time of Selkirk's residence on his island; and long after he had returned to England, most of them were captives still. Stradling at length obtained his liberty, but his ultimate fate was never known.

Deliverance was to reach Selkirk from another quarter. Dampier, who, it will be remembered, had parted company with the Cinque Ports about five months before Selkirk had been abandoned by Stradling, had continued his voyage through the South Seas in search of Spanish vessels. Various success had attended him for several months; a considerable portion of his crew forsook him; and at length, crossing the Pacific to the East Indies, he and his companions fell into the hands of the Dutch, who seized his ship and all that he had. The expedition of the St George and the Cinque Ports, planned by him, had therefore turned out a total failure. "Dampier returned naked to his owners, with a melancholy relation of his misfortunes, occasioned chiefly by his own strange temper, which was so self-sufficient and overbearing, that few or none of his officers could endure it. Even in this distress he was received as an eminent man, notwithstanding his failings; and was introduced to Queen Anne, having the honour to kiss her hand, and to give her majesty some account of the dangers he had undergone. The merchants were so sensible of his want of conduct, that they resolved never to trust him any more with a command."*

The bad success of Dampier's expedition, however, did not prevent the fitting out of another with similar designs against the Spaniards of the South Seas; and about the middle of the year 1708, two vessels, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, the pro-

* Kerr's Voyages.—Funnel's Narrative.

perty of Bristol merchants, set sail for the Spanish main, having in all three hundred and thirty-three men on board. The Duke, a vessel of thirty guns, was commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, a very able and prudent man; the Duchess, of twenty-six guns, by Captain Stephen Courtney. Poor Dampier, who could not be intrusted with the command, and whose poverty obliged him to accept some occupation of the same kind as that which he had all his life been accustomed to, was glad to sail in the Duke in the capacity of pilot to the expedition. Great care had been taken in the manning of both vessels, and regulations had been drawn up before sailing, to prevent disputes.

Captain Rogers, whose proceedings during the voyage it is not necessary for us to detail, pursued the same tract as the former expedition; and after cruising along the Brazilian coast, rounded Cape Horn in the month of December 1708, bearing for Juan Fernandez, to take in water. The crews came in sight of the island on the 31st of January 1709, little anticipating the surprise which awaited them. What occurred as they approached is thus related by Captain Rogers himself in the account which he published of the voyage:—"About two o'clock P.M., on the 31st of January, we hoisted our pinnace out; Captain Dover (second captain of the Duke), with the boat's crew, went in her to go ashore, though we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the Duchess, the crew of which were astonished at our boat attempting to go on shore at so great a distance from land: it was against my inclination, but to oblige Captain Dover, I consented to let her go. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore; our boat was then about a league from the island. She stopped, and bore away again for the ships as soon as she saw the light. We put out lights for the boat, though some were of opinion that the light we saw was not on the island, but the boat's light; but as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired one quarterdeck gun and several muskets, showing lights in our mizen and fore-shrouds, that our boat might find us, whilst we plied in the lee of the island. About two in the morning our boat came on board the Duchess: we were glad it got well off, because it began to blow. We were all convinced that the light was on the shore, and designed to make our ships ready to engage, as we believed it to come from French ships at anchor, and that we must either fight them or want water.

"The next day we stood along the south end of the island, in order to lay in with the first southerly wind, which Captain Dampier told us generally blows there all day long. In the morning, being past the island, we tacked, to lay it in close aboard the land; and about ten o'clock, ran close aboard the land that begins to make the north-east side. The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our topsails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to find the enemy, but

saw all clear, and no ships in that nor the other bay. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they had gone away on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon with Captain Dover, Mr Fry, and six men all armed: meanwhile we and the Duchess kept turning to get in. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay; for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized it. We put out a signal for our boat, and the Duchess showed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of crawfish, with a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them."

Selkirk, the man whose appearance caused such surprise, had seen the sails of the vessels at a distance, but had avoided making any signals which could indicate his presence till he ascertained them to be English. As soon as he had assured himself on this point, his joy was extreme. When night came on, he kindled a large fire on the beach, to inform the strangers that a human being was there. It was this signal which had alarmed the crews of the vessels, and deterred the pinnace from landing. During the night, hope having banished all desire of sleep, he employed himself in killing goats, and preparing a feast of fresh meat for those whom he expected to be his deliverers. In the morning he found that the vessels had removed to a greater distance, but ere long he saw the boat leave the side of one of them and approach the shore. Selkirk ran joyfully to meet his countrymen, waving a linen rag to attract their attention; and having pointed out to them a proper landing-place, soon had the satisfaction of clasping them in his arms. Joy at first deprived him of that imperfect power of utterance which solitude had left him, but in a little he was able to offer and receive explanations. Dover, the second captain, Fry, the lieutenant, and the rest of the boat party, after partaking of Selkirk's hospitality, invited him on board; but so little eager was he to leave his solitude, that he was not prevailed upon to do so till assured that Dampier had no situation of command in the expedition—his former experience of Dampier's mode of conducting a ship having given him no great confidence in him. When he was told that Dampier was only pilot on board, he made no further objection. He was then, as we have seen, brought on board the Duke, along with his principal effects; and on the same day, by the recommendation of Dampier, who said he had been the best man in the Cinque Ports, he was engaged as a mate. "At his first coming on board us," says Captain Rogers, "he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarcely understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drunk nothing but water since he came on the island; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals."

For a fortnight the two vessels remained at Juan Fernandez refitting, recruiting their sick, and taking in water and provisions. In this they were greatly assisted by Selkirk, or the "governor," as they used to call him; who, besides giving them all the information necessary respecting the island, made it a daily practice to catch several goats for the use of the sick. "He took them," says Rogers, "by speed of foot; for his way of living, and continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills. We had a bull-dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back. Being forced to shift without shoes, his feet had become so hard, that he ran everywhere without annoyance; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for, not being used to any for so long, his feet swelled when he came first to use them again." Besides giving these particulars, Captain Rogers details at some length Selkirk's mode of life during the four years and four months he had spent on the island, concluding—"We may perceive, by this story, the truth of the maxim, that necessity is the mother of invention, since this man found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life, though not so conveniently, yet as effectually as we are able to do with the help of our arts and society. It may likewise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigour of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man, when he came back to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility. But these reflections are more proper for a philosopher and divine than a mariner."

In the middle of February 1709 the Duke and Duchess set sail from the island, to cruise along the western coast of America in quest of prizes, in which they were very successful, taking two prizes in a very short time. The second of these was fitted out as a privateer, to sail in company with the Duke and Duchess; and Selkirk was appointed to command her. During the remainder of the expedition, he acted in a prominent capacity under Rogers in the various enterprises, both on sea and on shore, in which the little fleet engaged. The occupation was certainly one by no means calculated to give play to the more amiable qualities of human nature; but even in the sacking of coast towns, and expeditions of plunder into the interior, which for months formed his chief employment, our hero seems to have mingled humanity in as high a proportion as possible with the execution of his duty. The expedition of Rogers was as

remarkable for steadiness, resolution, and success, as that of Dampier's had been for quarrelling and indecision; and it excites a curious feeling of surprise when we learn that the church of England service was regularly read on the quarterdecks of these piratical vessels, and all hands piped to prayers before every action. Selkirk proved himself, by his steadiness, decent manners, and religious turn of mind, a most appropriate member of the corps commanded by Rogers, and was accordingly much valued by his superiors. At the beginning of the ensuing year, the vessels began their voyage across the Pacific, with the design of returning by the East Indies, and in this part of the enterprise Selkirk acted as sailing-master. They did not, however, reach England till October 1711, when Selkirk had been absent from his country for eight years. Of the enormous sum of £170,000 which Rogers had realised by plundering the enemy, Selkirk seems to have shared to the amount of about eight hundred pounds.

His singular history was soon made known to the public; and immediately after his arrival in London, he became an object of curiosity not only to the people at large, but to those elevated by rank and learning. Sir Richard Steele, some time after, devoted to him an article in the paper entitled "The Englishman," in which he tells the reader that, as Selkirk is a man of good sense, it is a matter of great curiosity to hear him give an account of the different revolutions of his mind during the term of his solitude. "When I first saw him," continues this writer, "I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discovered that he had been much separated from company, *from his aspect and gesture*; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard of the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. 'I am now worth eight hundred pounds,' he said, 'but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing.' Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him: *familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.*" What makes this latter circumstance the more remarkable is, the fact of nearly three years having elapsed between his restoration to society and the time when Sir Richard Steele first saw him.

Besides Sir Richard Steele's paper, various short accounts of Selkirk's adventures appeared within a year or two after his re-

turn to England. Defoe's romance of Robinson Crusoe was not published till the year 1719, when the original facts on which it was founded must have been nearly forgotten. There is no record of any interview having taken place between Selkirk and Defoe, so that it cannot be decided whether Defoe learnt our hero's story from his own mouth, or from such narratives as those published by Steele and others.

RETURN TO LARGO—RESIDENCE THERE—ELOPEMENT FROM IT —HIS SUBSEQUENT HISTORY.

It was a fine Sunday morning in the spring of 1712; the kirk bells of Largo had for some time ceased ringing, and the parishioners were assembled in church, when a handsomely-dressed stranger knocked at the door of old John Selkirk's dwelling. No one was within, and the stranger bent his steps towards the parish church. He entered, and sat down in a pew near the door. His late entrance, the fact of his being a stranger, and his fine gold-laced clothes, attracted attention to him, and divided the interest of the congregation with the clergyman's sermon. The service proceeded: not far from the place where the stranger had stationed himself was the pew where old John Selkirk, his wife, and others of the family were sitting, and towards this pew the stranger continued to direct his eyes. The occupants of the pew returned the glance as discreetly as they could; old Mrs Selkirk especially several times eyed the stranger with curiosity over her Bible. At length the glances became a fixed gaze; the old woman's face grew pale; and crying, "It's Sandie!—it's Sandie!" she tottered up to the stranger, and flung herself into his arms. The clergyman stopped, the congregation rose in a bustle of excitement, and quiet was not restored until the whole Selkirk family left the church in a body, to give full scope at home to their mutual congratulations and inquiries.

"For a few days," says his biographer, Mr Howell, who ascertained the particulars by industrious inquiry, "Selkirk was happy in the company of his parents and friends; but, from long habit, he soon felt averse to mixing in society, and was most happy when alone. For days his relations never saw his face from the dawn until late in the evening, when he returned to bed. It was his custom to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room up stairs, in his brother's house, where he resided. Here he was accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his

solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, that 'were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them.' But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears. Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards: here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival in Largo, he constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation, he was wont to sit here in bad weather, and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; and he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, 'Oh my beloved island! I wish I had never left thee! I never before was the man I was on thee, I have not been such since I left thee, and I fear never can be again!' Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, he made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing in the beautiful Bay of Largo, or at Kingscraig Point, where he would loiter till evening among the romantic cliffs catching lobsters—his favourite amusement, as they reminded him of the crawfish of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shown."

Selkirk at length resolved to abandon this mode of life; and the execution of his design was probably hastened by an attachment he had formed to a young girl named Sophia Bruce, whom he often met, tending her mother's cow, in his wanderings through Keil's Den. "He never," says Mr Howell, "mentioned the attachment to his friends; for he felt ashamed, after his discourses to them, and the profession he had made of dislike to human society, to acknowledge that he was on the point of marrying. But to marry he was determined, though as firmly resolved not to remain at home to be the subject of their jests. He soon persuaded the object of his choice to elope with him, and bid adieu to the romantic glen. Without the knowledge of their parents, they both set out for London. He left his chest and all his clothes behind; nor did he ever claim them again; and his friends knew nothing and heard nothing of him for many years." At the time of this sudden departure from Largo, Selkirk was nearly forty years of age.

In London Selkirk seems to have lived some time. Nothing, however, is known of his movements till 1717, in which year we find him executing a will and power of attorney, by the hands of a notary in Wapping, in favour of Sophia Bruce, the object of

his affection; being then on the point of again going to sea. The will, which is dated the 13th of January 1717, runs as follows:—

"In the name of God, Amen, I, Alexander Selkirk of Largo, in the shire of Fife, in North Britain, mariner, being now bound out on a voyage to sea, but calling to mind the perils and dangers of the seas, and other uncertainties of this transitory life, do, for avoiding controversies and disputes which may happen to arise after my decease, make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament." After one or two unimportant clauses, he continues —"I give and bequeath unto my loving and well-beloved friend Sophia Bruce, of the Pall-Mall, London, spinster, all and singular my lands, tenements, outhouses, gardens, yards, orchards, situate, lying, and being in Largo aforesaid, or in any other place or places whatsoever, during her natural life, and no longer; and at and after her decease, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath the same unto my loving nephew, Alexander Selkirk, son of David Selkirk of Largo aforesaid, tanner, &c. and to his heirs or assignees. Item, my will and mind is, and I hereby declare it so to be, that my honoured father, John Selkirk, should have and enjoy the eastern-most house on the Craggy Wall in Largo aforesaid, for and during his natural life, and have and receive the rents, issues, and profits thereof to his own proper use; and that after his decease it should fall into the hands of the said Sophia Bruce, and so into the hands of my said loving nephew Alexander Selkirk, in case he outlive my said loving friend Sophia Bruce; and as for and concerning all and singular the rest, residue, and remainder of my salary, wages, goods, wares, profits, merchandises, sum and sums of money, gold, silver, wearing apparel, as well linen and woollen, and all other my effects whatsoever, as well debt outstanding either by bond, bill, book, account, or otherwise, as any other thing whatsoever which shall be due, owing, payable, and belonging or in anywise of right appertaining unto me at the time of my decease, and not herein otherwise disposed of, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath the same unto my said loving friend Sophia Bruce, and to her heirs and assignees for ever; and I do hereby nominate, make, elect, and appoint my said trusty and loving friend Sophia Bruce full and sole executrix of this my last will and testament."

The only other known particulars respecting Selkirk's life came to light in the year 1724, when a gaily-dressed lady, named Frances Candis, presented herself at Largo as the widow of Alexander Selkirk, and claimed the property which had been left him by his father, including the house of Craggy Wall, mentioned in the foregoing will. She produced documents which proved her marriage with Selkirk; a will, also dated the 12th of December 1720, entitling her to the property; and lastly, an attestation of the death of her husband, *Lieutenant* Alexander Selkirk, on board his majesty's ship Weymouth in the year 1723. From the second of these documents, it is inferred that Sophia Bruce had

died some time between 1717, when the first will was executed in her favour, and 1720, when the second will was drawn up in favour of Frances Candis. Having had her claims adjusted, Selkirk's widow took her departure from Largo after a few days. So far as can be ascertained, Selkirk left no children either by her or by Sophia Bruce.

RELICS OF SELKIRK—PRESENT CONDITION OF HIS ISLAND.

The house in which Selkirk lived during his last residence at Largo is still occupied by the descendants of his brother John, who preserve his chest and his cocoa-nut shell cup. His flip-can exists in the possession of another relation, and his gun has for some years been the property of Major Lumsden of Lathallan, near Largo. "The flip-can," says Mr Howell, "holds about a Scottish pint [two quarts], and is made of brown stoneware, glazed. On it is the following inscription and posy—sailors being in all ages notoriously addicted to inscribing rhymes on such articles :-

'Alexander Selkirk, this is my one.

When you take me on board of ship,
Pray fill me full with punch or flip.'

The handle of the jug is gone; its mouth is broken in two places; and a crack in the stoneware is patched with pitch, probably put on by Selkirk's own hands."

The island of Juan Fernandez, which may also be considered as a relic of Alexander Selkirk, has passed through the hands of a succession of owners since he quitted it. For upwards of thirty years after his departure it remained in the condition in which he had left it—an uninhabited island, where ships, sailing along the western coast of South America, occasionally put in for water and fresh victuals. Once or twice, indeed, the chances of shipwreck gave it one or two inhabitants, who did not remain long. In 1750 the Spaniards again formed a settlement on it, and built a fort. Both were destroyed by an earthquake in the following year; but another town was built at a greater distance from the shore. It continued to be inhabited for about twenty years, but was then abandoned, as the former Spanish settlement in the island had been. Early in the present century, the Chilian government began to use Juan Fernandez as a penal settlement, transporting their state criminals to it; but in consequence of the expense, it was soon given up; and when Lord Cochrane visited the island in 1823, there were but four men stationed on it, apparently in charge of some cattle. The following description is given of the island by a lady who accompanied Lord Cochrane and a party on shore:—"The island is the most picturesque I ever saw, being composed of high perpendicular rocks, wooded nearly to the top, with beautiful valleys, exceedingly fertile, and watered by copious

streams, which occasionally form small marshes. The little valley where the town is, or rather was, is exceedingly beautiful. It is full of fruit-trees and flowers, and sweet herbs, now grown wild; near the shore, it is covered with radish and sea-side oats. A small fort was situated on the sea-shore, of which there is nothing now visible but the ditches and part of one wall. Another, of considerable size for the place, is on a high and commanding spot. It contained barracks for soldiers, which, as well as the greater part of the fort, are ruined; but the flag-staff, front wall, and a turret are standing; and at the foot of the flag-staff lies a very handsome brass gun, cast in Spain A.D. 1614. A few houses and cottages are still in a tolerable condition, though most of the doors, windows, and roofs have been taken away, or used as fuel by whalers and other ships touching here. In the valleys we found numbers of European shrubs and herbs—'where once the garden smiled.' And in the half-ruined hedges, which denote the boundaries of former fields, we found apple, pear, and quince trees, with cherries almost ripe. The ascent is steep and rapid from the beach, even in the valleys, and the long grass was dry and slippery, so that it rendered the walk rather fatiguing; and we were glad to sit down under a large quince-tree on a carpet of balm, bordered with roses, now neglected, and feast our eyes with the lovely view before us. Lord Anson has not exaggerated the beauty of the place, or the delights of the climate. We were rather early for its fruits, but even at this time we have gathered delicious figs, cherries, and pears, that a few days more of sun would have perfected. The landing-place is also the watering-place. There a little jetty is thrown out, formed of the beach pebbles, making a little harbour for boats, which lie there close to the fresh water, which comes conducted by a pipe, so that, with a hose, the casks may be filled without landing with the most delicious water. Along the beach some old guns are sunk, to serve as moorings for vessels, which are all the safer the nearer in-shore they lie; as violent gusts of wind often blow from the mountain for a few minutes. The height of the island is about three thousand feet."

With all its beauties and resources, the island seemed destined never to retain those who settled on it—whether from its isolated position at so great a distance from the continent, or from some other cause, is uncertain. Not long after Lord Cochrane's visit, however, it received an accession of inhabitants, some of them English, who settled in it under the protection of the Chilian government. According to the latest accounts, it had undergone another change of proprietorship, having been taken in lease from Chili by an enterprising American, who had colonised it with a number of families from Tahiti, and intended to cultivate it, rear cattle on it for exportation, and so improve the bay and harbour, as to render it a habitual resort for whalers and trading vessels navigating the Pacific.

ACCOUNT OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE Highlands are to the Lowlands of Scotland what Wales is to England—a generally mountainous district of country, inhabited by the remains of an ancient Celtic people. The Highlands include the larger portion of Scotland from the Firth of Clyde northwards, with the exception of the stripe of country on the east coast; the line of division with the Lowlands proceeding in an oblique direction from Ardmore in Dumbartonshire to Caithness. Within this Highland boundary are included part of the counties of Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray; also the whole of the counties of Bute, Argyle, Inverness, Cromarty, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness. The whole of the Hebrides or Western Isles, which lie within these counties, likewise belong to the Highlands. Although thus a generally western and northern district, the Highlands do not comprehend the islands of Orkney and Shetland, these being of Scandinavian settlement, and noway connected with a Celtic people. With the stripe of country generally facing the German Ocean on the north-east coast of the mainland, these islands are considered to belong to the Lowlands.

In this manner, though divided by only an imaginary line, Scotland may be said to consist of two distinct regions—the Highlands, which are Celtic, and the Lowlands, that are Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon. While the Lowlands, therefore, are not to be distinguished, as respects manners, language, and other circumstances in their condition, from the adjoining parts of

England, the Highlands are remarkable for many features peculiar to themselves. The Lowlands are the scene of active industry and civilisation, improved husbandry, and the seat of many flourishing towns and cities. The Highlands are chiefly mountainous and pastoral, the population is generally poor and thinly scattered, and the only towns considered to belong to the district, though inhabited to a great extent by Lowlanders, are Inverness, Inverary, Campbeltown, and Rothesay, with two or three of lesser importance. Why the Highlands should differ socially from the Lowlands, is a matter of enlightened curiosity, which we propose to explain.

The Highlands and Western Isles, as has been said, are Celtic, and from all that can be learned, they were never otherwise since the period of their first settlement. The Celts of the Highlands are a deeply interesting branch of the human family. They are a section of the numerous Celtic people which once occupied Gaul and all the other parts of western Europe, but which, in the progress of time, was generally driven by Romans, and Teutons or Goths, into the more inaccessible parts of Spain, France, and the British islands. Thus the Basques of Spain, the Auvergnese and Bretons in France, the inhabitants of Wales, Anglesea, and the Isle of Man, the Irish and the Highlanders, are all radically one people; and, till the present day, have less or more a resemblance in language, manners, and physical features. First pushed back by the Romans, and then encroached upon by the Anglo-Saxons (Anglified Teutons), the Scandinavians, and some other invaders, the Celts were finally, about the ninth century, confined to the Highland districts in which we now find them.

That the Celts once occupied the whole of Britain, is placed beyond a doubt by the names of nearly all the places in Scotland, and a very large number in England. These names are Celtic, and are in all cases significant of the nature or appearance of the places to which they are applied. Many of the names of places in France are in like manner Celtic, although slightly disguised in modern orthography. How interesting to reflect on the antiquity and permanence of this bequest! Two thousand years ago the Romans drove back the Celts from the Straits of *Calais;* still the name they gave them remains. *London* at the same time ceased to be an exclusively Celtic or British city; yet its Celtic name hangs to it till the present hour. Thus also *Dublin* and *Glasgow* have, ages ago, been Anglo-Saxonised; but their Celtic appellation is unchanged, and likely ever to be so.

The battles which the Romans, Saxons, and Danes had with the aboriginal British or Celtic tribes are matter of history; and, from all we can understand, did not differ materially in character or results from the engagements fought in modern times between the English forces and the aborigines in the colonies. On the one side was a rude and tumultuary defence of ancient possessions, and on the other a skilfully-conducted encroachment

and vengeful extermination. The modern English, and their brethren the Lowland Scotch, are at this moment enjoying lands forcibly, and on no principle of justice, wrested from their Celtic predecessors. Displaced and driven among the inaccessible fastnesses of Wales and the Highlands, the Celts long waged a war of reprisals on the new-comers of the plain: and with how little success, is well known. In Scotland, where the government was later in attaining a firm and settled character than in England, the struggle with the Celts was proportionately protracted. The Scottish monarchs long waged petty wars with the Highland tribes, who were not without valiant leaders; but generally with little avail. The perplexity of the government was considerably increased by the cession of the Western Isles by Norway in 1266. From this epoch the Macdonalds, who assumed the title of Lords of the Isles, gave new troubles to the sovereign. At length, after an age of strife, things came to a head. Donald, Lord of the Isles, aided by various chiefs and their followers, made the bold, and, as some will call it, gallant attempt to establish a Celtic independence, if not to reconquer the Lowlands from the Anglo-Saxon intruders. This proved a disastrous resolution. A battle, one of the greatest recorded in Scottish history, was fought at Harlaw in Aberdeenshire, between Donald and the Lowland forces, on the 24th of July 1411, in which the Highlanders were completely defeated. This battle was a finishing blow to all pretensions to Celtic independence; and ever afterwards, the Highland chiefs possessed no combined power of aggression, but confined themselves to local feuds and depredations.

The mountaineers being now for the first time subdued, James I., on ascending the Scottish throne (1424), began to attempt the introduction of order and civilisation among the clans; but, as may be supposed, on no humane or comprehensive plan. According to the fashion of the period, confiscations, fire and sword, and the gallows, were the engines employed to secure a result which can only be effectually achieved by a long course of considerate kindness. One of the first acts of the king's authority was to seize upwards of forty of the chiefs, and put the greater number of them to death—the remainder being bound over under heavy penalties to cease their predatory habits. The traditionary tales told of the ferocity of the Celts, and the vengeance executed on them about this period, are horrible in the extreme. Sir Walter Scott relates the following:—"Macdonald, head of a band in Ross-shire, had plundered a poor widow woman of two of her cows, and who, in her anger, exclaimed repeatedly that she would never wear shoes again till she had carried her complaint to the king for redress, should she travel to Edinburgh to seek him. 'It is false,' answered the barbarian; 'I will have you shod myself before you reach the court.' Accordingly, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman's naked feet, as if they had

been those of a horse; after which he thrust her forth, wounded and bleeding, on the highway. The widow, however, being a woman of high spirit, was determined to keep her word; and as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburgh, and throwing herself before James, acquainted him with the cruelty which had been exercised on her, and in evidence showed her feet still seamed and scarred. James heard her with that mixture of pity, kindness, and uncontrollable indignation which marked his character, and, in great resentment, caused Macdonald and twelve of his principal followers to be seized, and to have their feet shod with iron shoes in the same manner as had been done to the widow. In this condition they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed."

After the extinction of the powerful family of the Lords of the Isles, which was effected by the forfeiture of the last chief in the year 1493, the Highlanders became even more lawless and ungovernable than before. Till then, although yielding no obedience to the Scottish monarchs, they had recognised at least the authority of one or two paramount chiefs; but the extinction of the lines of these chiefs left them without any general government—a mere multitude of tribes huddled together, to live by mutual pillage and violence. Perhaps the most savage period in the history of the Highlands, is that from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, or a little later. "The strict, vigorous, and, considering the state of the people, the beneficial government of the great chiefs," says Mr Skene, "was gone, while the power of the royal government had not yet extended far beyond the Highland line; and the system of clanship which, in its perfect state, was the only one at all compatible with the peculiar condition of the Highlanders was, when broken in upon, and amalgamated with feudal principles, singularly ill adapted to improve their condition."

The following anecdote is told by Sir Walter Scott, as illustrative of the terrible feuds which the clans carried on at this period with each other:—"The Macleods, a powerful and numerous clan, who had extensive estates on the mainland, made themselves masters, at a very early period, of a great part of the large island of Skye, seized upon much of the Long Island, as the isles of Lewis and Harris are called, and fought fiercely with the Macdonalds and other tribes of the islands. About the end of the sixteenth century, a boat, manned by one or two of the Macleods, landed in Eigg, a small island peopled by the Macdonalds. They were at first hospitably received; but having been guilty of some incivility to the young women on the island, it was so much resented by the inhabitants, that they tied the Macleods hand and foot, and putting them on board of their own boat, towed it to sea, and set it adrift, leaving the wretched men, bound as they were, to perish by famine, or by

the winds and waves, as chance should determine. But fate so ordered it that a boat belonging to the Laird of Macleod fell in with that which had the captives on board, and brought them in safety to the laird's castle of Dunvegan in Skye, where they complained of the injury which they had sustained from the Macdonalds of Eigg. Macleod, in a great rage, put to sea with his galleys, manned by a large body of his people, which the men of Eigg could not entertain any rational hope of resisting. Learning that their incensed enemy was approaching with superior forces, and deep vows of revenge, the inhabitants, who knew they had no mercy to expect at Macleod's hands, resolved, as the best chance of safety in their power, to conceal themselves in a large cavern on the sea-shore.

"This place was particularly well calculated for that purpose. The entrance resembles that of a fox-earth, being an opening so small, that a man cannot enter save by creeping on hands and knees. A rill of water falls from the top of the rock, and serves, or rather served at the period we speak of, wholly to conceal the aperture. A stranger, even when apprised of the existence of such a cave, would find the greatest difficulty in discovering the entrance. Within, the cavern rises to a great height, and the floor is covered with white dry sand. It is extensive enough to contain a great number of people. The whole inhabitants of Eigg, who, with their wives and families, amounted to nearly two hundred souls, took refuge within its precincts.

"Macleod arrived with his armament, and landed on the island, but could discover no one on whom to wreak his vengeance—all was desert. The Macleods destroyed the huts of the islanders, and plundered what property they could discover; but the vengeance of the chieftain could not be satisfied with such petty injuries. He knew that the inhabitants must either have fled in their boats to one of the islands possessed by the Macdonalds, or that they must be concealed somewhere in Eigg. After making a strict but unsuccessful search for two days, Macleod had appointed the third to leave his anchorage, when, in the gray of the morning, one of the seamen beheld from the deck of his galley the figure of a man on the island. This was a spy whom the Macdonalds, impatient of their confinement in the cavern, had imprudently sent out to see whether Macleod had retired or not. The poor fellow, when he saw himself discovered, endeavoured, by doubling, after the manner of a hare or fox, to obliterate the track of his footsteps on the snow, and prevent its being discovered where he had re-entered the cavern. But all the arts he could use were fruitless; the invaders again landed, and tracked him to the entrance of the den.

"Macleod then summoned those who were within it, and called upon them to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The Macdonalds, still confident in the strength of their fastness, which no assailant

could enter but on hands and knees, refused to surrender their clansmen. Macleod next commenced a dreadful work of indiscriminate vengeance. He caused his people, by means of a ditch cut above the top of the rock, to turn away the stream of water which fell over the entrance of the cavern. This being done, the Macleods collected all the combustibles which could be found on the island, particularly turf and quantities of dry heather, piled them up against the aperture, and maintained an immense fire for many hours, until the smoke, penetrating into the inmost recesses of the cavern, stifled to death every creature within. There is no doubt of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place where the bones of the murdered Macdonalds still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church."*

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely to show the wretched state of the Highlands during the sixteenth century. To narrate all the attempts made by the government to reduce the clans to something like order and obedience, and thereby to free Scotland from the reputation it had with foreigners of being the most "savage" country in the world, would be impossible. The principal of these attempts are enumerated in the following passage from Mr Anderson's "Essay on the Highlands:"—"In vain," he says, "did a statute of James II. ordain 'that the justices on the south side of the Scottish sea hold their courts of circuit twice in the year; and in like manner on the north;' in vain did a parliament assemble at Edinburgh, in the reign of James IV., to devise means for checking the Islemen and Highlanders, 'who had almost become savage;' justices and sheriffs were in vain appointed for the Northern Isles; ordered to hold courts at Inverness and Dingwall; and various districts allotted to the jurisdiction of Perth and Inverness, whilst a sheriff was created to rule over Caithness—the evil was too powerful for the remedy. The vigorous understanding of James V. led him to imitate his predecessors, but with greater constancy and success, in humbling the nobles. He visited the Orkneys and the Hebrides, and compelled the rude chieftains to acknowledge the offended majesty of the laws. But what little good was effected in one way, was done away with in another. In Mary's reign a new enactment was set forth. Seventeen Border, and thirty-four Highland tribes are enumerated, whose leaders were commanded to give sureties for their behaviour, and were made answerable for their dependents. The repeated insurrections in after reigns make it manifest, from whatever cause, that the act was never enforced."

The accession of the Stuarts to the throne of England altered

* In the journal of his Voyage to the Hebrides, August 1814, Sir Walter Scott says, "I brought off, in spite of the prejudices of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded."—*See Note, "Lord of the Isles."*

the position and prospects of the Highlands. Instead of being, as hitherto, a large portion of a nation capable of striking awe and terror into the rest, they became a mere fragmentary savage people, placed in contact with an overwhelming majority of civilised citizens bound together by ties of common interest. There was now an end for ever to the possibility of their attaining national power. Still they were numerous enough, and inspired with sufficiently strong and peculiar feelings, to play an important part in public affairs. Accordingly, the history of the Highlands during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is intimately connected with the most essential parts of British history during the same period.

It is strange to find the Highlanders, during the civil wars of the seventeenth, and the rebellions of the eighteenth century, fighting on the side of those very Stuarts who had all along been the great enemies of their race, who had narrowed their territories, exterminated their chiefs, and treated their most hallowed customs as savage habits, which it was necessary to abolish. There is no other way of accounting for the fact, than the supposition that the cause of the Stuarts was really the more Highland-like cause of the two; and that, therefore, the Highlanders embraced it. The feudal government of the Stuarts had been a decided improvement upon the old Celtic government, and therefore the Celts were opposed to it; but when, as during the civil wars, they had to choose between the government of the Stuarts and a government upon still more advanced principles, their instincts led them to prefer the worse, or more retrograde of the two. But all the bravery of the Celts could not prop up the sinking cause of royalism. The defeat at Philiphaugh compelled the gallant Montrose to leave the Highlands, which then fell under the iron rule of Cromwell. Cromwell did for the Highlands what none of the Scottish kings had ever been able to effect—he reduced them to something like order. "The name of Oliver, I am told," says Captain Burt in his "Letters from Scotland," written early in the eighteenth century, "continues still to be used in some parts as a terror to the children of the Highlanders. He invaded the borders of the Highlands, and shut the natives up within their mountains. In several parts he penetrated far within, and made fortresses and settlements among them; and obliged the proudest and most powerful of the chiefs of clans, even such as had formerly contended with their kings, to send their sons and nearest relations as hostages for their peaceable behaviour.

"He had twelve hundred men in and near the citadel of Inverness, under the command of one Colonel Fitz, who had been a tailor, as I have been informed by a very ancient laird, who said he remembered every remarkable passage which happened at that time, and most especially Oliver's colours, which were so strongly impressed on his memory, that he thought he then

saw them spread out by the wind, with the word Emmanuel (God with us) upon them in very large golden characters."

On the restoration of Charles II., the forts erected by Cromwell in the Highlands were destroyed, and the country relapsed into the anarchy of clanship. As the Highlanders had fought for the Stuarts, so now they became instruments in their hands for maintaining their despotic policy, and crushing the obnoxious spirit of liberty which was rising throughout the nation. The most glaring instance of this brutal employment of the physical force of a half-civilised race to overpower the national spirit, was the measure adopted for the suppression of Presbyterianism in the western counties of Scotland. Ten thousand armed Highlanders were brought from their homes, and quartered on the poor Nonconformists of the west, in order to vex them into compliance with the wishes of government in favour of Episcopacy; and the ravages of the "Highland Host," in the year 1678, constitute one of the most terrible items in the persecutions of the reign of Charles II.

"After the Revolution, the Highlanders joined the Viscount of Dundee in an attempt to procure the restoration of James VII., and were successful at Killiecranky in July 1689, though the death of their leader prevented them from prosecuting the war any farther with advantage. From this period the chiefs of the various names or clans into which the population was divided kept up a close correspondence with the exiled royal family, and in many cases their sons were brought up in France under the eye and influence of that unfortunate race. Being also supplied with presents of money, and with shipments of arms, they kept themselves constantly in a state of readiness to rise in favour of the House of Stuart. From the chief himself, who was either influenced by political enthusiasm or less worthy motives, down to the humble serfs, who glowed with martial ardour over the songs of bards regarding the exploits of their fathers under Montrose, one common spirit prevailed; and only in very rare instances was a chieftain ever bought off by the existing government."

Defeated in these efforts to establish the claims of James VII. (II. of England), it ought to have been the duty of the government of William III. to reclaim and attach the Highlanders by considerate and gentle measures. It was the misfortune of William, however, as respects Scotland, to have to depend on the mean-minded and dishonest crew who at the time composed the Scotch administration. Influenced by the recommendations of the Earl of Stair, the Earl of Breadalbane, and Sir John Dalrymple, who expected to procure grants of forfeited estates, the king issued severe edicts against certain Highland chiefs. In August 1691, a proclamation was made requiring all to submit and take the oaths to government before the 1st of January 1692, under the pain of military execution. Terrified with the preparations making to compel subjection, all the chiefs took the re-

quired oaths previous to the appointed period, with the exception of Macdonald of Glencoe—a secluded valley in Argyleshire. This tardiness of Glencoe appears, from existing evidence, to have been exceedingly pleasing to the Earl of Breadalbane, who, as the chief of a Campbell clan, had a feud with the Macdonalds. At length Glencoe felt that resistance to the Revolution settlement was hopeless, and about the end of December 1691, "applied to Colonel Hill, governor of Fort-William, to administer to him the oath of allegiance, that he might be entitled to the indemnity; this Hill refused, as not being qualified, but sent him to the sheriff of Argyle, to whom he wrote an urgent letter, intreating him to receive a lost sheep. With this letter Macdonald hastened to Inverary; but the bad roads, a violent storm, and other hindrances, prevented his arriving until the time mentioned in the proclamation had expired. The sheriff-depute, Sir John Campbell of Ardkinglass, at first declined, because the last of December, the time appointed for taking the oath, was gone by, and the benefit of the indemnity was strictly forfeited; but, moved by his tears and intreaties, he at last consented to receive it, upon the 6th of January; and immediately despatched it to Edinburgh, with a certificate and Colonel Hill's letter to Colin Campbell, sheriff-clerk of Argyle (then in that city), accompanied by a request that he would lay the documents before the council, and inform him whether Glencoe's allegiance were accepted. Campbell went instantly to Lord Aberuchil, a privy counsellor, and requested him to present the papers; but by the advice particularly of Lord Stair, the president, the circumstance of Glencoe's taking the oath was suppressed, and the certificate obliterated, before the documents were given to the clerk of the council.

"When Macdonald had sworn allegiance, he returned home without dread, informed his people that he had made his own peace, and engaged them to live quietly under King William. But while living in security, and, as he imagined, under the protection of government, a terrible tempest was gathering around him. The Master of Stair, who regretted that so many had taken advantage of the indemnity, expressed the fellest exultation when he heard that the devoted victim was within his toils. 'Just now,' said he in one letter, 'Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I rejoice!' And in another, 'I am glad that Glencoe did not come within the time prescribed.' With the delight of an avenging spirit he brooded over the ruthless plan of sudden, certain, and unsparing extirpation. 'When anything concerning Glencoe is resolved'—these were his expressions—'let it be secret and sudden. I hope what is done there may be in earnest, since the rest are not in a condition to draw together to help. I think to herry their cattle, or burn their houses, is but to render them desperate lawless men to rob their neighbours. But I believe you will be satisfied it were a great advantage to the nation that that thieving tribe were

rooted out and cut off. It must be quietly done, otherwise they will make shift for both the men and their cattle. Argyle's detachment lies in Lettrickwell, to assist the garrison to do all on a sudden. I am content that clan except itself; for my part I could have wished the Macdonalds had not divided.'

"Instructions were obtained from the king on the 11th of January, in the usual style, ordering fire and sword against all the Highland clans who had not taken the oaths; but as these did not exclude mercy, and as Breadalbane at least knew that it was possible, even under them, to be tried for murder, an additional order was procured super and subscribed by the king. 'As for Glencoe and his tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it would be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that sect of thieves.' The directions given by Dalrymple, which accompanied his majesty's warrant, were rigorously inhuman. 'The winter is the only season,' said the secretary, 'in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains. It is the only time that they cannot escape you, for the human constitution cannot endure to be so long out of houses. This is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights; and I expect,' he adds, 'you will find little resistance but from the season! I intreat you, that for a just vengeance and public example, the tribe of Glencoe may be rooted out to purpose. The Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane have promised that they shall have no retreat on their grounds, the passes to Rannoch will be secured, and the hazard certified to the Laird of Weems to reset them; in that case Argyle's detachment, with a party that may be posted in island Stalker, must cut them off.' Orders equally atrocious were sent to the subordinate agents. Sir Thomas Livingston thus wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton on the 23d of the month of January—more than a fortnight after the parties knew that Macdonald had come in, that his submission had been accepted, and that he was relying on the public good faith—'That it was judged for good news that Glencoe had not taken the oath of allegiance within the time prefixed, and that Secretary Stair, in his last letter, had made mention of him [the lieutenant-colonel]; for here, sir,' continues he, 'is a fair occasion for you to show that your garrison serves for some use; and seeing that the orders are so positive from court to me, not to spare any of those that have not timely come in—as you may see by the order I sent to your colonel—I desire you would begin with Glencoe, and spare nothing which belongs to him; but do not trouble the government with prisoners.'

"Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, in transmitting his orders to Major Duncanson, conveys them in terms of similar relentless ferocity. All the outlets of escape were to be strictly guarded, and he therefore tells him, 'You are to order your affairs so, that

you be at the several posts assigned you by seven of the clock to-morrow morning, being Saturday, and fall in action with them, at which time I will endeavour to be with the party from this place at the post appointed them. It will be necessary that the avenues minded by Lieutenant Campbell on the south side be secured, that the old fox nor none of his cubs get away: the orders are, that none be spared, nor the government troubled with prisoners.'

"A month had been passed in the vale of Glencoe by the chieftain and his clan in unsuspecting tranquillity; they had received no notice that their submission had not been accepted, and having remained so long unmolested, had no reason to dread that they would ever hear more upon the subject, when, in the beginning of February, Campbell of Glenlyon, whose niece was married to Alexander, one of Glencoe's sons, arrived from Fort-William with a party of one hundred and twenty men. At the entry of the glen, John, the eldest son, accompanied by twenty followers, who could easily have defended the pass, met his relative, and demanded the reason of his coming. Being assured that they were only intended to quarter, as the garrison was overcrowded, he welcomed them cordially, and billeted them among the inhabitants, who entertained them with kind familiar hospitality. For a fortnight Glenlyon daily pledged his nephew in the Highland expression of kindness—a morning cup; and they spent together at cards the very evening on which the orders arrived that not one male under seventy should see the morning dawn! On that day the officers had engaged to dine with Glencoe; but they were to meet at a very different banquet! At midnight the cry of murder arose, and the vale that at the close of even had resounded with mirth and conviviality, was disturbed with the groans of death and the shrieks of despair. The orders were to attack their defenceless hosts while asleep; but the murmuring of some of the less hardened soldiers excited suspicion, and prevented the destruction from being as complete as it was intended to be instantaneous. The eldest son, alarmed, ran instantly to Glenlyon's quarters to require some explanation, where he found the captain and his men preparing their arms. Glenlyon received him affectionately, and accounted for his preparations by telling him they were to march against some of Glengarry's men; and asked, if mischief had been intended, whether he imagined he would not have told his nephew and his niece? Satisfied with the insidious villain's apparent frankness, he returned home on purpose to retire again to rest, when his servant prevented him; and on the approach of a party with fixed bayonets, he fled to the hills, but he heard the shots of the assassins, who immediately commenced their murderous work. His brother, too, owed his life to his servant, who awoke him with the appalling exclamation—'It is no time for you to be sleeping when they are murdering your brother at the door!'

and he joined his brother in his flight. Their father was not so fortunate; a Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party, came to his house about four in the morning, and calling in a friendly manner, were admitted without hesitation. Glencoe, awakened by the entrance of the ruffians, was shot as he was rising out of his bed to receive them; and his wife, who had risen and dressed, was stripped naked by the wretches, who tore the rings with their teeth from her fingers!

"At Glenlyon's quarters the soldiers made a sport of their victims. Nine men were bound, and deliberately shot one after another; and when he, Glenlyon, wished to save a young man about twenty, a Captain Drummond killed him on the spot. But he ordered his landlord to be murdered; and a young boy of thirteen, while clinging to his knees, crying for mercy, and offering to be his servant for life, was pistolled in that posture. At Achnacon, another part of the valley, while a company of ten were seated around a fire, a Sergeant Barber poured in a volley upon them, which killed four, and wounded as many of the rest. One of the others, whose guest Barber had been, requested the favour of dying in the field, and, as an indulgence, he was taken without to be put to death; but while the soldiers were preparing, he threw his plaid, which was loose, over their faces, and escaped in the dark. An old man of eighty was butchered; and another, who had been wounded, having crawled into a cottage for protection, the place was set fire to, and he perished in the flames. A woman with an infant at her breast, and several children not exceeding four years of age, perished in the massacre. In all, thirty-eight persons fell by the hands of their guests; the rest, alarmed by the report of musketry and the cries of their friends, fled to the hills during a tremendous storm, and found from the less merciless elements that protection denied them by the inhumanity of man. The tempest, that added to the horrors of the night, saved them from destruction. While the west end of the glen was blocked up by Major Duncanson, with a detachment from Fort-William, the troops intended to secure the other outlet were prevented, by the inclemency of the weather, from getting forward at the appointed hour; and when Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton arrived at noon, there only remained one old man, who was wantonly killed by his orders. Rapine succeeded carnage, and the peace of the valley was secured by its utter desolation. The cottages were reduced to ashes, and the cattle, one thousand cows and two hundred horse, were driven away by the murderers, and shared as legal spoil among them.

"Never was prophecy better fulfilled than what Dalrymple predicted as the consequence of an imperfect attempt, when he wrote to Colonel Hill, 'Better not meddle with them than not do it to purpose.' The complaints of the Macdonalds who escaped filled Scotland with horror. The 'massacre,' as it was commonly

termed, seemed like a revival of the system that had been destroyed, and in deliberate perfidy and cruelty fell little behind any of the foul deeds of the former government. Nor was the outcry confined to Scotland alone: the Jacobites, glad to find a parallel to any of their own execrable acts, made Europe resound with their loud expressions of abhorrence. The Paris journals blazoned it with every aggravation; and while William's character suffered abroad, every art was used to render him detestable at home. The most odious part of this horrible transaction does certainly belong to the deliberate, revengeful, and villanous politics of Dalrymple; but it is impossible to free William from having incautiously at least signed a warrant for military execution, without having sufficiently ascertained the necessity of the case. That there were precedents for letters of fire and sword, forms no excuse; the restorer of a nation's rights cannot plead, in extenuation of his errors, the execrated precedents of an abolished tyranny; but for the second exterminating order there was no precedent. His only excuse for a crime which rendered the Highlanders irreconcilable to his government, must be sought for in the error which alienated from him the affections of a majority of his Lowland subjects—his associating in his councils men inured to all the despotic and sanguinary measures of the late reigns, and rewarding, instead of punishing, the ministers of cruelty, who first ruined, and then betrayed their late master."*

The massacre of Glencoe was long held in remembrance and detestation in Scotland, and contributed materially to assist the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, in which certain Highland clans, as is well known, played a conspicuous part. By the superstitious Celt, it was believed that the massacre would hang like a curse on the Campbells, for their treacherous cruelty on the occasion. A thrilling story illustrative of this is told by General Stewart. "The late Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon," he says, "retained this belief through a course of thirty years' intercourse with the world, as an officer of the 42d regiment, and of marines. He was grandson of the Laird of Glenlyon, who commanded the military at the massacre of Glencoe, and who lived in the Laird of Glencoe's house, where he and his men were hospitably received as friends, and entertained a fortnight before the execution of his orders. He was playing at cards with the family when the first shot was fired, and the murderous scene commenced. Colonel Campbell was an additional captain in the 42d regiment in 1748, and was put on half-pay. He then entered the marines, and in 1762 was major, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and commanded eight hundred of his corps at the

* History of Scotland, by James Aikman. We have preferred taking the account of this terrible affair from a writer favourable to the Revolution settlement, and not likely to overstate the melancholy circumstances.

Havannah. In 1771 he was ordered to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier of marines condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent; but the whole ceremony of the execution was to proceed until the criminal was upon his knees, with a cap over his eyes, prepared to receive the volley. It was then he was to be informed of his pardon. No person was to be told previously, and Colonel Campbell was directed not to inform even the firing party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the waving of a white handkerchief by the commanding officer. When all was prepared, and the clergyman had left the prisoner on his knees, in momentary expectation of his fate, and the firing party were looking with intense attention for the signal, Colonel Campbell put his hand into his pocket for the reprieve, and in pulling out the packet, the white handkerchief accompanied it, and catching the eyes of the party, they fired, and the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead.

"The paper dropped through Colonel Campbell's fingers, and clapping his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, 'The curse of God and of Glencoe is here: I am an unfortunate ruined man.' He desired the soldiers to be sent to the barracks, instantly quitted the parade, and soon afterwards retired from the service. This retirement was not the result of any reflection or reprimand on account of this unfortunate affair, as it was known to be entirely accidental. The impression on his mind, however, was never effaced."

The barbarity which suggested the massacre of Glencoe was almost paralleled by the proscription of the clan Macgregor (see an account of Rob Roy and the clan Macgregor, No. 117, in the present series), which, like every other act of vengeance, led to consequences the very contrary of those which were intended. Rankling with indignation, full of traditionary hate, and unrestrained by habits of peace, certain clans in 1715 poured down to aid the Earl of Mar in his attempt to re-establish the Stuarts. Being eventually defeated in this enterprise, they afterwards became a subject of serious consideration to the government, and some attempts were made during the reigns of George I. and II. to break up their military power. An act passed for disarming them succeeded to a certain extent; though, it is said, the clans friendly to government were thereby rendered powerless, while the disaffected tribes either secretly retained a great part of their weapons, or were afterwards supplied with more. Something was also done by means of garrisons at Fort-William, Fort-Augustus, and Inverness, to overawe the country. But the most effectual expedient was the cutting of two lines of road from Crieff to the two chief forts, which was done by the garrison soldiers under General Wade. These roads, which were finished in 1737, and amounted altogether to two hundred and fifty miles in aggregate extent, destroyed in a great measure

that impregnable and fortress-like character which had formerly belonged to the Highlands. Yet long ere any particular effect was observed to result from these measures, another insurrection took place. Under the direction of Prince Charles Stuart, an army of Highlanders descended upon the Lowlands, September 1745; and having defeated a body of national troops at Prestonpans, marched into England, where they reached a point only a hundred miles from the capital ere any adequate force could be assembled to oppose them. This army was ultimately defeated at Culloden, and the terrors of military law were again let loose on this unhappy district of country.

It was, however, getting too late in the day to continue any regular system of oppression. The phenomenon of a Highland host near the seat of government turned public attention to the condition of the clans, and the government felt that deliberate inquiry and legislation were necessary. We cannot better convey an idea of the state of the Highlands at this period, than by extracting the following passages from a narrative written in 1747, and entitled "An Inquiry into the Causes which Facilitate the Rise and Progress of Rebellions and Insurrections in the Highlands of Scotland:"—

"The Highlands," begins this accurate and interesting paper, "comprehends about 230 parishes, including the Western Islands and Orkneys. There are not fewer in every parish, at a medium, than 800 examinable persons—that is, persons above nine years of age. Those of nine, and under that age, will amount to 200—that is, about one-fifth of the whole number. Thus in every parish, at a medium, there will be 1000 souls, and in the country 230,000; and the whole force and power of this country, were every man betwixt the age of eighteen and fifty-six to be put under arms, would be equal to an army of 57,500 men. But according to the present economy of the Highlands, there is not business for more than one-half of that number of people; that is, the agriculture, the pasturage, the fishery, and all the manufactures in that country, can be sufficiently managed by one-half of that number. The other half, then, must be idle and beggars while in the country; that is, there are in the Highlands no fewer than 115,000 supernumerary people.

"The expense of 115,000 souls, who at present can have no business or employment in the country, cannot be less than one penny sterling a-day—that is, about £1, 10s. sterling a-year—each person: that is, their whole expense per annum will be £172,500 sterling. A great number of these persons do probably gain equal to their expense, in the low countries, during the season of herding [tending cattle in open-field pastures], of harvest, of hay, and by other labour during the spring and summer; but then the rest of these people must be supported in the Highlands, where they constantly reside, as they gain nothing. These

we cannot suppose under one-half of the whole number; so that there are in that country 57,500 souls who live, so many of them upon charity, and who are vagrant beggars through the Highlands and the borders of it. Many of them live an idle saunteringing life among their acquaintance and relations, and are supported by their bounty; others get a livelihood by blackmail contracts, by which they receive certain sums of money from people of substance in the country, to abstain from stealing their cattle; and the last class of them gain their expense by stealing, robbing, and committing depredations.

"It is not easy to determine the number of persons employed in this way; but it may be safely affirmed that the horses, cows, sheep, and goats yearly stolen in that country are in value equal to £5000; that the expenses lost in the fruitless endeavours to recover them will not be less than £2000; that the extraordinary expenses of keeping herds and servants to look more narrowly after cattle on account of stealing, otherwise not necessary, is £10,000. There is paid in blackmail or watch-money, openly and privately, £5000; and there is a yearly loss by understocking the grounds, by reason of thefts, of at least £15,000; which is altogether a loss to landlords and farmers in the Highlands of £37,000 sterling a-year.

"These last mischiefs occasion another, which is still worse, although intended as a remedy for them; that is, the engaging companies of men, and keeping them in pay to prevent these thefts and depredations. As the government neglect the country, and don't protect the subjects in the possession of their property, they have been forced into this method for their own security, though at a charge little less than the land-tax. The person chosen to command this watch, as it is called, is commonly one deeply concerned in the thefts himself, or at least that hath been in correspondence with the thieves, and frequently who hath occasioned thefts, in order to make this watch, by which he gains considerably, necessary. The people employed travel through the country armed, night and day, under pretence of inquiring after stolen cattle, and by this means know the situation and circumstances of the whole country. And as the people thus employed are the very rogues that do these mischiefs, so one-half of them are continued in their former business of stealing, that the business of the other half may be necessary in recovering."

The author, it will be seen from these extracts, considered the principal cause of the readiness of the Highlanders to plunge into rebellions to be their extreme poverty—the over-populousness, in other words, of the Highlands in proportion to their resources. "This poverty," he says, "is occasioned and continued by a custom that is presently in use, and hath long obtained in that country—namely, the practice of letting of many farms to one man, who again subsets them to a much greater number than

those can maintain, and at a much higher rent than they can afford to pay. This obliges these poor people to purchase their rents and expenses by thefts and robberies, in which they are indulged and protected by their landlords, as these are the principal means of providing both. There are many instances of sixteen families living upon one plough of land; and in the head of the parish of Buchanan, and many other places, there are about one hundred and fifty families who live upon lands that don't pay of yearly rent above £90 sterling; none of them have any employment; most of them possess a cot-house, a little yard [kitchen garden], an acre or two of ground full of rocks, and a cow's grass or two. Thus the people are always poor, and always dependants."

The following are the author's observations on the character of the Highlanders, as formed by the system he has just described:—"The commonalty are of a smaller size than the people of the low country; and as they are not accustomed to any hard labour, and are in the constant use of hunting, fowling, and following their cattle through the mountains, they are of wonderful agility of body, and capable to travel with ease at a great rate. Their dwellings and dress expose them so much to the weather, that by custom they can bear the severities of it without prejudice. Their diet is neither delicate nor opulent; nay, they will feast upon a meal that would starve most other people. They know no more of the improvements in common life than the breeding of cattle, the making of hay, butter, and cheese. Notwithstanding of this, they are masters of a wonderful sagacity and cunning, and which is scarcely to be found in any other common sort of people. But as the estate of every considerable heritor is there looked upon as a kind of principality, so hence arise so many separate interests, and from thence jealousies, feuds, depredations, and thefts; all which affect the common sort, and in so far open their understandings and sharpen their judgments. The tacksmen or goodmen, as well as the gentry, are generally larger-bodied men than the inferior sort. The whole of the people are capable of any improvement; and 'to deny them courage and valour would be doing them great injustice, for in that they are inferior to none, and few equal them.' Gentlemen of estates, and the better sort, who have had the advantages of education, make as good a figure in their station of life as any other people who move in the same sphere; only they affect a stateliness much above their rank in the world, and much above what their small estates can afford. The great, nay, absolute submission paid them by their dependants, the want of the frequent society of people either of a superior or equal quality to themselves, and their remoteness from places where the authority and strength of the civil government is vigorously preserved by its various subordinate powers, may occasion some singularities."

The conclusion at which the author arrived was one which

must have commended itself to the understanding of every intelligent person. "So long," he says, "as the Highlands continues in its present state, so long will there be insurrections, thefts, and depredations, and so long will the people be in poverty and ignorance, and tools not only to every foreign power at war with Great Britain, but to every discontented subject who hath the interest and address to play them to answer to his designs. If the people of estates and interest in the Highlands, who are disaffected to the present government, would allow themselves to think impartially, they would soon observe how inhumanly they have been used in all these state struggles, and that it is their greatest interest to have the Highlands civilised, and brought under a regular government. They would be no longer the dupes of designing people, nor undergo any longer the severities and hardships that these intrigues have drawn upon them in preceding times; and their estates must improve with peace and tranquillity."

These sentiments, mixed, perhaps, with a less noble feeling of political revenge, animated the government; and in the year 1748 three legislative acts were passed, which effected a sweeping change in the state of the Highlands. The first was a law prohibiting, under the penalty of six months' imprisonment for the first offence, and of transportation for the second, the use of tartan or chequered cloth, for ages the peculiar dress of the Celts. The second was an act forbidding the carrying of arms, under similar penalties. The third was the abolition of heritable jurisdictions all over Scotland, and the substitution of a system under which justice was to be administered by sheriffs appointed by the crown.

This last-mentioned act—the abolition of heritable jurisdictions—was perhaps the wisest law ever enacted by the British legislature. Hitherto the chiefs of clans in the Highlands, and certain feudal superiors in the Lowlands, possessed an unlimited power over their dependants and vassals, both as respected civil and criminal jurisdiction. In such a state of things, law and justice were of course out of the question. Practically, the country was under the government, or, more correctly speaking, the misgovernment, of a number of barons and chieftains. That in Scotland, until the year 1748, it should have been within the power of the proprietor of a few acres of land to put a retainer to death, if it pleased his fancy, will now be considered a very curious circumstance; yet such was actually the case; and till the present day, the pits and gallowses of these heritable justiciars are shown among the ruins of feudal castles in different parts of the country. Adverse to sound polity as these jurisdictions were, the government did not consider itself entitled to abolish them without compensation, and their owners were compensated for their loss accordingly. The money spent in buying them up was £48,000; and it does not say much for the Scotch lairds to mention, that

in some instances they accepted of as small sums as £10 to give up rights which they ought to have voluntarily resigned. The transaction was rendered complete by the institution of sheriffs appointed by the crown. These were no longer to be unqualified, and little else than honorary functionaries, as the high sheriffs in England continue to be, but lawyers educated in the Supreme Courts at Edinburgh, and settled as a stipendiary magistracy in every county.

The abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, and the institution of stipendiary sheriffs, effected the most surprising change in Scotland; and from these events are to be dated nearly all the improvements, social and industrial, which we now see throughout the country. The removal of power from the clan-chiefs, who were henceforth to be amenable to the ordinary tribunals, was a death-blow to the patriarchal system which still lingered among the mountains. The Highlanders were now, in form at least, fairly incorporated with the rest of the British population; and all that remained to mark them out as a separate people was their use of the Gaelic language, which no act of parliament could destroy, and the continuance among them of old traditions and customs, which could not all at once die out. The crowning device for the pacification of the Highlands was Lord Chatham's proposal for raising Highland regiments, to be employed in the service of the government. By this bold and ingenious measure, government was at once freed from the fear of fresh disturbances in the Highlands, and provided with a body of troops who have always been signalised for their gallantry and general good behaviour.

CLANS—TRAITS OF MANNERS.

It does not appear that the Highlands, at any period of their history, were under a distinct monarchy. The various tribes were subject to certain principal chiefs styled *Maormars*, a title nearly equivalent to earls. In the course of time, the maormarships or earldoms passed into the hands of barons (favourites of the Scottish kings), and their dependent tribes had separated into a number of small and independent clans, who, besides having to oppose the tyranny and encroachments of these barons, were at constant feud with each other, either for the nominal title of chief, or for some other cause. Here, therefore, we have the true account of the origin of the system of clans. The clans were the fragments of the old Celtic tribes, whose maormars had been destroyed, each tribe dividing into a number of clans. When the old Celtic tribe was deprived of its chief, the boldest spirits among the minor chieftains would gather round them, each a body of partisans, who would assume his name, and obey his orders. It might even happen that, from certain favourable circumstances, a Saxon or a Norman stranger would thus be able to gain a circle of adherents out of a broken and chieftainless

Celtic tribe, and so become the founder of a clan—a supposition which it is necessary to make, to account for the undoubted fact, that the ancestors of many of the best Highland families—the house of Argyle, for example—were Teutonic or Norman settlers.

The word *clan* signifies family, and a clan was a certain number of families of the same name, sprung, as was believed, from the same root, and governed by the lineal descendant of the parent family. This patriarchal form of society prevailed in the infancy of mankind; it was the form common in the days of Abraham; and till the present day it exists in Arabia, and other eastern countries. The Celts, an eastern people, brought clanship with them to Albyn (Britain); and it prevailed all over the island, even while a supreme allegiance was given to kings. The feudal form of society, which in time swept away the patriarchal, did not differ substantially from it. The only difference was, that the feudal baron did not pretend to be allied by blood to his retainers; he was a military chief, usually a creature of the sovereign, who got a tract of land, with all upon it, on condition of doing suit and service to the state.

In the Lowlands of Scotland the feudal system was firmly established, and till this day all holdings of heritable property are feudal. There was a time when the feudal and the patriarchal may be said to have blended, and it is difficult now to say how the one ended and the other began. The patriarchal or clan system existed longest in the Border districts, Galloway, and the Highlands. Each of these had its own chief, and was a torment to the sovereign. A Scotsman of the present day can tell the names by which the clans of these three districts were respectively distinguished. On the Borders there were Kers, Scotts, Elliots, Armstrongs, Johnstons, Jardines, Grahams, &c. In Galloway (shires of Wigton and Kirkcudbright), the clans were Celtic, and there were found M'Cullochs, M'Clumphas, M'Taggarts, M'Kellars, M'Lellans, &c. In the Highlands and Islands there were latterly about forty distinct clans, with several remnants of tribes, called broken clans. Each clan possessed three distinguishing tokens independently of its surname: these were its badge, its slogan or war-cry, and its tartan.

The following are the names of the principal Highland clans with their badges:—

Buchanan, birch; Cameron, oak; Campbell, myrtle; Chisholm, alder; Colquhoun, hazel; Cumming, common sallow; Drummond, holly; Farquharson, purple foxglove; Ferguson, poplar; Forbes, brown; Fraser, yew (some families, the strawberry); Gordon, ivy; Graham, laurel; Grant, cranberry heath; Gun, rosewort; Lamont, crab-apple; M'Allister, five-leaved heath; M'Donald, bell heath; M'Donnell, mountain heath; M'Dougall, cypress; M'Farlane, cloud berry bush; M'Gregor, pine; M'Intosh, boxwood; M'Kay, bulrush; M'Kenzie, deer grass; M'Kinnon, St John's wort; M'Lachlan, mountain ash; M'Lean, blackberry heath; M'Leod, red wortle-berries;

M'Nab, rose black-berries; M'Neil, sea-ware; M'Pherson, variegated boxwood; M'Rae, fir-club-moss; Monro, eagle's feathers: Menzies, ash; Murray, juniper; Ogilvie, hawthorn; Oliphant, the great maple; Robertson, fern; Rose, brier rose; Ross, bear-berries; Sinclair, clover; Stewart, thistle; Sutherland, cat's-tail grass. Sprigs of these badges were worn in the bonnet; but the chief of each clan was entitled to wear two eagle's feathers in addition.

Such is a pretty accurate list of the clans; some, however, are evidently Lowland; and it is difficult to say how these have established any claim to the Celtic connexion. The Sinclairs are Scandinavian. The patronymic *Mac*, or its contraction *M'*, which signifies *son*, will be observed to belong to about one-half the number.

The use of tartan or chequered woollen cloth is of great antiquity among the Celtic tribes. Originally, the costume of the Highlanders consisted of little else than a garment of this material wrapped round the body and loins, with a portion hanging down to cover the upper part of the legs. In progress of time, this rude fashion was superseded by a distinct piece of cloth forming a philabeg or kilt, while another piece was thrown loosely as a mantle or plaid over the body and shoulders. In either case the cloth was variegated in conformity with the prescribed *breacan* or symbol of the clan; and hence the tartan was sometimes called *cath-dath*, or battle-colours, in token of forming a distinction of clans in the field of battle.

According to the author of the "Vestiarium Scoticum," the following, in the reign of James VI., was the list of chief and subordinate clans, each possessing its own tartan; among these clans, it will be observed, are included certain Lowland families or houses, who had also adopted the same kind of cognisance.

Clan Stewart—six colours, chiefly red, chequed with green, purple, black, white, and yellow.
Prince of Rothsay—three colours, chequed with green and white.
Royal Stewart—chiefly white, chequed with green, red, purple, and black.
Macdonald of the Isles—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, red, and white.
Ranald—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, red, and white.
Macgregor—chiefly red, chequed with green and white.
Ross—chiefly red, chequed with green and purple.
Macduff—chiefly red, chequed with green, black, and purple.
Macpherson—equal portions of black and white, with small lines of red and yellow.
Grant—chiefly red, with cheques of green and purple.
Monro—chiefly red, chequed with black and white.
Macleod—chiefly yellow, chequed with black and red.
Campbell—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, yellow, and white.
Sutherland—chiefly green, with black, purple, red, and white.
Cameron—chiefly red, chequed with green and yellow.

Macneil—chiefly green, with purple, black, white, and red.
Macfarlane—very dark, being chiefly black chequed with white.
Maclachlan—chiefly yellow, with cheques of brown.
Gillean or Maclean—chiefly green, chequed with black and white.
Mackenzie—nearly equal portions of green and purple, chequed with black, white, and red.
Fraser—chiefly red, chequed with purple, green, and white.
Menzies—equal portions of red and white.
Chisholm—chiefly red, chequed with purple, green, and white.
Buchanan—chiefly red and white, with small black stripes.
Lamont—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, and white.
Macdougall—chiefly red, chequed with black, purple, and green.
Mackintyre—chiefly green, chequed with purple, red, and white.
Robertson—chiefly red, chequed with purple and green.
Macnab—chiefly red, chequed with crimson, green, and black.
Mackinnon—chiefly red, chequed with green, black, and white.
Mackintosh—chiefly red, chequed with green, black, and white.
Farquharson—chiefly green, with purple, black, red, and yellow.
Gun—chiefly green, chequed with black and red.
Macarthur—chiefly green, chequed with black and yellow.
Mackay—chiefly a bluish-purple, with black and red cheques.
Macqueen—nearly equal portions of red and black, with yellow.
Bruce—chiefly red, with green, yellow, and white.
Douglas—very dark, being equal cheques of black and slate colour.
Crawford—equal portions of red and green, with white.
Ruthven—chiefly red, with purple and green.
Montgomery—chiefly light green, chequed with purple.
Hamilton—chiefly red, with purple and white.
Wemyss—chiefly red, chequed with black, white, and green.
Comyn—chiefly red, with green, black, and white.
Sinclair—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, red, and white.
Dunbar—chiefly red, chequed with green and black.
Leslie—chiefly red, chequed with purple, black, and yellow.
Lauder—chiefly green, with purple, black, and red.
Cunningham—chiefly red, with black, purple, and white.
Lindsay—chiefly red, with purple and green.
Hay—chiefly red, with green, yellow, white, and black.
Dundas—chiefly green, with purple, black, and red.
Ogilvie—chiefly green, beautifully chequed with purple, black, yellow, and red.
Oliphant—equal portions of green and purple, with black and white.
Seton—chiefly red, with small lines of green, black, purple, and white.
Ramsay—chiefly red, with black squares chequed with white.
Erskine—red and green.
Wallace—red and black, chequed with yellow.
Brodie—chiefly red, with black and yellow.
Barclay—chiefly light-green and purple, chequed with red.
Murray—chiefly green, chequed with black, purple, and red.
Urquhart—chiefly green, with black, purple, white, and red.
Rose—chiefly red, with small cheques of purple, green, and white.
Colquhoun—green, purple, black, red, and white.

Drummond—chiefly red, with green and dark red.
Forbes—chiefly green, with black, red, and yellow.
Scott—chiefly red, with green, red, and black.
Armstrong—chiefly green, with black, purple, and red.
Gordon—chiefly green, with purple, black, and yellow.
Cranstoun—yellowish-green, with purple and red.
Graham—chiefly green, with black cheques.
Maxwell—chiefly red, with green and black.
Home—dark purple, with black, red, and green.
Johnston—chiefly green, with purple, black, and yellow.
Ker—chiefly red, with black and green.

To this list the names of other Scottish families, who have adopted a peculiar set of tartan as a cognisance, could be added; and probably the entire number of tartans now fabricated for indiscriminate sale is not fewer than a hundred. One of the most commonly used patterns of tartan is that adopted by the 42d regiment—dark-green, chequed with purple. Some of what are called fancy tartans are gaudy, but not in good harmony or contrast of colour.

As modernised and improved by the Highland regiments, the "belted plaid," worn as the philibeg or small kilt, with a separate drapery depending from the shoulder in imitation of the ancient garb, is one of the most picturesque and graceful costumes to be seen in any part of the world; and although it leaves the legs bare at and a short way above the knees, we are assured that it is by no means too meagre an attire for cold weather. A gentleman in Edinburgh informs us that he never catches cold when dressed in the kilt, and hunting among his native Highland hills; but that he is always unwell after returning to town and donning the dress of the Lowlanders. Anciently, the Gael wore no shoes or garments for the legs. The feet were only on occasions covered with pieces of hide, tied with a thong, called *brogues*, which, though slender, were very lasting, and were well suited for walking or running on heathy mountains. The introduction of shoes, and also hose, formed from the same tartan cloth as the kilt, is comparatively modern. The hose of the common men in the Highland regiments are still not knitted or wove like stockings, but cut from the web, and sewed.

It appears that even in ancient times the Celtic tribes did not always wear the loose garments we have described; but that they also, or at least some of them, wore the *triughas* or *trius*, a species of vestment "formed of tartan cloth, nicely fitted to the shape, and fringed down the leg. They were sometimes merely striped, and were fastened by a belt around the loins, with a square piece of cloth hanging down before. It required considerable skill to make the trius. The measure was a stick, in length one cubit, divided into one finger and a half. There is preserved a Gaelic saying respecting this garment, by which we are given to understand that there were two full nails to the

small of the leg, eleven from the haunch to the heel, and three to the breech, a measure inapplicable to few well-made men."*

The coat, in which the upper part of the body and arms of the Highlanders are now invested, is of course quite modern, having come into use when the old form of the plaid was laid aside.† Made, as it usually is, with short skirts and small round buttons, it cannot be considered in harmony with the rest of the attire; but it is nevertheless convenient, and could not well be improved.

The bonnet has for ages been a part of the Highland costume, as it was formerly also of the Lowlanders, and, we may add, the English, previous to the introduction of felt hats. The English gave up bonnets sooner than the Scotch; and ultimately the cry that "the blue bonnets had come over the Border," was equivalent to saying that a party of Scotch marauders had entered England on one of their usual hostile incursions. The Highlanders, with whom the bonnet has remained longest as a part of ordinary dress, have adopted many shapes and modes of ornamenting their headgear. The heavy plume of black feathers used in the army is quite modern, and in exceedingly bad taste, besides being totally unconformable to the idea of a primitive and light costume. The true bonnet of the Highlands is small, either round or peaked in front, dark-blue or gray in colour. In fancy dress, as, for example, in the annexed cut, the bonnet occasionally has a band of tartan.

The full dress of Highland chiefs and gentlemen has always been liberally ornamented with sword, baldrick, dirk, large brooches, buckles, shot pouch, and purse. The purse or sporan is a most important part of the costume; it is formed of the skin of a wild animal with the hair on, and tied to the waist by a band, hangs down in front, so as to fall easily upon the lap, and not incommode the legs in walking. It is usually ornamented

* "The Scottish Gael." By James Logan. 2 vols. London. 1831.

† In England, a very extraordinary mistake is committed with respect to the meaning of the word *plaid*. The true signification of the term is mantle or scarf, a loose garment to be thrown over the shoulders; the English, however, apply it to the pattern, and speak of a "plaid dress," meaning a dress of chequered cloth. They also mispronounce the word, by saying *plad*; a deviation as inexcusable as it would be to call laid, *lud*.

with silver tags or tassels, and a flap covering the mouth of the purse is sometimes decorated with the vizard of a fox. "In many cases," says Logan, "the purse is composed of leather, like a modern reticule. It is formed into several distinct pockets, in which the Gael carried their money, watch, &c. and sometimes also their shot; but anciently they bore a similar wallet or build at the right side for the shot, or for a quantity of meal or other provision. This was termed *dorlach*, and was the knapsack of the Highland soldier; and small as that of the present military is, among the Gael it was still more portable. 'Those of the English who visited our camp,' says an author quoted by Jameson, 'did gaze with admiration upon those supple fellows the Highlanders, with their plaids, targets [shields], and dorlachs.' The purse admits of much ornament, but according to my taste, when too large, it hides the beauty of the kilt."

The chiefs of the clans exercised an arbitrary authority over their respective tribes; but we do not hear of their having abused this confidence, or acted tyrannically towards their inferiors. Between the chief and his clansmen there was much affectionate regard, and the pride of ancestry was a predominant sentiment in both. Beneath the chiefs, and above the general members of the clans, there was an intermediate class of persons called *duine uasles*; their claim of superiority consisted in tracing a not very remote descent from the family of the chief. Living in remote situations, in a mountainous country, the subsistence of the clans was on a meagre system of husbandry, and the pasturing of flocks and herds. The mode of life was simple, pastoral, and interesting. Each clan had its traditions, forming the themes of stories or poetic legends, which were recited by bards. The music of the Highlands was wild, and otherwise characteristic of a rude state of society. The bagpipe, which was the chief, if not the only instrument, is of great antiquity, and is found till the present day among the mountain tribes of Italy and other countries. Among the Highlanders, the piper was an important member of the tribe: his strains being equally serviceable in peace and war. None but Highlanders thoroughly enter into the feeling of bagpipe music. The tunes, as we may be allowed to call them, are for the most part *pibrochs*. A pibroch is a musical recitation of certain events, of whose character it partakes; it may refer to a battle, and describe the advance, the onset, the slaughter, the victory, the lament for the slain, and the return home. Among the Celts, the composer of a pibroch was held in as high estimation as we would now regard the writer of an opera.

On occasions of ceremony, as, for instance, on a visit to a neighbour, the chief of a Highland clan was attended by a retinue, called his *tail*. The tail was composed of the henchman; the bard or poet; the bladier or spokesman; the gillemore or bearer of the broadsword; the gillecasflue, whose business it was to carry the chief over fords; the gilleconstraine, who led the

chief in dangerous passes; the gilletruishanarnish, or carrier of the baggage; the piper; and lastly, the piper's gilly, who, as his master was always a gentleman, carried the pipes. Burt, a writer on the Highlands, thus speaks of the piper's functions:—"In a morning, when the chief is dressing, he walks backward and forward, close under the window, without doors, playing on his bagpipe, with a most upright attitude and majestic stride. It is a proverb in Scotland, namely, the stately step of a piper. When required, he plays at meals, and in an evening is to divert the guests with his music when the chief has company with him: his attendance in a journey, or at a visit. His gilly holds the pipe till he begins; and the moment he has done with the instrument, he disdainfully throws it down upon the ground, as being only the passive means of conveying his skill to the ear, and not a proper weight for him to carry or bear at other times. But, for a contrary reason, his gilly snatches it up; which is, that the pipe may not suffer indignity from its neglect."

What is somewhat remarkable, the Highland Celts do not seem ever to have possessed a native literature of any kind; a circumstance which tends to place them lower in an archæological point of view than their Irish kindred of the middle ages. In Iona there was a learned priesthood, but they were a colony of Irish settlers, who brought with them the civilisation of Hibernia, at that time a land of classical and general lore—the Greece of the British Islands. The only engines of what may be called refined amusement among the Highlanders were the bards or minstrels who went about reciting the traditionary poetry of the clans. We have a striking testimony of the general ignorance of letters among the Scottish Celts, that they have bequeathed no written history, and even no ballads, such as solaced them at their rude firesides. Not until Macpherson collected the scattered fragments of the wild epics of the hills, and dressed them up as the poems of the fictitious Ossian, were these legendary heroics impressed into literature—the literature, however, of England.

IMPROVEMENT AND PRESENT STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, and the settlement of an educated stipendiary magistracy, as has been shown, altered the social character of the Highlands. From the year 1748 the old clan-feeling gradually died out, as far as practical consequences were concerned. The bonds of legal connexion between the chiefs and their retainers were snapped. Now began an entirely new condition of society, which was greatly advanced by the rising taste for rural improvement. No longer able, or requiring, to draw out his clansmen to fight his petty battles, the chief was forced to the conclusion that they were a useless incumbrance to his estates. He was poor, and they were poor. As in Ireland at the present moment, it was almost a question

whether he, no longer a chief, but a laird or common proprietor, and they, no longer clansmen, but tenants at will, should vacate the estate. This was a critical posture of affairs. Ancient recollections would have induced the lairds to persevere; but the people could do no good as farmers. Every year their numbers were increasing, and the farms were diminishing in size. Without capital, and liable, from the precariousness of their crops, to be thrown occasionally into a state of destitution, their case demanded earnest consideration. There would appear to be times in history when even harshness partakes of the character of virtue. This was one of them. It was a harsh resolution which the lairds generally came to, nevertheless it is not without a reasonable show of excuse. They resolved to clear their lands of the greater number of the ancient inhabitants, and let them on lease to capitalist store-farmers from the low country, throwing perhaps as many as twenty or thirty small holdings into one. This was accordingly done—not without causing much present physical distress, as well as laceration of feeling.

The Gael felt it to be a dreadful thing to leave the glens of his forefathers, the churchyards where they were buried. What, also, were they to do? They could not speak the English tongue, nor were they acquainted with low-country usages. Hundreds had not a farthing in the world. The apparent severity of uprooting families so situated has engaged much controversy. One party contend that it was justifiable on every principle of necessity, law, and social economy. Another has declared that, however seemingly expedient, it was scarcely justifiable in equity; because the lands had been brought into the families of the chiefs by the swords of the clansmen, and accordingly that, by traditional right, they had a species of claim on the property. Our own opinion inclines to the latter view; but while sympathising in the expatriation of the Highlanders, we are conscious that their removal was indispensable. Fortunately, the *clearings*, as they are called, did not all take place at the same time. According to local circumstances, they were spread over a number of years, and were, on the whole, executed with humanity.

The largest of the clearings was in Sutherlandshire, on the extensive estates of the Countess, afterwards Duchess, of Sutherland; and it is no more than justice to say that the families were provided for to a certain extent, by being planted close to the sea, in the village of Golspie, where every humane effort was employed to create in them habits of industry and self-dependence. Beyond this, we think, no one could be expected to go, even as a matter of strict justice. Numerous families emigrated to America. The largest band of these emigrants was that of the Glengarry Highlanders, who are now comfortably located in the Glengarry settlement in Western Canada. When we add that many young men entered the army, and that many pushed off to the large Lowland towns for employment, we have said

all that is here necessary on the subject. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, and other towns, there are many Highlanders and their descendants, some still speaking Gaelic in their own family circles, but all gradually becoming intermingled with the general population.

In consequence of the clearings, the Highland counties are now generally under a strict economical system. Here and there, and more particularly in the islands, there are still clusters of an ancient tenantry, their miserable condition showing pretty clearly that it would really have been more humane to send them adrift with their neighbours. In a few instances, as, for example, in the Isle of Lewis, Lowland capital is endeavouring, by means of local and private improvements, to give employment to these poor Celts; transforming what were crofters or farmers on the most petty scale, into day labourers, paid by regular money wages. Where the country was subjected to the regular clearing process, the estates are sectioned into large farms, chiefly for the feeding of sheep and black cattle, and at good rents to the proprietors. Independently of this advantageous economical system, no little money is realised by letting rights of shooting for game —grouse, black-cock, ptarmigan, &c. and in a few places red-deer, the remains of the ancient objects of the chase. In Perthshire alone, upwards of £10,000 are realised as game rents; and in the whole Highlands, probably not less a sum than £40,000.

The following instances of the rise of the price of land in the Highlands within the last seventy years, will give an idea of the revolution which has been effected in Highland agriculture. "The estate of Castlehill, belonging to the Cuthberts, an ancient family, of whom the French Abbé Colbert, and the Bishop of Rodez, were cadets, was brought to judicial sale in or about the year 1779, and was purchased for the family by their agent for £8000 sterling. It was exposed in lots, for debts due to Mr Roberts, a London banker, in 1804, and sold for between £60,000 and £70,000 sterling. In 1787, the barony of Lentron, a holding of the family of Fraser of Strichen, producing a trifling rental, and itself in a wretched state, was sold, after a competition, at £2500 to a Mr Warren; five-and-twenty years afterwards, he disposed of it to Major Fraser of Newton for £20,000. Simon, Lord Lovat, sold the estate of Glenelg in Inverness-shire, in 1620, to M'Leod of Macleod for a few thousand merks Scots. In 1781, the rental of the same property was about £600 sterling per annum. M'Leod sold it in 1811 to Mr Bruce, banker in London, for £100,000. It was previously exposed, towards the close of last century, for less than £30,000." In none of all the Highland counties has the spirit of innovation been so powerfully at work as in Sutherlandshire. "When I came to the Highlands in 1809," are the words of a gentleman in a letter written in 1828, "the whole of Sutherland was nearly destitute of roads. This county imported corn and meal in return for the small value of

Highland kyloes (cattle), which formed its almost sole export. The people lay scattered in inaccessible straths and spots among the mountains, where they lived in family with their pigs and kyloes, in turf cabins of the most miserable description, spoke only Gaelic, and spent the whole of their time in indolence and sloth. At that time nothing could have led me to believe that, in the short space of ten years, I should, in such a county, see roads made in every direction, the mail-coach daily driving through it, new harbours constructed, in one of which upwards of twenty vessels have been repeatedly seen at one time taking in cargoes for exportation; coal, and salt, and lime, and brick-works established; farm-steadings everywhere built; fields laid off, and substantially enclosed; capital horses employed, with south-country implements of husbandry made in Sutherland; tilling the ground, *secundum artem*, for turnips, wheat, and artificial grasses; an export of fish, wool, and mutton, to the extent of £70,000 a-year; and a baker, a carpenter, a black-smith, mason, shoemaker, &c. to be had as readily, and nearly as cheap too, as in other countries."

While benefited by roads in the interior, the coasts of the Highlands have been immensely improved by the visits of steamboats; these vessels take away the produce of the country, and bring back articles of utility to the people. Not the least remarkable feature in the progress of Highland meliorations is this: No species of improvement has ever provoked outrage among the native population. The most afflicting clearings took place peaceably, and with a species of quiet resignation among the sufferers. This leads us to observe that the Celt of the Highlands is, in several features, a very different being from his brother Celt in Ireland. He is patient, docile, obedient, and economical, but is generally considered to be a little lazy and selfish. He has little or no enterprise, and, to be improved, he requires to be operated on by external influences; the truth being, that ages of tutelage under chiefs has afforded no proper culture of the higher faculties of the mind. He makes a better servant than a master; is a drudge, not a genius. Unless for his perseverance and steadiness, he is not prized in any civil profession. In the Highlander's mind, religious impression seems to have taken the place of veneration for his chief, and in both he has gone to the verge of bigotry. Instances of Highlanders rising to eminence in literature, science, or art, are exceedingly rare. Already it has been mentioned that the Highlands cannot show a scrap of ancient literature. If this says little for the accomplishments of the ancient Scottish Celts, it says still less that, in the present day, when many thousands as yet speak Gaelic, there is no such thing as a newspaper or periodical of any kind issued in that tongue. Are we to infer from this that the Highlander, even with his considerably improved tastes, has not yet been fired with a love of refined recreation? The

contrast between Wales and the Highlands in this respect is striking. In the year 1833, in Wales, with a population of 700,000, there were no fewer than seventeen periodicals of various kinds in the Welsh language; while in the Highlands, with a population not very much inferior, there was not one. A miscellany, called the "Gaelic Messenger," had indeed been set on foot; but it had been abandoned for want of support. The only literature of the Highlands consists of religious books and tracts, and the Bible, translated into Celtic for the use of those who cannot read English. Even this valuable branch of letters would not have been extended to the poor and deserving population, but for the exertions of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, formed in 1704; an institution which has been an important means of mental melioration. In 1769, the first edition of the New Testament in Gaelic made its appearance, under the auspices of the society just named; it was not, however, till so recently as 1802, that the whole Bible was translated. "In 1811, a Gaelic School Society was established in Edinburgh; and in the following year an Auxiliary in Glasgow, which last institution combined the teaching of English with Gaelic reading. A society was formed in 1818, in Inverness, for the education of the poor in the Highlands and Islands. This society instituted, in 1824–5, a series of very particular inquiries throughout all the different parishes in the Highlands and Islands." It appeared from the returns made to their inquiries, and which applied to about one-half of the whole population of the Highlands, "that 'one-half of all ages were then unable to read;' 'a third part of the families visited were above two miles distant from the nearest schools;' and 'a third part of the families visited were found to be without copies of the Scriptures.'" In 1825, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed a committee to superintend the means of religious education in the whole country, but especially in the Highlands and Islands; and since that time much has been done, in various ways, to extend the means of instruction among the Gaelic population. Yet, according to the most accurate information obtained after the census of 1831, it appeared that out of a population of 504,955 persons, inhabiting the Highlands and a few contiguous parishes, there were 83,396 persons unable to read either in English or Gaelic. Of the remainder, there were many who could read only in Gaelic, many who could read but imperfectly in either language, and many more whose education scarcely extended beyond reading—only one in three of those who could read possessing the additional accomplishment of being able to write. In some districts the destitution of instruction was greater than in others. Thus, in the Presbytery of Mull, out of a population of 24,113, there were 8104 who could not read; in the Presbytery of Uist there were 10,831 out of a population of 17,490; and in the single parish of Lochbroom, out of a popu-

lation of 4615, not more than 1000 could read. Still this state of things was an improvement upon what had prevailed at the date of the previous census—that of 1821; and happily the progress made since the census of 1831 has been corresponding, although, from the nature of the country, and the barrier offered to the dissemination of knowledge by the Gaelic language, much remains yet unaccomplished, and even unattempted. "It is an affecting peculiarity," says Mr Anderson, "that the order of nature is to a great extent reversed in our mountain glens; the adult being very frequently almost wholly dependent upon the young for access to Scriptural knowledge. Several Highland parishes are so extensive as from forty to sixty miles in extreme length, and twenty to thirty in extreme breadth, and many are not much smaller. It is thus out of the power of a great part of the population to attend the public services of the church, while the mountainous character of the country increases the difficulties of intercourse. The capacity of reading is thus of the more vital consequence, and schools in remote districts are signal blessings, the teacher in numerous instances becoming a sort of pastor or missionary to the inhabitants."

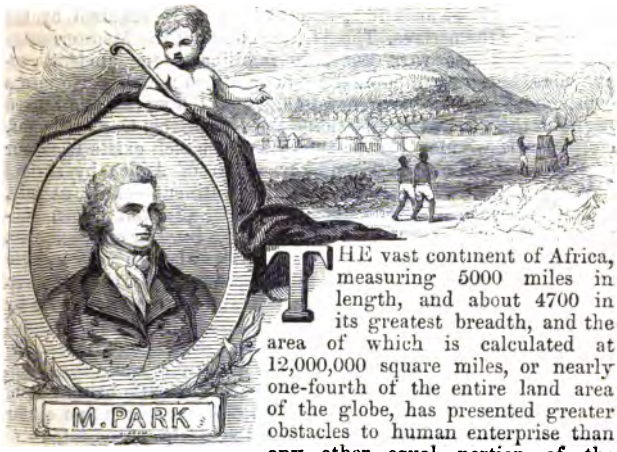
In addition to these observations, it must be stated, to the credit of the church of Scotland, that it has long laboured earnestly and successfully in spreading religious knowledge among the Highlanders by the usual means of clerical superintendence. It is a rule in the Scottish church to appoint and settle no clergyman in a Highland parish who cannot speak and preach in Gaelic. The usual practice is to preach in English one part of every Sunday, and in Gaelic the other. As all the religious bodies which have seceded from the church follow the same rule, it cannot be brought against the Scotch that they have neglected making a due provision for religious instruction in the Highlands and Islands.

While all reasonable diligence has been employed to effect these beneficial ends, it is gratifying to know that matters connected with the ancient manners of this interesting portion of the United Kingdom have not been forgotten. Although clanship has been broken up, Highlanders, wherever they are scattered, retain a species of reverence for those whom they consider their chiefs, as well as for the set of the tartan to which their respective clans were wont to adhere. Thus, every true Highlander or his descendant, in London, Edinburgh, or at the furthest corner of the earth, can tell who is his chief, what is the appearance of his tartan, or what is the nature of the cognisance which he should wear in his bonnet. In order to keep alive a knowledge and feelings of this not unamiable kind, the Caledonian Society of London patronise and support a festival which takes place at Edinburgh every third year. On this occasion prizes are distributed to the best players on the bagpipe, the best performers of Highland reels

and other dances, also to those who are the best or most correctly dressed in the ancient Highland costume. Bagpipers connected with the families of Breadalbane, Argyle, Sutherland, and others, usually attend; and the exhibition has certainly a marked effect in preserving the old Highland music and feelings. In different parts of the Highlands also, gatherings take place annually, under local patronage, for similar purposes, including the perpetuating of ancient out-door sports.

All these festive meetings take place in summer or autumn, when the Highlands are visited by hosts of tourists and sportsmen from the south. Every year, as the beauty of the picturesque scenery of the Highlands becomes better known, the number of visitors increases, and an excursion to no part of the world is productive of more pleasing emotions. The lakes and mountains of Stirling and Dumbartonshires; the rugged grandeur of Argyleshire; the picturesque beauty of the western coast and islands, more particularly of Staffa, of which we present a sketch beneath; the mountain passes and glens of Perthshire; the stupendous masses of Aberdeen and Inverness-shires—are all something new and striking to those who are accustomed to the tame though beautiful scenery of England.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.



THE vast continent of Africa, measuring 5000 miles in length, and about 4700 in its greatest breadth, and the area of which is calculated at 12,000,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the entire land area of the globe, has presented greater obstacles to human enterprise than any other equal portion of the earth's surface. The peculiar physical condition of Africa has operated as one cause of her isolation from the rest of the world. The other portions of our earth situated under the tropics consist generally either of sea, or of narrow peninsular tracts of land, and clusters of islands blown upon by the sea-breeze. Africa, on the other hand, presents scarcely one gulf or sea-break in its vast outline. A consequence of this compact geographical shape of a continent, the greater part of which is within the torrid zone, is its subjection, throughout its entire extent, to the unmitigated influence of the sun's heat. All that is noxious in climate we are accustomed to associate with Africa. Here stretching out into a boundless desert, where for days the traveller toils amid burning sands under a stifling sky—there covered with dense and swampy jungle, breathing out pestilence, and teeming with all repulsive forms of animal life, the African continent seems to defy the encroachments of European civilisation. And although, probably, our ideas of these African horrors will be modified by more accurate knowledge, enough seems ascertained to prove that the laying open of interior Africa to the general flood of human influences will be among the last achievements of the exploring spirit of our race.

Notwithstanding the difficulties which lie in the way, Africa

has at all times been an object of curiosity and interest to the inhabitants of the civilised parts of the earth; and scientific zeal, the desire of extending traffic, and even the mere thirst for adventure, have prompted many expeditions for the purpose of exploring its coasts and making discoveries in its interior. The ancients appear to have acquired much knowledge of Africa, which was afterwards lost, and had to be re-acquired by the moderns for themselves. The African coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were not only familiar to the ancient geographers, but were inhabited by populations which performed a conspicuous part in the general affairs of the world, and ranked high in the scale of civilisation—the Egyptians, Carthaginians, &c. Nor, if we may believe the evidence which exists in favour of the accounts of the circumnavigation of Africa by ancient navigators, were the other coasts of the continent—those, namely, which are washed by the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—unvisited by northern ships. Regarding the interior of Africa, too, the knowledge possessed by the ancients, although very meagre in itself, was nearly as definite as that possessed by their modern descendants, until within a comparatively recent period. As far as the northern borders of the Great Desert, their own personal observation might be said to extend; and respecting the wandering tribes of black and savage people living farther to the south, they had received many vague notices. The Nile being one of the best-known rivers of the ancient world, its origin and course were matters of great interest, and the African geography of the ancients, in general, may be said to consist of speculations respecting this extraordinary river. The first mention made of the other great African river, the Niger, is by Ptolemy, who lived seventy years after Christ. Ptolemy believed that this river discharged itself ultimately into the Nile; others, however, did not admit this conclusion, and acknowledged that the real course of the Niger was a mystery.

Such are some of the more prominent points in the ancient geography of Africa. How wild and inaccurate must have been the notions entertained respecting the shape and total extent of the African continent, may be judged from the fact, that one geographer describes it as an irregular figure of four sides, the south side running nearly parallel to the equator, but considerably to the north of it! Others, again, held forth the fearful picture of Central Africa as a vast burning plain, in which no green thing grew, and into which no living being could penetrate; and this hypothesis of an uninhabitable torrid zone became at length the generally received one.

The invasion of Africa by the Arab races in the seventh century wrought a great change in the condition of the northern half of the continent. Founding powerful states along the Mediterranean coasts, these enterprising Mohammedans, or Moors, as they were called, were able, by means of the camel, to effect

a passage across the Desert which had baffled the ancients, and to hold intercourse with the negroes who lived on its southern border along the banks of the Niger and the shores of Lake Tchad. In some of these negro states the Arabs obtained a preponderance, and with others they carried on an influential and lucrative commerce. The consequence was a mixture of Moorish and negro blood among the inhabitants of the countries of Central Africa bordering on the Great Desert, as well as a general diffusion of certain scraps of the Mohammedan religion among the negro tribes. Hence it is that, in the innermost recesses of interior Africa at the present day, we find the negroes partly professing Paganism, partly Mohammedanism, but all practising ceremonies and superstitions in which we observe the Pagan spirit with a slight Mohammedan tincture.

It was not till the fifteenth century that the career of modern European discovery in Africa commenced. The Portuguese, leading the van of the nations of Europe in that great movement of maritime enterprise which constitutes so signal an epoch in the history of modern society, selected the western coast of Africa as the most promising track along which to prosecute discovery; their intercourse with the Moors having made them aware that gold and other precious commodities were to be procured in that direction. In the year 1433, Cape Bojador was passed by a navigator called Gilianez; and others succeeding him, passed Cape Blanco, and, exploring the entire coast of the Desert, reached at length the fertile shores of Gambia and Guinea. The sudden bending inwards of the coast line at the Gulf of Guinea gave a new direction and a new impulse to the activity of the Portuguese. Having no definite ideas of the breadth of the African continent, they imagined that, by continuing their course eastward along the Gulf, they would arrive at the renowned country of the great Prester John, a fabulous personage, who was believed to reign with golden sway over an immense and rich territory, situated no one could tell exactly where, but which some contended could be no other than Abyssinia. The Portuguese, while prosecuting their discoveries along the African coast, did not neglect means for establishing a commercial intercourse with those parts of the coast which they had already explored. Settlements or factories for the convenience of the trade in gold, ivory, gum, different kinds of timber, and eventually also in slaves, were founded at various points of the coast between Cape Verd and Biafra. Various missionary settlements were likewise founded for the dissemination of the Roman Catholic faith among the natives.

The chimera of Prester John was succeeded by the more rational hope of effecting a passage to India by the way of Southern Africa. This great feat, accordingly, was at length achieved by Vasco de Gama, who, in 1497, four years after the

discovery of America by Columbus, persisted in his course to the south so far as to double the Cape of Good Hope, and point the way northward into the Indian Ocean. By his voyages and those of his successors, the eastern coast of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope through the Mozambique Channel to the Red Sea, was soon defined as accurately as the western coast had been by the voyages of his predecessors; and thus the entire outline and shape of the African continent were at length made known. This great service to science and to the human race was rendered, it ought to be remarked, by the Portuguese, who may be said to have conducted the enterprise of the circumnavigation of Africa from its beginning to its end; and this is perhaps the greatest contribution which the Portuguese, as a nation, have made to the general fund of human knowledge.

The outline of Africa having thus been laid down on the maps, and the extent of its surface ascertained, the attention of discoverers was next turned to its interior. The efforts made by the Portuguese to explore Nigritia in search of Prester John have been already alluded to; but it was by the other nations of Europe, especially the English, the French, and the Dutch, who, on the decline of the Portuguese power, began to compete with each other in this field of enterprise, that the greatest advances were made in the knowledge of the geography of the various parts of Africa, and of the races which inhabit it. For these last two hundred years, discoverers and travellers of various nations have been adding to our information respecting this vast continent; and in consequence of their joint labours, some in one part, some in another, we are now able to form an idea, very general, it must be admitted, but still tolerably distinct, of Africa and its inhabitants. In presenting a summary view of the progress of African discovery, from the period of the final circumnavigation of the continent, and its correct delineation in outline, down to the present time, it will be advantageous to take up its various divisions in the following order:—Western Africa, Southern Africa, Eastern Africa, Central Africa or Nigritia, and Northern Africa, including the Great Desert.

WESTERN AFRICA.

The shores of Western Africa, especially those which border the Gulf of Guinea, have retained to the present time the distinction which they acquired at the period of their discovery by the Portuguese, of being the market which European ships visit for African commodities.

The Portuguese, as we have already mentioned, were the first to plant factories along this coast, from the southern termination of the Great Desert to Congo, and other maritime districts south of the equator. Allured by the profits of the slave trade, other European nations hastened to occupy stations on the same coast; and towards the end of the eighteenth century, the number of

European forts and factories round the shores of the Gulf of Guinea were said to be forty in all: of which fifteen belonged to the Dutch, fourteen to the English, four to the Portuguese, four to the Danes, and three to the French. Deriving its principal commercial importance from the trade in negroes, which this chain of forts was intended to guard, Western Africa has, since the abolition of the slave trade, fallen considerably out of view. According to the best information, however, that has been obtained, "the territory is in the possession of a number of petty states, many of which compose aristocratic republics, turbulent, restless, licentious, and generally rendered more depraved by their intercourse with Europeans."

Proceeding from north to south, let us briefly notice the various countries of the western coast, with the tribes which inhabit them. The most northerly is Senegambia, the name applied to the district watered by the two rivers Senegal and Gambia, commencing from the Desert, and extending as far as the Grain Coast. According to Mungo Park, this territory is inhabited by four tribes—the Feloops, the Jaloffs, the Foulahs, and the Mandingoes. In all of these tribes, part are Mohammedans by profession; but the great body of the people are Pagans, called by their Mohammedan brethren Kafirs, or infidels, and practising the Fetish form of worship; that is, the worship of inanimate objects. The Feloops were described by Park as a gloomy and revengeful race, but honourable and faithful in their dealings with friends; the Jaloffs as an active and warlike people, with jet-black skins, but among the most handsome of the negroes, divided into several principalities, and excelling in the manufacture of cotton cloth; the Foulahs—a race of more importance in Africa than Park imagined—as of a tawny complexion, with soft silky hair and pleasing features, much attached to a pastoral life; and the Mandingoes, who are by far the most numerous people in this part of Africa, as of a mild, sociable, and obliging disposition, the men commonly above the middle-size, well-shaped, strong, and capable of enduring great labour, the women good-natured, sprightly, and agreeable.

The tract of country adjoining Senegambia on the south, and stretching along the Gulf of Guinea from the Grain Coast to the Bight of Biafra, has been named Upper Guinea, and includes, besides the colonies of Sierra Leone, Liberia, and Ivory and Gold Coasts, so noted for their unhealthiness, three native states—namely, Ashantee, Dahomey, and Benin. Our information respecting these negro kingdoms is derived from the discoveries of various travellers, among whom may be mentioned Mr Norris, who undertook a journey to the court of the king of Dahomey in 1772, with the hope of making arrangements beneficial to English trade; Mr Bowditch, who took part in a mission for a similar purpose to the king of Ashantee in 1817; and Captain Adams, who visited Benin at a later period.

Ashantee is described as a hilly country, well watered by numerous streams, and covered almost entirely with that rich vegetable luxuriance, the labour of removing which, it has been observed, is as severe for the agriculturist as the opposite labour of fertilising barren lands. The Ashantee negro clears the land by means of fire—thus both removing the rank vegetation, and spreading the soil with a rich manure, which yields two crops a-year. Besides innumerable kinds of fruit and flowers, and all the giant trees of the tropics, the productions are sugar, tobacco, maize, rice, yams, and potatoes. All kinds of tropical animals likewise swarm in Ashantee. The human inhabitants of the whole region or empire are estimated at three millions, and though possessing, in a marked degree, some of the worst negro characteristics, they are, upon the whole, more advanced than most of the African tribes, not only practising a regular and tolerably skilled agriculture, but showing considerable ingenuity in several mechanical arts—as dyeing, tanning, pottery, weaving, and the manufacture of instruments and ornaments out of gold, iron, &c. They are also cleanly, and well-clad, and pay some attention to the building and decoration of their houses. Their government is an absolute monarchy, or nearly so; the classes of society under the monarch being cabocees or nobles, gentry, traders, and slaves. Polygamy is allowed, but no one but the king possesses many wives. The royal number of wives is said to be precisely 3333, who, however, act also in other capacities; as body-guards, &c. The most horrible of the Ashantee customs is that of sacrificing a number of persons on the death of every man of rank, the number of victims being regarded not only as indicating the dignity of the deceased in this world, but as determining his rank in the next. The belief in a future state is one of the strongest of their religious ideas. Regarding the origin of mankind, they, as well as other negro tribes of the Guinea Coast, have the following singular tradition:—The Great Spirit, they say, having created three white men and women, and as many black, offered the blacks the first choice of two articles which he held in his hand, one of which was a calabash, the other a sealed paper. The blacks chose the calabash, which contained gold, iron, and all the choice products of the earth; in consequence of which the negro race to this day possess these blessings in abundance: while the sealed paper falling to the share of the whites, has conferred on them the higher gift of knowledge, wherewith the contents of the calabash may be turned to account. This admission of the superiority of the whites on the part of the Ashantees appears also in their belief that the good negroes become white in the future state. No part of Africa, or even of the world, is believed to be richer in gold than Ashantee.

The kingdom of Dahomey, situated eastward from Ashantee, resembles it in the general aspect of the soil, and in many other particulars. It appears to be a recent negro state, formed by the

conquest of a number of tribes by a powerful race from the interior. The government of the Dahomans, like that of the Ashantees, is an absolute monarchy; but the Dahoman king seems to be still more despotic in practice than his Ashantee neighbour. When, in obedience to some superstitious freak, he wishes to send a message to some of his deceased relatives in the other world, he delivers the message to some attendant negro, whose head is immediately cut off, as a means of forwarding him to his destination; and if the monarch has forgot any part of his communication, he immediately adds a postscript by a second messenger. The bloody custom of sacrificing a number of victims on the occasion of a great man's funeral is practised at Dahomey as well as at Ashantee. The Dahomans have similar religious beliefs with the Ashantees: their principal object of worship, appropriately enough, is the tiger. Of late years some improvement is believed to have taken place in the habits of this fierce African race.

Passing from Upper Guinea, of which Ashantee and Dahomey are the principal territories, we come next to Lower or South Guinea, which extends from the Bight of Benin to the commencement of Southern Africa, and includes the provinces or districts of Loango, Congo, Angola and Benguela. The whole of this tract of coast presents the aspect of a country degraded and deteriorated by intercourse with Europeans, to a condition worse than its original negro barbarism. Here, more than three centuries ago, the Portuguese established themselves partly as missionaries of Christianity, and partly as traders in slaves; and while their efforts in the former capacity, directed as they are by the most absurd and wretched bigotry, produced almost no beneficial effect, the curse of the slave traffic which they imported has adhered to the country with a tenacity which all the rigours of modern philanthropy cannot overcome. It is from these coasts that the exportation of negroes is said to go on at the present time more busily than it did before the abolition of the slave trade. The characteristics of the coast, and of the population which inhabit it, are determined by the brutal traffic of which it is the scene. It is impossible, within our limits, to give a description of the whole line of shore, of the small port-towns scattered along it, with their motley population of negroes, mulattoes, and slave-dealing Portuguese, or of the negro districts in the interior, where the natives fight and kidnap each other to supply the demand for slaves on the coast.

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Occupied with their lucrative commerce on the fertile coasts of Western Africa, the Portuguese scarcely bestowed a thought on the southern extremity of the continent, the aspect of which was less promising; and accordingly, for a century and a half after the famous voyage of Vasco de Gama, the district round the

Cape of Good Hope remained a blank waste to Europeans. The prudent and enterprising Dutch, however, having embarked in the East India trade, soon discovered the importance of the Cape as a commercial station, and in the year 1650 they founded Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, the most flourishing of all the European settlements in Africa. Encroaching, without the least scruple, on the territories of the natives, the Dutch extended their possessions so as to include an area of upwards of 120,000 square miles, some spots of which were cultivated and planted with vines, or laid out in corn-fields, but the greater part of which was converted into immense grazing farms. Under the Dutch the natives suffered dreadfully, numbers of them being reduced to bondage, and others driven into the interior to find subsistence as they best could. In 1795 the colony was taken by the English; it was again restored to the Dutch in 1800; a second time, however, it was taken by the English, to whom it was finally ceded in the year 1815, and is now, accordingly, an English possession. Both before and after the cession of Cape Colony to the British, various travellers have undertaken journeys among the tribes inhabiting this extremity of Africa; and no accounts are more full and interesting than those of the various missionaries who, since the beginning of the present century, have employed themselves in the arduous task of carrying the doctrines of Christianity into the heart of the native tribes. The native tribes of Southern Africa are two in number—the Hottentots and the Caffres; the former, so far as not extirpated, inhabiting the tract of country adjacent to Cape Colony on the western coast, the other the tract adjacent to the colony on the eastern coast.

Of the Hottentots of the colony and its vicinity, it is said that they have "become noted and almost proverbial for presenting man in his lowest estate, and under the closest alliance with the inferior orders of creation. It must, indeed, be admitted that they take particular pains to render their external appearance the most hideous that the human body can possibly present. Grease is poured over their persons in copious streams, which, being exposed to the perpetual action of smoke, forms on their skin a black and shining cake, through which the native colour, a yellowish-brown, is scarcely ever perceptible. Grease in Africa forms the chief distinction of rank—the rich besmearing themselves with fresh butter, while the poorer classes are obliged to tear the fat from the bowels of slaughtered animals. They assign as a reason for this singular practice, an effect which has been readily admitted by judicious travellers—namely, that such a coating has, in this climate, a most salutary influence in defending them from the rays of the sun, and in averting many cutaneous disorders. Nature seems to have aided the task of disfiguring them, by covering the head with irregular tufts of hard and coarse hair, and causing singular prominences, composed of fat, to jut out in parts where they are least ornamental. Nor do their habits of

life present anything to redeem this outward deformity. Their kraals, or villages, consist of a confused crowd of little conical hovels, composed of twigs and earth, in which large families sit and sleep without having room to stand upright. The fire in the middle fills these mansions with thick smoke, the floors being deeply covered with every species of filth. At festivals, when an ox or a sheep is killed, the Hottentots rip open the belly, tear out the entrails, which they throw on the coals, and feast on them before the animal is completely dead. Yet they are a friendly, hospitable race, living together in the greatest affection and harmony. The sluggish and senseless stupidity with which they have been so generally taxed, seems to have been in a great measure produced by their degrading subjection to the Dutch boors."* It has been asserted that the Hottentots are destitute of all ideas of religion; but this is not correct. It is ascertained that they believe in a Supreme Being, as well as in an inferior spirit of malignant nature; and that they practise certain superstitious rites, such as are usual among savages.

Such is the description given of the Hottentots as they were under the Dutch rule. Since the Cape came into the possession of the British, they have not been treated with the same neglect and cruelty as they experienced from the Dutch, who used to prohibit Hottentots, equally with dogs, from entering their places of worship; still, with some exceptions, arising from the beneficial effects produced in some places by the missionaries, the account seems to remain substantially true. Immediately to the north of the colony, and on the borders of the Snewburg or Snowy Mountains, are the Bosjesmans, or Bushmans, the most savage and degraded of all the South Africans. They were visited in 1797 by Mr Barrow, private secretary to Lord Macartney, with the view of ascertaining whether friendly relations might not be entered into with them, to prevent their incursions upon the farms of the Europeans.

Mr Barrow, at the same period, crossed the frontier which divides the colony from the country of the Caffres, and made acquaintance with this race, differing widely in almost all respects from their neighbours the Bushmans. He found them a handsome and spirited people, of frank and generous deportment, leading a roaming pastoral life, and possessing numbers of cattle, in the rearing of which they seemed proficient.

Before the commencement of the present century, little more was known respecting the original inhabitants of Southern Africa than what we have thus generally indicated. But in 1801, two gentlemen, Messrs Trutter and Somerville, made an excursion to a considerable distance beyond the districts of the Bushmans and the Caffres, whom Mr Barrow had visited, and discovered a large river, now called Orange River, flowing westward into the Atlantic. The banks of this river they found

* Murray's Africa.

inhabited by a pastoral tribe called the Koranes; and the information they received from this people inducing them to continue their journey still farther to the north, they at last reached what not a little surprised them—a city or town of two or three thousand houses, very neatly built, and well-arranged. The name of this city was Lattakoo; and the accounts which the travellers brought back of it to the Cape, and of the friendliness with which they had been received by the Boshuanas, who were then the prevalent tribe, induced the government to send Dr Cowan and Lieutenant Denovan to continue the discovery, and, if possible, make their way past Lattakoo, so as ultimately to reach Mozambique on the east coast. The issue of this expedition was unfortunate. The travellers reached Lattakoo in safety, but were killed at a distance of eleven days' journey beyond it. The same route was afterwards pursued by Dr Henry Lichtenstein, who added considerably to the knowledge then possessed of this part of Africa. But the most enterprising traveller in these regions was Mr John Campbell, a missionary, who, animated with an eager desire to spread Christianity among the rude Hottentots and Caffres, undertook a journey for that purpose in 1813. He reached Lattakoo, made known the object of his visit to Mateebe, king of the Boshuanas, and, after some importunacy, obtained leave to establish a missionary station in the capital. Having succeeded in the object of his expedition, Mr Campbell returned, but made a second journey to Lattakoo in 1820. He found the missionary establishment in active operation, but little progress had been made in converting the natives, who manifested the most profound indifference on the subject of religion. Mr Campbell now penetrated beyond Lattakoo, and came among tribes till then unknown, some of them showing a considerable advance in the arts of life, inhabiting neat villages, cultivating the ground, smelting iron and copper, and manufacturing various implements. He also came upon the borders of an immense desert, which, from its appearance, and the information which he was enabled to collect respecting it, he thought entitled to be named the Southern Sahara, as rivalling in extent the Great Northern Desert. Whether, as he was led to imagine, this Desert stretches from the tropic of Capricorn, where he saw its extremity, to the equator, is a point which can only be settled by farther discovery; but the supposition does not appear probable.

Subsequently to Mr Campbell's journey, these regions have been visited by other travellers, who have made us better acquainted with the tribes of the South Cape, by giving us details of their customs and manner of life. The latest of these is Mr Robert Moffat, likewise a missionary. The general conclusion, from the accounts of these various travellers, seems to be, that the southern extremity of Africa is inhabited by two principal races—the Hottentots, who, both physically and intellectually,

are far inferior to the average of mankind; and the Caffres, a bold and savage, but promising race, resembling in their general features the natives of other parts of Africa, and divided into a number of tribes, who inhabit villages scattered through the country which borders on the Southern Desert.

While describing the inhabitants of Southern Africa, we have left the general features of the country itself undescribed. The following passage will supply the deficiency:—"Southern Africa consists," says a writer, "of a most strange assemblage of mountains and plains, of spots lovely and picturesque beyond description, and gifted with inexhaustible fertility, and of seemingly boundless plains, where barrenness reigns so completely paramount, that the very principle of vegetation appears to be extinct. At a certain distance from the colony we enter upon regions over which the clouds of ignorance—almost the only clouds one meets with—still brood. We traverse large rivers, which rise no one knows where, and envelop their exits in equal obscurity. Ranges of mountains also, with appellations uncouth, and hiding no one knows what treasures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms in their unvisited recesses, sweep before us along the verge of the horizon, dim, blue, and shadowy, like so many fragments of fairyland. And if the great outlines of the landscape be original and bold, the filling up and colouring are no less so. Everything upon which the eye rests has the appearance of having been cast in a mould nowhere else made use of in the system of nature. Among the terrestrial animals, what bulk and fantastic formations! How numerous and strikingly contrasted are the groups that present themselves! In their character and habits what extremes seem to meet! How unspeakably lavish seems to be the waste of vitality! Yet who will dare to say that, in this prodigious outpouring of animal life, there is a single creature that does not enjoy and adorn the scene on which it moves! If there be anything we should be disposed to think out of place, it is the stunted representatives of humanity, who, under the name of Bushmen, roam in indescribable misery and degradation over those sublime savannahs. To a man of imagination, nothing more inspiring can be conceived than climbing one of the breezy peaks overlooking that strange wilderness, at the moment that the dawn is busily unfolding all its varied features. From every tree the heavy dew-drops pour like rain; streams of white mist, smooth and glassy as a tranquil river, float slowly down the valleys, reflecting from their surface the trees, and cliffs, and crags on either hand. Here, through openings between feathery mimosas, weeping-willows, and tall trembling reeds, we catch a glimpse of some quiet lake, the haunt of the hippopotamus; while a herd of graceful purple antelopes are seen drinking on its further margin. There, amidst thick clumps of camel-thorn, we behold a drove of giraffes, with heads eighteen feet high, browsing on the tops

of trees. Elsewhere, the rhinoceros pokes his long ugly snout from a brake. While the lion, fearless in the consciousness of his own strength, parades his tawny bulk over the plain, or reclines, in sphinx-like attitude, beneath some ancient tree."*

EASTERN AFRICA.

With the exception of the countries bordering on the Red Sea—Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia—which cannot be included in so general a survey as the present, the eastern coast of Africa is undoubtedly the least-known portion of the whole circuit of the continent. The tract of country extending from the northern extremity of Caffreland to Cape Guardafui, and including the states or territories of Sofala, Mozambique, Zanguebar, and Ajan, was early visited by the Portuguese in their voyages to India; and in the course of the sixteenth century, various settlements were planted in it by them, similar to those which they planted along the Guinea Coast. The most conspicuous difference was, that here the ruling race were not pure negroes, but men of Arabic descent, and vehement Mohammedans. It was from these that the Portuguese wrested the immense line of coast-territory which they once held in this part of Africa, and of which they made Mozambique the capital. On the ruin of the Portuguese power in India, their settlements in Eastern Africa declined; the Arabs and blacks reconquered a great portion of their ancient territory; and it is now merely by sufferance that the once-powerful Portuguese retain a footing on the coast at all. What they do possess, however, they guard with the utmost jealousy; and they testify extreme aversion to the intrusion of any other European nation into these territories where they once lorded it so proudly. Mr Salt, who visited Mozambique in 1808, found it to contain a population of less than three thousand, of whom only five hundred were Portuguese. "The rural population of this part of Africa," says Mr Macculloch, "is in the most degraded state; and although the soil be naturally rich and productive, the culture of cotton, indigo, sugar, and other articles of commerce is wholly neglected. Rice, millet, and manioc are raised almost without labour, furnishing, with cocoa-nuts, almost the entire food of the slaves. The commerce of Mozambique has greatly decreased, in consequence of our exertions to suppress the traffic in slaves; but although much diminished, the slave trade is still carried on to a considerable extent both with Brazil and Arabia. These slaves, who are chiefly of the tribe of the Monjores, and brought from the centre of the continent, a distance of forty or forty-five days' journey from the colony, are procured from the native merchants in exchange for salt, shells, tobacco, coarse cloths, &c. Goods costing about two dollars, will bring in, as

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 68, Article "African Field Sports."

the case may be, either a slave or an elephant's tusk, weighing from sixty to eighty pounds of ivory. Hippopotamus' tusks, gold dust, Columbo-root, gums, and amber, are the other chief exports."

From these few particulars, which include nearly all that is known of this part of Africa, it will appear that, with the exception of the infusion of the Mohammedan and Arabic element, which is here very strong, it bears a close resemblance to the corresponding portion of the western coast. There are the same impediments, arising from climate, to the acquisition of much knowledge of the country by Europeans, who, at best, are unable to penetrate farther than a few miles into the interior. It appears probable, indeed, that the last portions of the coast of Africa to be thoroughly explored will be these sites of the declining Portuguese colonies.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

Under the general name of Central Africa may be included the whole of the interior of the continent south of the Great Desert. This immense extent of country may be divided into two parts—Southern Central Africa, lying between the tropic of Capricorn and the equator; and Northern Central Africa, called also Soudan, or Nigritia, lying between the equator and the Great Desert. The former is as yet totally unknown and unexplored; and before our information respecting it can be at all authentic and accurate, two most difficult expeditions must have been made, which have not yet been so much as proposed—one from the Cape of Good Hope northwards as far as the Mountains of the Moon, the other transversely across the continent from Congo to Zanguebar or Mozambique. At what future period the spirit of enterprise may achieve these two journeys it is impossible to tell.

Northern Central Africa, or Nigritia, has, on the other hand, been penetrated by travellers, who have advanced into it from all directions. From the earliest times this part of Africa attracted attention, as being the country through which the famous Niger flowed, on whose banks the great city of Timbuctoo, of the wealth of which vague accounts had reached the shores of the Mediterranean, was reputed to be situated. To ascertain the course of this river, and to reach this celebrated negro city, were the leading objects of all who engaged in the enterprise of African discovery. In the year 1618 an English company was formed for the purpose of opening up a communication with Timbuctoo, and not long afterwards a similar company was formed in France. For a century and a half the two nations continued to compete with each other in the enterprise: the English trying to make their way up the river Gambia, which they imagined to be the outlet of the Niger; the French, on the other hand, persevering along the Senegal, which seemed to them more likely to be iden-

tical with the Niger. Much useful information was acquired in these successive voyages respecting Western Africa; but no intelligence was obtained of the site of the great city of the negroes. It was clearly ascertained, however, that neither the Senegal nor the Gambia could be identical with the Niger, supposing the traditionary accounts of that river to be true. Three distinct opinions respecting this river began to be entertained. Some said that there was no Niger at all, such as the ancients had described it, but that some river, branching off into the Senegal and Gambia, was alluded to. Others believed that the ancient accounts of the Niger as a river flowing towards the east was correct, and that it was to be considered one of the upper branches of the Nile. A third party maintained that the supposition of the Niger being identical with the Nile was untenable, considering the immense breadth of the continent, and that the true Niger was some stream rising in the interior of Africa, and flowing into the sea at some point of the western coast farther south than the Senegal and the Gambia. A subsequent modification of this opinion was, that the Niger did not flow into the sea at all, but terminated in some great marsh or lake in the interior of Africa, resembling the Caspian Sea.

Such was the state of information, or rather of doubt, with respect to the course of the Niger, when, in the year 1788, a number of spirited men of science, including Lord Rawdon, Sir Joseph Banks, the bishop of Landaff, Mr Beaufoy, and Mr Stuart, formed themselves into an association for the purpose of prosecuting this and other questions of African geography to an issue. No sooner had the society been formed, than it commenced its labours. The first travellers, however, whom it sent out were cut off by death. One of them, Major Houghton, ascended the Gambia, and never returned; it was afterwards ascertained that he had been killed by the Moors in the interior. It was at this juncture that the celebrated Mungo Park presented himself to the society. Born in the county of Selkirk, in Scotland, in the year 1771, and having been educated for the medical profession, Park had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies in the capacity of assistant-surgeon on board one of the East India Company's vessels, when he offered his services to the association through Sir Joseph Banks. After due inquiry into Mr Park's character and qualifications, they were accepted. This was in 1793; but he did not depart on his expedition till the summer of 1795. His instructions were, on his arrival in Africa, "to pass on to the river Niger either by the way of Bambouk, or by such other route as should be found most convenient—that he should ascertain the course, and, if possible, the rise and termination, of that river—that he should use his utmost exertions to visit the principal towns or cities in its neighbourhood, particularly Timbuctoo and Houssa—and that he should be

afterwards at liberty to return to Europe either by the way of the Gambia, or by such other route as, under all the then existing circumstances of his situation and prospects, should appear to him to be most advisable."

The ship in which Park sailed reached the African coast in the latter end of June 1795, and on the 5th of July the traveller took up his residence in the house of an English settler in the village of Pisania, situated on the northern bank of the Gambia, at a considerable distance from the coast. After remaining here about five months, preparing for his journey into the interior, and acquiring information respecting the western parts of Africa, Park launched upon his perilous enterprise on the 2d of December 1795. For three months he toiled on in a north-westerly direction, passing through various negro kingdoms, and numberless towns and villages, almost everywhere received with kindness and respect, although the cupidity of some of the negro sovereigns stripped him of most of the articles of value he had brought along with him, as a tax for allowing him to pass through their dominions. For a detailed account of all his adventures during the journey, we must refer to his own narrative, which has long and justly been regarded as one of the most interesting and best-written books in the English language. Suffice it to say, that after having pushed on till he found himself near the southern borders of the Great Desert, and when "fancy had already placed him on the banks of the Niger, and presented to his imagination a thousand delightful scenes in his future progress," a cruel accident came to delay, and, as it seemed, utterly to prevent, the fulfilment of his "golden dream." In this part of Africa he found that the Moors, or men of Arab blood, were the ruling race, domineering over the negroes in the most insolent manner; and while from the negroes, almost universally, he experienced kind treatment, the Moors he describes as the most barbarous and tyrannical of the human race. Accordingly, after entering the countries which, from their proximity to the Great Desert, were under the thraldom of the Moors, he proceeded with greater caution than he had found it necessary to adopt in passing through the countries inhabited by a pure negro population. His caution, however, was of no avail; on the 7th of March 1796 he was carried away captive by a Moorish chief to Benown, a village on the margin of the Desert, where he was detained for nearly three months, enduring incredible hardships from the cruelty of his keepers, who persecuted him both as a stranger and as a Christian.

Escaping at length from the hands of his tormentors, Park continued his journey in a south-easterly direction, passing, as before, through several negro kingdoms, where, however, the Moors seemed to exercise a powerful influence, and where, consequently, he was obliged to undergo much suffering and insult, although, even in the depths of his distress, he always found

sympathy and compassion from some poor negro. On the 21st of July 1796, he was approaching a large town called Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, in company with a party of negroes, who were proceeding thither, and who entertained him on the way with accounts of the traffic which went on at this town, and of the Great Water, or Joliba, which flowed past it. This stream Park had no doubt was the Niger, of which he was in search; and so it proved. "We rode together," he says, "through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out, '*Geo affilli!*' ('See the water!') and looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success."

Having thus been successful in reaching the banks of the long-sought Niger, Park would have pursued his journey along them so as to ascertain its farther course, and even trace it to its termination; but his entire destitution of everything necessary for such an enterprise, and the reports which he received of the bigotry of the Moors who ruled in the districts through which he must pass, prevented him from advancing farther than Silla, a town considerably to the east of Sego. Accordingly, having collected all the information he could respecting the course of the river beyond this point—having done all that he could towards the settlement of the question of the course of the Niger—having ascertained the existence of large trading cities in the interior of Africa, some of which he had visited, and the position of three others of which (namely, Jenné, Timbuctoo, and Houssa) he had learnt by accurate inquiry—having, moreover, accumulated a vast mass of information respecting the manners, customs, and social condition of the natives of Central Africa—Park returned to the coast along the banks of the Niger, and consequently by a route different from that which he had adopted on his journey inland. He reached Pisania on the 10th of June 1797, having thus been absent twenty-one months in the interior of Africa. He arrived in London on Christmas Day in the same year; was received with great enthusiasm by all classes; prepared the narrative of his journey for publication; and at length, in 1800, having in the meantime married, he settled as a medical practitioner in Peebles.

Park's success gave an impulse to the spirit of discovery, and two attempts were made shortly after his return to follow up what he had begun. "A German, named Hornemann, undertook to penetrate into the continent by way of Egypt, and succeeded in reaching Fezzan, whence he wrote, in April 1800, to England; but no particulars relative to his future history are known.

He was never again heard of till 1824, when Captain Clapperton, who followed the same route with a better issue, learnt that the German traveller had succeeded in penetrating from Fezzan to Nyffee, or Nouffie, on the Niger, where he fell a victim to dysentery. Hornemann's papers had been all accidentally burnt. In 1804, another enterprising spirit, Mr Nicholls, endeavoured to enter the African interior from the Calabar coast, in the Gulf of Guinea, but, at the very outset of his journey, he also perished from the pestilential fever of those latitudes."* At length Mr Park—who, notwithstanding the public respect and domestic comfort which he enjoyed in the situation in which he had settled down, still hankered after a life of wandering in Africa, avowing, it is said, to Sir Walter Scott, who was one of his most intimate friends, that he preferred it to any other—consented, on the invitation of government, to undertake a second journey. "All the requisite preparations for the enterprise were completed before the end of January, and on the 30th of that month 1805, Park set sail from Portsmouth, in the Crescent transport, taking on board with him from the dockyards of that place four or five artificers." He was accompanied also by his brother-in-law, Mr Anderson, and a friend, Mr Scott. When, on the 21st of March 1805, the transport anchored in the Goree Roads, near the mouth of the Gambia, and "Mr Park's purposes were made known here, almost every man of the garrison volunteered his services for the expedition. The traveller selected thirty-five able-bodied men, and also accepted the offered services of one officer, Lieutenant Martyn, thinking it of consequence to have in the party some one already acquainted with the soldiers. Two experienced seamen from the Squirrel frigate were added to the party with the view of benefiting by their valuable assistance in sailing down the Niger.

Park communicated these arrangements by letter to the colonial department, and he thus describes his departure from Goree:—'On the morning of the 6th of April we embarked the soldiers, in number thirty-five men. They jumped into the boat in the highest spirits, and bade adieu to Goree with repeated huzzas. I believe that every man in the garrison would have embarked with great cheerfulness; but no inducement could prevail on a single negro to accompany me.'" Park's intentions with respect to this second journey were stated to government before his departure from England. He said that "he would proceed up the Gambia, cross the country to the Niger, and travel down that river *to its termination*." Sailing up the Gambia as far as Kayee, Park and his party commenced their land journey from that point on the 27th of April, in high spirits, and amply provided with all necessaries. "At Kayee he was able, for the first time, to perfect his preparations for the

* Life of Park, and Account of African Discovery, appended to Chambers's People's Edition of his Travels.

route, by attaching a few of the natives to his party. Isaaco, a Mandingo priest and merchant, and one well inured to long inland journeys, engaged himself to act as guide to the expedition, and to give it the assistance of several negroes, his own personal attendants." Unfortunately it was the worst season of the year for travelling, and the journey was one of continued toil and sickness. Before the 19th of August more than three-fourths of the party had died, or been left behind to die. On that day, after leaving a place called Toniba, "coming," says Park, "to the brow of a hill, I once more saw the Niger rolling its immense stream along the plain!" This was a pleasant sight for Park's companions. Several more of them, however, died before Sego, the capital of Bambarra, was reached. Here, being kindly received by Mansong, the king of the Bambarras, Park hoped to be able to obtain a vessel in which he might navigate the Niger to its termination. He waited for several weeks at Sansanding, a town a little below Sego, using all his endeavours to obtain from Mansong a canoe sufficient for his purpose. "After much labour, he did get a vessel of the desired kind fitted up, and named it his Britannic majesty's schooner the Joliba. At Sansanding, on the 28th of October, Mr Anderson underwent the fate of so many of his companions, and regarding his death Park observes—'No event that took place during the journey ever threw the smallest gloom over my mind till I laid Mr Anderson in the grave. I then felt myself as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa.'

"At this point the authentic account of Mungo Park's second journey ends. Isaaco's engagement here terminated, and the papers given to him by the traveller, and carried back to the coast, constitute the only records of the expedition which came from Park's own pen. These papers were accompanied by several letters, the most interesting of which is one (dated Sansanding, November 17) addressed to Lord Camden. In this letter Park says—'I am sorry to say, that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive; namely, three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself. From this account I am afraid that your lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state; but I assure you I am far from despairing. With the assistance of one of the soldiers, I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the east, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream, but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end nowhere but in the sea. My dear friend Mr Anderson, and likewise Mr Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere, and if I could not

succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last *die on the Niger.'"*

These were the last words which Park sent to Europe; the next intelligence was a vague rumour of his death. For five years, however, no authentic information of the event was received; but from the exertions of Isaaco, Park's former guide, who was induced in 1810 to make a journey with a view to ascertain the traveller's fate, it appeared that his prophetic words had been accomplished, and that he had "died on the Niger." Isaaco obtained the particulars from Amadi Fatouma, who acted as guide to the party onward from Sansanding. They were as follows:—Passing Jenné and Timbuctoo in safety, the little schooner, with Park and his surviving companions (eight in number) on board, reached Yaour, in the kingdom of Houssa. Not willing to delay his progress by landing, Park sent Amadi Fatouma, whose engagement as guide terminated here, on shore with presents to the king. These presents being treacherously appropriated by the inferior chief to whom Amadi delivered them, the king of Houssa, thinking his dignity insulted, sent an army after the schooner. The army came upon the schooner at a part of the river called Boussa. "There is before Boussa a rock extending across the river, with only one opening in it, in the form of a door, for the water to pass through. The king's men took possession of the top of this rock, until Park came up to it, and attempted to pass. The natives attacked him and his friends with lances, pikes, arrows, and other missiles. Park defended himself vigorously for a long time; but at last, after throwing everything in the canoe overboard, being overpowered by numbers, and seeing no chance of getting the canoe past, he took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the river; Martyn did the same; and the whole were drowned in their attempt to escape by swimming. One black remained in the canoe, the other two being killed, and he cried for mercy. The canoe fell into the hands of the natives. Amadi Fatouma, on being freed from his irons three months afterwards, ascertained these facts from the native who had survived the catastrophe."

From 1805 to 1822, various attempts were made to penetrate after Park into the heart of Nigritia. In 1809 Roentger, a German, proceeded from Morocco with a view to cross the Great Desert, but he seems to have been murdered by his guides. Shortly after, some information was obtained from two Americans, Adams and Riley, who were wrecked off the coast of the Great Desert, and carried into the interior by the Arabs. Adams alleged that he had been carried as far as Timbuctoo, but little credit was attached to his statement. The famous Burckhardt was to attempt a journey into the interior from Egypt, but died before carrying his resolution into effect. In 1816 the British government, possessed with the idea, which we have seen that Park himself came latterly to entertain, that the Congo

was the outlet of the Niger, fitted out two expeditions, one of which, under Captain Tuckey, was to ascend the Congo in vessels; the other, under Major Peddie, was to penetrate the interior by Park's route, and, embarking on the Niger, to sail down it so as to meet Captain Tuckey, which would of course happen if the Niger and the Congo were identical. Both parties were brought to a halt—the expedition up the Congo by cataracts, which prevented farther navigation, and the land expedition by the hostility of the natives; and the only result of consequence was to explode the hypothesis that the Niger and the Congo were the same.

About the year 1819 attention was drawn to the possibility of penetrating into Central Africa by a route not yet tried—namely, from Tripoli through the Great Desert; and as the bashaw of Tripoli, whose influence extended far into the interior, was understood to be willing to cultivate the good-will of the British, it was resolved to make the attempt under his auspices. Accordingly, in 1819, Mr Ritchie and Lieutenant Lyon began the journey from Tripoli across the Desert. They reached Mourzouk in Fezzan; but Mr Ritchie dying there of bilious fever, the expedition was abandoned. In April 1822, however, three new adventurers, Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr Oudney, with several companions, followed the same route. "A caravan, belonging to a great native merchant named Boo Khaloom, was on the point of starting for Soudan on the Niger, and with this band the travellers were to cross the Desert in company.

"Boo Khaloom, a Moor or Arab of remarkable abilities, and of a liberal and humane disposition, had a retinue on the journey of above two hundred Arabs, and with this company performed their dreary marches, under a burning sun, across the sands of the interior. The most extraordinary sight on this route was the number of skeletons strewed on the ground, the wrecks of former caravans. Sometimes sixty or seventy lay in one spot, and of these some lay entwined in one another's arms, as they had perished! For fourteen days, hills of sand, and plains of sand, constituted the only objects in sight of the travellers. At the end of that time they again beheld symptoms of herbage, being now on the northern borders of the kingdom of Bornou. Shortly afterwards, on reaching a town called Lari, the British travellers beheld a sight which made up for all they had undergone. This was the great inland sea of Africa, Lake Tchad, the existence of which had been so often canvassed, and which now lay before them 'glowing with the golden rays of the sun.'

"Lake Tchad, one of the most interesting points of Central African scenery, is a vast triangular sheet of water, about one hundred and eighty miles long from east to west, and above one hundred miles in extent at its greatest breadth. It lies betwixt 14 and 17 degrees of north latitude, and 12 and 15 degrees of east longitude. Two large streams flow into it

—the one called the Yeou, from the west, and the other the Shary or Tshary, from the south. Lake Tchad is situated about five hundred miles to the east of the Niger, and the country lying between them bears the general name of the Soudan, though particular appellations are given to provinces, such as Houssa, and others. Bornou is the district lying immediately to the west of the lake. Major Denham spent a considerable time here. He found the kingdom of Bornou in a very peculiar position as to government. The people are negroes, and had once been subjugated by the Foulahs or Fellatahs—a bold race, of uncertain descent, and the conquerors and oppressors of many kingdoms of the interior. But a Bornouese negro, of humble birth and powerful talents, had aroused his countrymen, and driven out the Fellatahs. This individual was found by Major Denham to be in possession of the whole power of Bornou, though, out of respect to the prejudices of the people, the old Fellatah prince was still permitted to hold a nominal throne, and the empty title of sultan. The real ruler contented himself with the title of sheikh. He is described by Denham as being extremely intelligent, and as holding the reins of power with great firmness and sagacity. The Bornouese are disciples of Mohammed, and may be called well-civilised in comparison with other inland nations. Their country supplies them abundantly with food, and they carry on manufactures to a considerable extent in cotton.

"Major Denham found an opportunity of travelling round nearly the whole of Lake Tchad, and thus satisfied himself that the waters of the Niger did not enter this inland pool. After eighteen months' stay in Bornou, Denham was joined by Captain Clapperton, who had separated from him in order to explore the country of Soudan—an excursion on which Dr Oudney unfortunately perished from fatigue, and the diseases incidental to the climate. Clapperton was well received at Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa, and the seat of Bello, the great Soudanite monarch, and the head of the Fellatah nation. Like the sheikh of Bornou, Sultan Bello was found to be an able and intelligent man.

"Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa, situated on a tributary of the Niger, and distant four days' journey from that river, is one of the largest cities of the interior, containing, to appearance, above forty thousand inhabitants. The city is laid out in regular streets, and is surrounded, like most African towns, with clay walls. The houses are well-built cottages, generally of clay; and the mosques, as well as parts of the sultan's palace, are ornamented with painted wooden pillars, in a very pretty style of architecture.

"Upon the whole, the two countries of Houssa and Bornou must be regarded as far above any kingdoms of the African interior yet visited by Europeans in point of power and civilisation. The Fellatah sultan, Bello, was extremely anxious

that an English consul should be sent to Soccatoo, and that a trade should be opened up with the English. Before the travellers left either Houssa or Bornou, however, they found the rulers of these places to cool in their desire for British intercourse. This arose, without doubt, from the intrigues of the Arabs, who were afraid that the traffic through the Desert from the Mediterranean might be superseded by the commerce of the British from the Atlantic or western coast. The Arabs, therefore, artfully placed before the minds of the African princes the consequences which had resulted to India and other countries from a connexion with Britain."

Having spent in all about three years in the interior of Africa, Denham and Clapperton returned to Tripoli, which they reached on the 26th of January 1825. "The safe return of two principal members of this expedition, and the interesting nature of the observations made by them, was cheering and encouraging to the British authorities, and to all who took an interest in African discovery. But the question of the Niger's outlet, through which alone it was obvious commercial intercourse could be securely and effectually established with the interior, remained yet in doubt, though the late travellers were fully convinced that the river flowed into the Atlantic somewhere in the Gulf of Guinea. Ere he had rested many months at home, Clapperton, one of the bravest of the many brave men who had risked their lives on the same dangerous adventure, was again on his way to Africa at the head of an exploratory party. His companions were Dr Morrison and Captain Pearce, besides a faithful servant of Clapperton, Richard Lander. It was resolved on this occasion to enter the interior from Badagry, a district on the northern coast of the Gulf of Guinea, from which Clapperton believed the Niger might be soonest reached."

In the course of their arduous journey all of the party died except Clapperton and his servant Lander. They persevered, nevertheless, passing through many populous negro towns situated between the coast and the Niger. The whole of this tract of country they found very thickly peopled; and the natives appeared, at a distance from the coast, to be of superior disposition and character. In April 1826 they reached Boussa on the Niger, the place where Park had been killed; they saw the spot where the traveller had met his death, and heard that some relics of him were still preserved, but could not obtain a sight of them. After staying some time at Boussa, Clapperton crossed the Niger, and paid another visit to the territories of his former acquaintance, Sultan Bello, who, however, seemed less friendly to him than on the previous occasion, apparently suspecting the motives which actuated the British in their efforts to procure information respecting a part of the world so remote from their own. Wearied out by his toils, Clapperton became ill at Soccatoo, and died there on the 13th of April 1827, in the arms of Richard Lander, who,

with great difficulty, made his way alone back to the coast, which he reached in November. He immediately set out for England, carrying Captain Clapperton's papers with him, and a journal of his own proceedings subsequent to Clapperton's death.

"Meanwhile the British government were making another attempt from the Mediterranean. About the time that Clapperton set out on his second journey, Major Laing, an able officer, who had already travelled on the African coasts, entered the Desert by way of Tripoli, under the protection of a personage who had resided twenty-two years at Timbuctoo. When in the middle of the Desert, the party was attacked by a band of wild Tuaricks, and Major Laing was left for dead, with twenty-four dreadful wounds on his person. He recovered, however, by the care of his surviving companions, although numerous portions of bone had to be extracted from his head and temples! When able to do so, he pursued his journey, and on the 18th of August reached the famous city of Timbuctoo. Several letters were received from him, dated at this place, which he described as having disappointed him in point of extent, being only about four miles in circuit, but that he had found its records copious and interesting. Major Laing never had the opportunity, unhappily, of making these valuable discoveries known, being murdered, three days after leaving Timbuctoo, by a wretch who had undertaken to guide him to the mouth of the Senegal, or its neighbourhood. What became of the ill-fated traveller's papers is not yet known.

"The next light thrown upon African geography came from a source somewhat different from those described. René Caillié, a Frenchman of humble origin, assuming the character of a Mohammedan on a pilgrimage to Mecca, joined, on the 19th of April 1827, a small native caravan, travelling from the river Nunez to the interior. He soon after reached the Joliba (the name which the Niger bears as far down as Timbuctoo), but was detained by illness for five months at a place called Timé. On his recovery, he passed onwards to Jenné on the Niger, a city described by him as containing eight thousand or ten thousand inhabitants, and as being a place of considerable traffic. At Jenné, he embarked in a loose native vessel of sixty tons burden, and sailed with a party of merchants through Lake Dibbie, and down the Niger, until, in April 1828, the vessel stopped at Cabra, the port of Timbuctoo. The inhabitants of Cabra were about twelve hundred in number, and were solely occupied as porters, either in unloading goods, or in conveying them on the backs of asses to Timbuctoo. That city itself lies about ten miles from the Niger, and is a place of some ten thousand or twelve thousand inhabitants. It is chiefly built of bricks, and is supported entirely by commerce. The population are partly negroes and partly Moors; but the king is a negro, and the government is solely in the hands of that class.

On the other hand, though all the people engage more or less in trade, the Moors are the principal merchants. The great article of traffic is salt, which is brought from the mines in the neighbouring Desert of Sahara, and is disseminated from Timbuctoo over the whole of Central Africa.

"After leaving Timbuctoo, Caillié made his way across the Desert to Tangier, where he arrived in August 1828, and whence he was forwarded by the French consul to Europe. Upon the whole, however, M. Caillié has contributed little to the removal of those glaring blanks which have so long defaced the map of Africa.

"Not so the next adventurer to whom we have to allude. This was Richard Lander, the faithful follower of Clapperton. Lander made an offer of his services to government for the investigation of the course and termination of the Niger. The offer was accepted; and Lander embarked at Portsmouth on the 9th of January 1830, accompanied by his younger brother John, who shared in all the toils and honours of the expedition. The Landers arrived on the 19th of March at Badagry, and at the end of the month started on the same route pursued by Clapperton in his journey to the Niger. Paskoe, the old guide, was again taken into service by the Landers. After an interesting journey through the populous cities of Yarriba, the travellers arrived at Boussa on the Niger on the 17th of June. The king of Boussa welcomed them with great cordiality. Though gentle and hospitable, this prince was a mere ignorant savage in comparison of the kings of Houssa and Bornou. At Boussa, notwithstanding that aversion always evinced by the natives to speak about Park, the Landers found an old nautical publication belonging to that traveller, with a loose paper or two between the sheets—one of them an invitation card to dinner. The man who possessed this book regarded it as his household god—every written paper being of magical import in the eyes of the natives. The *tobe*, or surtout-dress, of rich crimson damask, which Park had worn, was also recovered at Boussa by the Landers; but no distinct account was got of the mode in which these articles came into the hands of their owners."

After making all inquiries, so as to rescue any relics of Park, and even ascending to Yaourie, a city and province a few days' journey farther up the Niger for that purpose, obtaining for their trouble a double-barrelled gun which had belonged to the traveller, the Landers endeavoured to procure a canoe, that they might sail down the river, and solve the great problem of its course and termination. They were assisted in the kindest manner by the king of Boussa, who sent messengers down the Niger to a town called Rabba, in order to pave the way for the secure passage of the travellers. On the 20th of September, the travellers embarked in a canoe provided for them on the Niger.

"On the 7th of October they arrived opposite Rabba, having passed a number of islands and towns on the river, which was always a magnificent stream, but varying considerably in width. Rabba is a large market town, governed by a relative of Sultan Bello. The ruler of Rabba being dissatisfied with the presents made to him, the travellers were reluctantly forced to give him Park's *tobe*, and they subsequently had the misfortune to lose his gun. Near Rabba, the river took a wide sweep to the eastward, but it again turned to the south. Egga, another famous market town on the river, and Kacunda, were afterwards passed, and the mouths of two large tributaries, the Coodoovia and the Tchadda, were also seen. Various other towns were passed in succession, the largest of which were Bocqua and Attah. The Landers had now arrived at a region where signs of European intercourse were seen, and where the natives had been tainted by the demoralising consequences of the slave commerce. At a place called Kirree the travellers suffered a heavy misfortune. They were attacked by a number of canoes, seized, and their property taken from them. Richard's journal, amongst other articles, was lost in the river, though the notes of his brother were happily preserved. The travellers expected nothing but death at this time themselves; but their lives were saved, that they might be carried down the river to Eboe Town, where the king of the Eboe people resided, and by whose subjects the attack had been made.

On their way to Eboe Town, they passed a large lake on the river, which afterwards divided itself into three broad streams, flowing at different inclinations to the south-west. From this, and previous branchings of the stream, the Landers felt convinced that they were close by the termination of the Niger in the Gulf of Guinea; and their anxiety to continue their route was proportionable to their pleasure at the near accomplishment of their task. Obie, the Eboe king, resolved to detain them, however, till a ransom was got from the English; but King Boy, a monarch residing farther down the river, and who was then in Eboe Town, became bound for the ransom of the Landers, and carried them down (what proved to be the stream commonly called the Nun River) to Brass Town, his father's capital. King Boy subsequently went down to the mouth of the river with Richard Lander, leaving John at Brass Town. An English merchantman was lying in the Nun, and, with hope in his heart, Richard Lander went on board of her with Boy, and explained his situation to the commander, Captain Lake, expecting to find a countryman's sympathy and aid. The wretch refused to expend a penny on their ransom, though, if he had possessed a spark of intelligence, he might have been assured that the British government would gladly have paid, ten times over, any outlay made in such circumstances. Richard Lander with difficulty prevailed on Boy to go and bring his brother John to the brig,

by which time the traveller hoped Lake would relent. The brutal captain, however, did not relent; and when John Lander came to the brig, he and his brother, much against their will, were forced to leave the river without satisfying Boy, who had generously taken the risk of recovering their ransom. It is a consolation to think that the British government ultimately made Boy be paid much more than he looked for. In Captain Lake's vessel, meantime, the Landers, after much danger, crossed the bar of the river Nun, and entered the open sea in the Bight of Benin, Gulf of Guinea, with the deep satisfaction on their minds of having thus attained the glory of discovering the termination of the Niger! On the 1st of December they were put ashore at Fernando Po, where they experienced the warmest reception from the British residents. Shortly after, they found a passage homewards, and reached Britain on the 9th of June 1831, after an absence of a year and a half.

"The solution of the great African mystery by the Landers was justly felt by their countrymen as a national triumph. But the matter, when explained, looked so simple, as in the case of Columbus with the egg, that men wondered how they could have been so long in the dark with respect to it. The splitting of the Niger into numerous branches near its close, some of them a hundred miles distant from others, was the real cause of all the difficulty. Like the Nile, the Niger has a large delta (so called from the shape of the Greek letter Δ *delta*), and each of its branches bore the look of independent streams. The delta of the Niger is partly inhabited, but is extremely marshy."

Since the completion of Park's great discovery by the Landers, two expeditions have been fitted out for the navigation of the Niger from its mouth into the interior. At first there was a general belief that now a communication had been opened up with Central Africa, and that, by means of the Niger, an easy and speedy intercourse could be held with the negro tribes living south of the Great Desert. Accordingly, two steamers, one of them entirely iron, were fitted out in 1832, at the expense of some individuals in Liverpool anxious to commence the new trade. They arrived at the Delta of the Niger in the month of October, accompanied by a sailing-vessel laden with articles for traffic. Many of the crew were carried off by the pestilential influence of the climate; and the steamers did not ascend very far. The Tchadda, a tributary of the Niger, was explored for about a hundred miles by one of them; but its banks were not found to present much opportunity for commerce, and the steamer returned to the Niger. Richard Lander, who had given his services to the expedition, was mortally wounded in a scuffle with the natives while ascending the river in a boat with a supply of kowries which he had returned to the sea-coast to procure. He died thirteen days after, on the 2d of February 1834; and in July, the vessels left the Niger on their voyage home, the crew of the one

having been reduced from twenty-nine to five, and that of the other from nineteen to four. In a commercial point of view, likewise, the expedition was a failure, the only article of value procured from the natives being ivory, and that in too small a quantity to pay the expenses of the enterprise.

A second expedition, consisting of three iron steamers commissioned by government, set sail for the Niger in May 1841. The object of this expedition was to open up such an intercourse with the native princes on the banks of the Niger as might serve to assist in suppressing the African slave trade, and to plant the seeds of civilisation in the centre of the continent. Besides being amply manned and furnished, the vessels carried with them all that was necessary for establishing a little colony or model farm on the banks of the Niger, such a scheme seeming best fitted for inoculating the African population with the habits which it was desired to naturalise among them. The entire number of individuals connected with the expedition was 301, of whom 145 were Europeans, and 156 persons of colour. The vessels commenced the ascent of the Niger on the 20th of August; passed Aboh, the capital of the Eboe country, where the commissioners negotiated with Obie, the king or chief of the district, regarding the suppression of the slave trade. Ninety-five miles farther up they came to Iddah, the capital of the king of Eggarah, with whom a treaty was also concluded. On the 10th of September the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda was reached; and here it was determined to establish the model farm. Accordingly, the part of the crews and cargoes intended for the purpose was disembarked.

Meanwhile sickness had become so prevalent, and the number of deaths so great, that two of the steamers were obliged to descend the river with the invalids, in order to give them the chance of recovery on the coast. The remaining steamer, the Albert, advanced as far as Egga, about 350 miles from the sea. Farther than this, however, the increasing illness of the crew prevented it from proceeding; and accordingly, having explained to the chief of the place the object of the visit, the commander turned back on the 5th of October, and descended the river, there being hardly hands sufficient left to manage the vessel. The Albert reached the sea on the 16th of October, the other two steamers having reached it on the end of the previous month. The expedition had been most disastrous. Of the 145 white men, only fifteen escaped the river fever; while of the 156 blacks, only eleven were attacked. The list of deaths showed a total of fifty-three. The news of these unfortunate results having reached England, orders were sent out in the summer of 1842 to abandon the enterprise, and remove the labourers from the model farm; which was accordingly done.

By way of summing up the information which we have yet been able, by all our researches and expeditions, to obtain re-

specting Soudan or Nigritia, we may state an opinion which seems to be gaining ground. It is maintained by some that there is evidence that great changes have occurred in Central Africa within the last few centuries; that, in fact, a general movement towards civilisation is discernible in the heart of this vast and forbidding continent—a movement not originated by European contact, but born among the Africans themselves. There is evidence, it is said, that a few centuries ago the inhabitants of Nigritia were very far inferior in promise and culture to what they are at present; that the commercial spirit and manufacturing ingenuity which travellers report to exist among the negro tribes are of recent growth. The great agents in this change in the condition of Central Africa are said to be the Foulahs—a people of doubtful origin, but possibly Asiatic. These Foulahs are represented as having acted as conquerors of the original negro tribes—triumphing by virtue of their superior temperament and organisation, and incorporating the petty states of the old negro chiefs into large kingdoms; helping also to civilise the natives by introducing among them the ideas of Mohammedanism, which, however inferior and pernicious in themselves, were yet an advance upon the original negro beliefs.

"Throughout the whole extent of Nigritia or Negroland," says a writer who advocates the opinion we have just stated,* "the Foulahs undoubtedly occupy pre-eminence. They are found spread over a vast geographic region of 28 to 30 degrees of longitude (1500 miles), and of 7 to 10 degrees in latitude, or 500 miles. They extend from the Atlantic Ocean, from the mouth of the Senegal and Senegambia on the west, to the kingdoms of Bornou and Mandara on the east; from the Desert of Sahara on the north, to the mountains of Guinea or Kong on the south. This wide superficies contains more than 700,000 square miles, which is equal to the fourth part of Europe, and a tenth part of the immense continent of Africa."

In some parts of this vast extent of territory the Foulahs are politically supreme, in others they are feudal dependents of the original chiefs; but everywhere they seem to be the growing power. "The Foulahs," says Mr Hodgson, "are not negroes. They differ essentially from the negro race in all the characteristics which are marked by physical anthropology. They may be said to occupy the intermediate space betwixt the Arab and the negro. All travellers concur in representing them as a distinct race in moral as in physical traits. To their colour, the various terms of bronze, copper, reddish, and sometimes white, has been applied. They concur also in the report that the Foulahs of every region represent themselves to be white men, and proudly assert their superiority to the black tribes among whom they live. . . . The Foulahs are rigid Moham-

* Notes on Northern Africa. By William B. Hodgson. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1844.

medans, and, according to Mollien the French traveller's report, they are animated by a strong zeal for proselytism. They are the missionaries of Islam among the Pagan negro tribes. Where they have conquered, they have forced the adoption of the Koran by the sword; and whilst pursuing quietly their pastoral occupation, they become schoolmasters (*maalims*), and thus propagate the doctrines and precepts of Islam. Wherever the Foulah has wandered, the Pagan idolatry of the negro has been overthrown; the barbarous Fetish and greegree have been abandoned; anthropophagy and cannibalism have been suppressed. . . . Thus the Foulahs are now exercising a powerful influence upon the moral and social condition of Central Africa. I do not doubt that they are destined to be the great instrument in the future civilisation of Africa, and the consequent suppression of the external Atlantic slave trade. . . . They will, probably, erect one vast empire in the Soudan, and the influence which that power may exert in the great question of African civilisation, gives to them no ordinary importance." If this opinion be true, what might not be the result if the Foulahs, at present barbarians and Mohammedans, themselves were overpowered by the higher and purer ideas which have raised Europe to its present supremacy over the earth? Meanwhile, it is consoling to think that, even in Central Africa, the human race has been moving onward.

NORTHERN AFRICA AND THE GREAT DESERT.

Respecting that vast section of the African continent which extends from the Mediterranean to Nigritia, it appears that we are only beginning to obtain a correct description. Various officers of the French army at present engaged in the arduous enterprise of establishing the colony of Algeria, have occupied themselves in collecting information regarding the numerous tribes overspreading Northern Africa; and it would seem, from their accounts, that the ideas we have been accustomed to entertain concerning these regions are far from correct.

According to these recent accounts, Northern Africa, between the Mediterranean and Nigritia, consists of two portions—the Tell, or that strip of land varying from 50 to 120 miles in breadth, which lies along the sea; and the Sahara, or, as it has commonly been called, the Great Desert. The following remarks respecting the Tell are from the work of Mr Hodgson previously quoted:—"On the Mediterranean coast of Africa, there are in progress at this moment great political and commercial revolutions. There exists in that region a sanguinary and unceasing conflict of Christianity with Mohammedanism, of civilisation with semi-barbarism. France, having conquered the extensive territory of Algeria, is now pushing forward her victorious legions into the more important and more populous empire of Morocco. The result of a conflict between undisciplined hordes and the science

of European warfare cannot be doubtful. But there are elements in this contest which perhaps have not been well understood. It is not with the Arab population of those countries with which France has chiefly to contend. That, indeed, is the more intellectual but smaller portion of the people of Algeria and Morocco. The more ferocious and larger portion of that population consists of the aboriginal Berbers, the ancient Numidians, and Mauretanians. The Romans termed this race *genus insuperabile bello*—'unconquerable in war.' It remains to be determined if they have lost that proud appellation."

"To form a correct conception of the Sahara," says a writer in the Edinburgh Review (No. 169), condensing the information contained in some of the recent French publications on the subject, "our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached, from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region, where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving horsemen of the Desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilisation expire long before the traveller arrives at Negroland and the savage communities of the interior, the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offsets, more civilised, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilisation, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell [the mountainous tract lying between the Great Desert and the sea]; cultivating the date-tree with application and ingenuity, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin; carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their caravans. Each of the oases of the Sahara, which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle, presents an animated group of towns and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards, as much by the grace of its form, as by the value of its productions; and the pomegranate, the fig-tree, and the apricot cluster around its lofty stem. The lions and other beasts of prey with which poetry has peopled the African wilds are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell, never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Tuaricks frequent the southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these oases and the real Desert; but in the Sahara itself, communications, carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure. War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighbouring tribes, either for the possession of disputed territories, or the revenge of supposed injuries; but all

that is yet known of these singular communities shows them to be living in a completely constituted state of society, eminently adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit, governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people, and fulfilling, with energy and intelligence, the strange vocation of their life."

"Almost all the Sahara tribes," says M. Carette, a French captain of engineers, who has contributed much to clear up our notions of this portion of Africa, "are accustomed to a system of annual peregrination, which must have existed from time immemorial, inasmuch as it is based upon the nature of the climate and the produce, and the primary wants of their existence. This general movement is commonly performed in the following manner:—During the winter and spring the tribes are collected in the waste tracts of the Sahara, which, at this season of the year, supply water and fresh vegetation, but they never remain more than three or four days on any one spot; and when the pasture is exhausted, they strike their tents, and go to establish themselves elsewhere. Towards the end of the spring they pass through the towns of the Sahara, where their merchandise is deposited. They load their camels with dates and woollen stuffs, and then turn their steps towards the north, taking with them their whole wandering city—women, dogs, herds, and tents—for it is at this season that the springs begin to dry and the plants to wither on the Sahara, at the same time that the corn is ripe in the Tell. There they arrive at the moment of the harvest, when corn is abundant and cheap, and thus they take a double advantage of the season, by abandoning the waste as it becomes arid, and seeking their fresh stock of provisions in the north, when the markets are overstocked with grain. The summer they pass in this country, in commercial activity, exchanging their dates and woollen manufactured goods for corn, raw wool, sheep, and butter; whilst their herds are allowed to browse freely upon the lands, which lie fallow after the gathering in of the harvest. The signal for the return homewards is given at the end of the summer; the camels are reloaded, the tents again struck, and the wandering city once more marches forth, as it came, in short day's journeys towards the south. The Sahara is regained about the middle of October, the period when the dates are ripe. A month is passed in gathering and storing this fruit; another is devoted to the exchange of the wheat, and barley, and raw wool for the year's dates and the woollen stuffs—the produce of the yearly labour of the women. When all this business is concluded, and the merchandise stored away, the tribes quit the towns, and lead their flocks and herds from pasture-land to pasture-land among the waste tracts of the Sahara, until the following summer calls for a renewal of the same journey, the same system of trade.

"The Sahara," continues M. Carette, "is that part of Algeria

which is most civilised and most capable of receiving civilisation. It is there that habits of precision are most generally diffused, and there that we find the greatest amount of intelligence, activity, and social disposition." The only portion of the Sahara which answers to our ideas of an uninterrupted waste of sand, seems to be the most southern belt of it, which adjoins Nigritia, and which is infested by a roving race called the Tuaricks, who conduct a commercial intercourse, especially in slaves, between the negro countries and the oases of the more northern parts of the Sahara. "These Tuaricks," says M. Carette, "pretend to be of Turkish descent, and affect to treat the Arabs with disdain. They are tall, strong, of slender make, and of fair complexion, with the exception of a few of mixed blood. They wear a head-dress, one of the ends of which covers the whole face except the eyes; and almost all, whether rich or poor, have their feet bare, because, according to their own account, they never go on foot." The southern Tuaricks keep the towns of the Soudan in a constant state of blockade, hunting down the negroes in their neighbourhood, and carrying them off for sale.

CONCLUSION.

From the general survey which we have taken of Africa, and of the progress of African discovery, it appears that, while there is scarcely a point in its vast circuit where Europeans have not attempted to settle, scarcely any of the settlements have flourished. For the purposes of trade, such establishments will no doubt be maintained at a vast sacrifice of life—the consequence of the pestilential effects of the climate on European constitutions; but it is not likely that any settlements of a permanent description will be effected except at the southern and northern extremities of the continent. Cape Colony, as yet, is the most prosperous, indeed the only settlement worthy of the name in Africa: whether the French will be able to make anything of Algeria, remains yet to be seen. As for the centre of the continent, it seems quite hopeless to suppose that Europeans can ever operate there directly. The most that can be anticipated is, that they shall be able to tell upon the continent through native agents. By establishing a commerce with Central Africa, they may stimulate whatever tendencies to civilisation exist among the negroes themselves; they may create an activity through the continent resembling that caused by the slave traffic, but everyway nobler and more beneficial. Whatever seeds of improvement there are among the natives, whether negroes, Foulahs, or Arabs, may be developed by this means, and made to fructify. And in this respect, nothing could be more gratifying than to know that the opinion explained in a former part of this tract with regard to Central Africa is well-founded, and that an actual movement is in progress among the natives themselves towards a more advanced stage of humanity.

SELECT POEMS ON INSECTS.

BEAUTY OF INSECTS.

OBSERVE the insect race, ordained to keep
The lazy Sabbath of a half-year's sleep.
Entombed beneath the filmy web they lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky.
When vernal sunbeams pierce their dark retreat,
The heaving tomb distends with vital heat;
The full-formed brood, impatient of their cell,
Start from their trance, and burst their silken shell.
Trembling awhile they stand, and scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untried air.
At length assured, they catch the favouring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils and high in ether sail.

Lo! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold.
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
They, idly fluttering, live their little hour;
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day.
Not so the child of sorrow, wretched man:
His course with toil concludes, with pain began,
That his high destiny he might discern,
And in misfortune's school this lesson learn—
Pleasure's the portion of the inferior kind;
But glory, virtue, Heaven for man designed.

What atom forms of insect life appear!
And who can follow nature's pencil here?
Their wings with azure, green, and purple glossed,
Studded with coloured eyes, with gems embossed,
Inlaid with pearl, and marked with various stains
Of lively crimson, through their dusky veins.
Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,
As through the woods with cautious step he moves.
See the proud giant of the beetle race,
With shining arms his polished limbs enchase!
Like some stern warrior formidably bright,
His steely sides reflect a gleaming light;
On his large forehead spreading horns he wears,
And high in air the branching antlers bears;
O'er many an inch extends his wide domain,
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.

—Mrs Barbauld.

THE DAY-FLY.

Poor insect! what a little day
Of sunny bliss is thine!
And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
And bidd'st them, spreading, shine.

Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
Unmindful of the blast;
And careless, while 'tis burning noon,
How quick that noon be past.

A shower would lay thy beauty low;
A dew of twilight be
The torrent of thy overthrow—
Thy storm of destiny!

Then spread thy little shining wing,
Hum on thy busy lay;
For man, like thee, has but his spring—
Like thine it fades away.

—Mrs Robinson.

SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morning to break,
And colour the gray eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, "Awake, awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the wild wood, and bower;
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The thyme, and the rosemary flower.

We seek for the bloom of the eglantine,
The lime, pointed thistle, and brier;
And follow the course of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a stage still higher.

As each for the good of the whole is bent,
And stores up his treasure for all,
We hope for an evening with heart's content
For the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall!

—Dr Aikin.

THE ANT.—INDUSTRY.

These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wise as we are, if sent to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death and old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall save me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

—Dr Watt.

TO THE CICADA.

HAPPY insect, blithe and gay,
Seated on the sunny spray,
And drunk with dew, the leaves among,
Singing sweet thy chirping song.

All the various season's treasures,
All the products of the plains,
Thus lie open to thy pleasures,
Favourite of the rural swains.

On thee the Muses fix their choice,
And Phœbus adds his own,
Who first inspired thy lively voice,
And tuned thy pleasing tone.

Thy cheerful note in wood and vale
Fills every heart with glee;
And summer smiles with double charms
While thus proclaimed by thée.

Like gods canst thou the nectar sip,
A lively chirping elf;
From labour free, and free from care,
A little god thyself!

—ANACREON.

TO A FLY.

PRITHEE, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light
Dazzling captivates your sight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true;
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame, fond thing, beware—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take my counsel ere too late:
Buzz no longer round and round—
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morning: with the day
Rise, and use your wings you may:
Use them then of danger clear.
Wait till morning; do, my dear.

Lo! my counsel nought avails;
Round, and round, and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern:
Prithee, trifler, canst thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart.
Why persist? I plead in vain:
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can—
Is not this a draught of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let pride apply:
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.

—*Anonymous.*

TO THE SAME.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

—Oldys.

THE BEE-HIVE.

What various wonders may observers see
In a small insect—the sagacious bee!
Mark how the little untaught builders square
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied strive,
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
See what bright strokes of architecture shine
Through the whole frame—what beauty, what design!
Each odoriferous cell and waxen tower—
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower—

Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
To which the labourers may their stores commit,
Without the loss of matter or of room,
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes,
In what just order all the apartments rise!
So regular their equal sides cohere,
The adapted angles so each other bear;
That by mechanic rules, refined and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this skill even vie with reason's reach?
Can Euclid more, can more Palladio teach?
Each verdant hill the industrious chemists climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme;
And, provident of winter long before,
They stock their caves, and hoard their flowing store.
In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.

—*Weekly Amusement.*

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

—COWLEY.

TO THE CRICKET.

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good.
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In thy turn thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be exprest,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent,
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compared with thee.

—Anacreon. Cowper.

TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!
When abroad I took my early way.
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee!
When the crowd in their sleep were dead;
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower.
Man will not learn to leave his lifeless bed,
And be wise, and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower;
I heard thee last as I saw thee first,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to burst—
In the coolness of the evening hour
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy age will never enjoy.
I will not copy thee, thou miserly bee!

Thou art a fool, thou busy, busy bee!
Thus for another to toil!
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And will murder thee, thou poor little bee!

—SOUTHEY.

THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of Might
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went
Be careful where he trod.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain—
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you;
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

—COWPER.

TO THE SAME.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, oh nightly be thy splendour given!
Oh could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train
Amid the gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amid the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade?

Oh may no feathered foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!
Oh may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor tempest tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee mid the humming myriads die!

Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bower shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.
Sweet child of stillness, mid the awful calm
Of pausing nature thou art pleased to dwell,
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How different man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life!
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid these whirlwinds cease,
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade!

—Dr Wolcot.

BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

The shades of night were scarcely fled;
The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread,
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
That drop a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
On every tree and every flower.

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was poured so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
From mountain side and shadowy dell.

When, bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptured May,
The butterfly on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal, light,
Her velvet-textured wings unfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling awhile, with joy she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields—
  Taste all the joys that spring can give—
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
  And live while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew—
  The lily's honeyed cup explore—
From flower to flower the search renew,
  And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
  Thy moments, too, of short repose;
And mark thee when, with fresh delight,
  Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark! while I thus musing stand,
  Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
  Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease; but still a voice I hear,
  A whispered voice of hope and joy—
"Thy hour of rest approaches near,
  Prepare thee, mortal, thou must die!

Yet start not! on thy closing eyes
  Another day shall still unfold;
A sun of milder radiance rise,
  A happier age of joys untold.

Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight—
  The humblest form in nature's train—
Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
  And yet the emblem teach in vain?

Ah, where were once her golden eyes,
  Her glittering wings of purple pride?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise!
  A shapeless mass to earth allied.

Like thee the hapless reptile lived,
  Like thee she toiled, like thee she spun;
Like thine, her closing hour arrived,
  Her labours ceased, her web was done.

And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
  No happier state of being know?
And shall no future sorrow shed
  On thee a beam of brighter glow?

Is this the bound of Power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not He, who moulded thine,
Wake at his will the vital flame?

Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of earth, bright heir of Heaven."

—ROSCOE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—COWPER.

THE SPIDER.

INGENIOUS insect, but of ruthless mould,
Whose savage craft, as nature taught, designs
A mazy web of death—the filmy lines,
That from thy circling labyrinth, enfold

Each thoughtless fly that wanders near thy hold,
Sad victim of thy guile; nor aught avail
His silken wings, nor coat of glossy mail,
Nor varying lines of azure, jet, or gold:
Yet though thus ill the fluttering captive fares,
Whom heedless of the fraud, thy toils trepan;
Thy tyrant fang, that slays the stranger, spares
The bloody brothers of thy cruel clan;
While *man* against his fellows spreads his snares,
Then most delighted when his prey is *man*.

—RUSSELL.

TO THE SAME.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture has displayed;
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely, blooming maid!

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom,
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here mayst thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And, undisturbed, attend thy woof.

While I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confined to lonely garret,
And rudely banished rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortured body
Thou drawest thy slender string with pain,
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain.

He, for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better show it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

—SHENSTONE.

TROPICAL INSECTS.

By mountain-side and streamlet's flow,
Flowers nameless and unnumbered blow,
And bloom in wild luxuriance free—
And tangling wreathe from tree to tree.

* * *

Myriads of painted insect-wings
Are fluttering in the genial air,
And look like sunbeam blossomings,
They are so brilliant and so fair.
Their life is but a day of bliss,
A ceaseless round of sweets and mirth,
Now up, away, or down to kiss
Some sister blossom of the earth,
From whose dew-bathed and fragrant lip
They stores of dulceate nectar sip.

THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

As an ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trolling, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried—"Bless your good worship wherever you go!
I hope your great mightiness wont take it ill;
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
"Begone you vile reptile," his antship replied;
"Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first, look at me, see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please;
Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."
The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.
Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture in glory a monarch's excelled;
His plumage expanded, 'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away;
"Stop, friend," says the butterfly, "don't be surprised,
I once was the reptile you spurned and despised;

But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."
—CUNNINGHAM.

TRAVELS OF A BUTTERFLY.

THE woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide;
Nor did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassy fen's delights untried.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Might please his fancy, nor him cause abide.
This choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstayed desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder;
Nor with his feet their silken wings deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He casts his glutton sense to satisfy;
Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie;
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he percheth on some bank thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.
—SPENSER.

TO THE GREEN CHAFER.

You dwell within a lovely bower,
Little chafer, gold and green,
Nestling in the fairest flower—
The rose of snow, the gardens' queen.

There you drink the crystal dew,
And your shards, as emeralds bright,
And corslet, of the ruby's hue,
Hide among the petals white.

Your fringed feet may rest them there,
And there your filmy wings may close;
But do not wound the flower so fair
That shelters you in sweet repose.

Insect, be not like him who dares
On pity's bosom to intrude,
And then that gentle bosom tears
With baseness and ingratitude.

—CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hat, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball, and the grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass, by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet his friend on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragon-fly too,
With all their relations—green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste;
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell!—
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out with his light;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

—ROSCOE.

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

LOOK upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Creative Wisdom thou mayst trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee.

As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole:
There, with threads of thousand dyes,
Life's bewildering web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

—*From the Danish of Ochlenschlager.*

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's: he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever;
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—KEATS.

ON THE SAME.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June;
Sole voice left stirring midst the lazy noon,
When e'en the bees lag at the summoning brass:
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,
In-doors and out, summer and winter—mirth.

—LEIGH HUNT.

THE INNOCENT PILFERER.

NOT a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
With a diligence truly exact;
Yet steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The cankerworm, indwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours;
And birds pick the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill,
Her pillage so fits for our use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

—COWPER.

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

THE lowly flower said to the winged butterfly,
"Leave not me.
How different are our fates! here a poor prisoner I,
Thou dost flee.
Yet we love one another, and from men we may
Live afar;
And we are like each other, for we both, they say,
Blossoms are.

But thou art borne aloft; to earth, oh sad despite!
Chained am I.
Alas! with my soft breath I would embalm thy flight
Through the sky.
Ah no! thou flee'st too far; thou all the countless flowers
Fliest to greet;
I stand alone, to see my shadow turn for hours
At my feet.

Thou flee'st, returnest, flee'st, where bright like thee
Naught appears;
And so with each returning dawn thou findest me
All in tears.

Oh that with happy, faithful love we both may live,
Charmer mine!
Take thou, like me, root in the earth, or to me give
Wings like thine."

—VICTOR HUGO. C. WITCOMB.

TO THE WILD BEE.

ONE of my boyhood's dearest loves wert thou,
Melodious rover of the summer bowers;
And never can I see or hear thee now,
Without a fond remembrance of the hours
When youth had gardened life for me with flowers!
Thou bringest to my mind the whitethorn bough,
The blooming heath, and foxglove of the fells;
And, strange though it appear,
Methinks in every hum of thine I hear
A breeze-born tinkling from my country's own blue-bells.

Most sweet and cheering memories are these
To one who loves so well his native land—
Who loves its mountains, rivulets, and trees,
With all the flowers that spring from nature's hand,
And not at man's elaborate command.
Yet, ah! they are no more than memories:
For I have dwelt perforce this many a year
Amid the city's gloom,
And only hear thy quick and joyous boom,
When thou my dusky window haply passest near.

No longer can I closely watch thy range
From fruit to flower, from flower to budding tree,
Musing how lover-like thy course of change,
Yet from all ills of human passion free.
Though thou the summer's libertine may be,
And, having reft its sweetness, may estrange
Thyself thenceforward from the floweret's view,
No sting thou leavest behind—
No trace of reckless waste with thee we find—
And sweetly singest thou to earn thy honey-dew.

Oft have I marvelled at the faultless skill
With which thou trackest out thy dwelling-cave,
Winging thy way with seeming careless will
From mount to plain, o'er lake and winding wave:
The powers which God to earth's first creature gave,
Seem far less fit their purpose to fulfil

Than thy most wondrous instinct—if, indeed,
We should not think it shame,
To designate by such ambiguous name
The bright endowments which have been to thee decreed.

Hurtful, alas! too oft are boyhood's loves.
The merle, encaged beneath the cottage eaves,
The pecking sparrow, or the cooing doves,
The chattering daw, most dexterous of thieves,
That oftentimes the careful housewife grieves,
And nimbly springs aloof when she reproves—
Happier by far these pets of youth would be,
Had they been left alone,
To human care or carelessness unknown,
Roaming amid the woods, unheeded still and free!

Well, too, for thee, wert thou thus left, poor bee!
In chase of thee and thy congeners all,
How oft have I coursed o'er the fields with glee,
Despite all hindrances of hedge or wall
That in my onward way might chance to fall:
But, ah! though fervently admiring thee,
Thy piebald stripes, perchance, or golden hues,
Too often then did death
Bring sudden pause to thy harmonious breath,
And all for thy sweet bag, so rich with balmy dews!

Nor could the beauty of thy earthen home,
In a green bank beneath a fir-tree made,
With its compact and overarching dome,
Enveloping thy treasure-stores in shade—
Nor the fine roadway, serpentinely laid—
Nor all thy lovely cups of honied comb—
Protect thee from the instruments of ill,
Who forced thy tiny cave,
And made a place of peace and joy a grave,
Killing thy race, though still admiring while they kill.

Vainly against the thoughtless plunderers
Didst thou direct thy poison-pointed sting;
With branches from the super-pendent firs,
They beat thee down, and bruised thy little wing:
Thy queen, although a strangely gifted thing,
Saw ruin fall on all that once was hers,
Nor could the hand of fell destruction check:
Thy cells, of honey reft,
In one confused sod-mingled mass were left,
And thou, thy home and works, lay whelmed in one sad wreck.

Hence, though the wild flowers of my native hills
Before my mind at sight of thee arise,
And though my sense their fancied fragrance fills,
And their bright bloom delights my inner eyes,
Yet painful thoughts the while my breast chastise.
Oh, could poor man accomplish what he wills,
I would live o'er my days of youth again,
If but to cherish thee,
With kindness unalloyed, thou little busy bee,
And have thy memory unmixed with aught of pain!

But still to me thou art a thing of joy!
And the sweet hope is mine, that this new age
Shall see thee saved from all such sore annoy.
Following a path alike benign and sage,
The Man doth now his faculties engage
In teaching early wisdom to the Boy.
Youth now shall love thee, and have no desire
To hunt, or hurt, or kill;
And thou henceforth shalt safely roam at will,
The happiest, merriest member of the summer choir!

—THOMAS SMIBERT.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
None but a God could form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
Oh do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

—GISBORNE.

ON A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH.

"Hinder him not; he preacheth too."
—*Jean Paul Richter.*

No, no; to hinder him would be a sin,
Let him come freely in!

He bears with him a silent eloquence
To charm each finer sense;
A little living miracle he seems,
Come down on the sun's beams,
To preach of nature's gladness all day long!
Chief of the insect throng—
Tiny patrician, on whose bannery wings
Are bright emblazonings!
My mind doth image thee a radiant flower,
Upflown in gladdest hour;
Or a small twinkling star from distant sphere
Let loose and fluttering here!
Whate'er thou art, thou need'st not fear annoy—
Welcome, thou little joy!
Yet why beneath this roof disport thyself,
Mysterious, wayward elf?
Proclaim thy mission! Dost thou come to tell
Of spangled mead and dell—
Of the rich clover-beds, of humming bees,
And high o'erarching trees?
Thou seemest the very colours to have sipped
From wild flowers rosy-lipped;
Hast thou, then, left them pale? and com'st thou here
In penitence and fear?
Or art thou—sacred thought!—a spirit come
To worship 'neath this dome—
A soul still laden with an earthly love,
Finding no rest above?
Or art thou but a wild inconstant thing,
Heedless where wends thy wing?

Ah, garish creature! thou art now astray,
And fain wouldst be away!
Hadst thou a tongue, I know thou'dst ask where dwell
The flowers thou lov'st so well.
Whose little fragrant chalices are filled
With dew-drops fresh distilled?
I know thou'dst ask where shines the blessed sun,
And where the small brooks run?
This is no place, no temple meet for thee:
Away—thou shouldst be free!
Go, like a child's thought, to the sunny air!
Be thou a preacher there!
Preach 'mid the congregation of the flowers,
Through summer's fleeting hours—
Thyself a living witness of His might
Who gave thee to the light!

—JAMES HEDDERWICK.

TO THE GNAT.

WHEN by the greenwood side, at summer eve,
Poetic visions charm my closing eye;
And fairy scenes, that fancy loves to weave,
Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy;
'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,
Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,
Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,
And all is solitude, and all is night!

Ah! now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,
Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air!
No guardian sylph in golden panoply
Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering spear.
Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,
Thy dragon scales still wet with human gore;
Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings!
—I wake in horror, and "dare sleep no more."

—ROGERS.

THE INSECT CREATION.

THEN insect legions, pranked with gaudiest hues—
Pearl, gold, and purple—swarmed into existence;
Minute and marvellous creations these!
Infinite multitudes on every leaf,
In every drop, by me discerned at pleasure,
Were yet too fine for unenlightened eye,
Like stars, whose beams have never reached our world,
Though science meets them midway in the heaven
With prying optics, weighs them in her scale,
Measures their orbs, and calculates their courses,
Some barely visible, some proudly shone,
Like living jewels; some grotesque, uncouth,
And hideous—giants of a race of pigmies;
These burrowed in the ground, and fed on garbage;
Those lived deliciously on honey-dews,
And dwelt in palaces of blossomed bells;
Millions on millions, winged, and plumed in front,
And armed with stings for vengeance or assault,
Filled the dim atmosphere with hum and hurry:
Children of light, and air, and fire they seemed,
Their lives all ecstacy and quick cross motion.

—MONTGOMERY.

TO THE FRITILLARY.

ON A SABBATH MORN.

On thy bed of clover playing,
Pretty insect, why so gay?
Why so blithely dressed this morning?
'Tis to thee no Sabbath-day.

Giddy trifler of an hour,
Days to thee are all the same;
Little care hast thou to count them,
Mindful only of thy game.

And thou dost well—for never sorrow
Sat upon thy golden brow;
And never storm of earthly passion
Gathered in thy breast of snow.

Thou hast not sighed at evening's closing,
For hopes that left thee on its wing;
Thou hast not wept at day's returning,
With thoughts of what that day might bring.

Nor ever voice of truth neglected,
Breathed reproaches in thine ear,
Nor secret pang of conscious error,
Spake of retribution near.

Play thy game, thou spotless worm!
Stranger still to care and sorrow;
Take thy meed of bliss to-day,
Thou wilt perish ere to-morrow.

Time has been, when, like thee, thoughtless,
How unlike in all beside!
Lightly sped, and all uncounted,
Blithe I saw the moments glide.

Then the world was all of flowers,
Thornless as thy clover bed;
Then my folly asked no question,
What might be when these were dead.

Had not Mercy's sterner pity
Bent its chastening rod on me,
Dancing still the round of pleasure,
I had died—but not like thee.

—MRS FRY.

THE BEETLE-WORSHIPPER.

How comest thou on that gentle hand, where love should kisses bring
For beauty's tribute?—answer me, thou foul and frightful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes that seem
Themselves the worshipped stars that light some youthful poet's dream?

"When bends the thick and golden grain, that ripes at my command,
From the cracked earth I creep, to bless with food the fainting land;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But maids as sweet and bright as this are priestesses to me.

Throned in the slime of ancient Nile, I bid the earth to bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and fruits appear;
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head."

Dark teacher! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exoteric type of thy philosophy?
"The Useful is the Beautiful; the good, and kind, and true,
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue.

Learn farther, that one common chain runs through the heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man;
Both foul and fair alike from Him, the Lord of love, do spring—
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not EVERYTHING."

—LEITCH RITCHIE.

BEE ECONOMY.

—— So work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

—SHAKSPEARE.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

As in the sunshine of the morn,
A butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge the garden from disgrace!"
"What arrogance!" the snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provoked my patience to complain,
I had concealed thy meaner birth,
Nor traced thee to the scum of earth,
For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
In base and sordid guise arrayed:
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragged a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
And what's a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;

And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

—GAY.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour
Is up a winding stair,
And I've got many curious things
To show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair,
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly:
"There are pretty curtains drawn around;
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest a while,
I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh no, no," said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
How brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlour shelf;

If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web,
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—
There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
And her green and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—
But she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor,
Close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale,
Of the spider and the fly.

TO THE VANESSA.

Lovely insect, haste away,
Greet once more the sunny day;
Leave, oh leave the murky barn,
Ere trapping spiders thee discern;
Soon as seen, they will beset
Thy golden wings with filmy net,
Then all in vain to set thee free,
Hopes all lost for liberty.
Never think that I belie;
Never fear a winter sky;
Budding oaks may now be seen,
Starry daisies deck the green,
Primrose groups the woods adorn,
Cloudless skies, and blossomed thorn;
These all prove that spring is here,
Haste away then, never fear.
Skim o'er hill and valley free,
Perch upon the blossomed tree;
Though my garden would be best,
Couldst thou but contented rest:
There the schoolboy has no power
Thee to chase from flower to flower,
Nought is there but liberty;
Pleasant place for thee and me.
Though the dew-bent level dale
Rears the lily of the vale,
Though the thicket's bushy dell
Tempts thee to the foxglove's bell,
Come but once within my bounds,
View my garden's airy rounds,
Soon thou'lt find the scene complete,
And every floweret twice as sweet:
Oft I've seen, when warm and dry,
'Mong the bean-fields bosom-high,
How thy starry gems and gold
To admiration would unfold;
Lo! the arching heavenly bow
Doth all his dyes on thee bestow—
Crimson, blue, and watery green,
Mixed with azure shade between;
These are thine—thou first in place,
Queen of all the insect race!
And I've often thought, alone,
This to thee was not unknown;
For amid the sunny hour,
When I've found thee on a flower

(Searching with minutest gleg),
Oft I've seen thy little leg
Soft as glass o'er velvet glides
Smoothen down thy silken sides;
Then thy wings would ope and shut;
Then thou seemingly wouldst strut:
Was it nature, was it pride?
Let the learned world decide.
Enough for me (though some may deem
This a trifling, silly theme)
Wouldst thou in my garden come,
To join the bee's delightful hum;
These silly themes then, day and night,
Should be thy trifler's whole delight.

—CLARE.

THE COACH AND THE FLY.

UPON a sandy, uphill road,
Which naked in the sunshine glowed,
Six lusty horses drew a coach.
Dames, monks, and invalids, its load,
On foot, outside, at leisure trode.
The team, all weary, stopped and blowed:
Whereon there did a fly approach,
And, with a vastly business air,
Cheered up the horses with his buzz—
Now pricked them here, now pricked them there,
As neatly as a jockey does—
And thought the while—he knew 'twas so—
He made the team and carriage go;
On carriage-pole sometimes alighting—
Or driver's nose—and biting.
And when the whole did get in motion,
Confirmed and settled in the notion,
He took, himself, the total glory—
Flew back and forth in wondrous hurry,
And as he buzzed about the cattle,
Seemed like a sergeant in a battle,
The files and squadrons leading on
To where the victory is won.
Thus charged with all the commonweal,
This single fly began to feel
Responsibility too great,
And cares, a grievous, crushing weight;
And made complaint that none would aid
The horses up the tedious hill—
The monk his prayers at leisure said—
Fine time to pray!—the dames, at will,

Were singing songs—not greatly needed!
Thus in their ears he sharply sang,
And notes of indignation ran—
Notes, after all, not greatly heeded.
Ere long the coach was on the top:
Now, said the fly, my hearties, stop
And breathe—I've got you up the hill;
And, Messrs Horses, let me say,
I need not ask you if you will
A proper compensation pay.

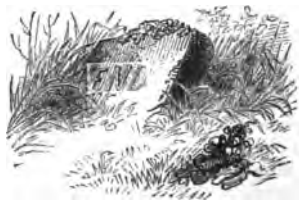
Thus certain ever-bustling noddies
Are seen in every great affair;
Important, swelling, busy-bodies,
And bores 'tis easier to bear,
Than chase them from their needless care.

—La Fontaine.

INSECT EMBLEM.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstacy!
Yet thou wert once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

—Rogers.



CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING

TRACTS

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

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1847.

WALTER SCOTT derived his origin from a family which was conspicuous in the rude and warlike times of the Scottish Border; but his father, as befitted a peaceable age, had devoted himself to legal business in Edinburgh: he was what is called in Scotland a *writer to the signet*, or practitioner of the highest grade, next to the barristers. The mother of the novelist was daughter to an eminent medical professor of the Edinburgh university, Dr Rutherford. Simple worth and good manners alone distinguished this couple, whose lot it was to have six children that survived infancy, of whom the subject of this notice was the third. He was born in Edinburgh on the 15th

August 1771. A fever in infancy being attended with an effect fatal to the use of his right limb, he was sent to be brought up at the farm-house of his paternal grandfather, that free exercise in the open air might have a chance of working his cure by the recovery of the constitution. This new situation was romantic. Five or six miles from Kelso, and overlooking the course of the Tweed, is a little upland district, where the rocks push through a meagre soil, the highest being crowned by one of those tall narrow fortalices, once required by a warlike population on the Borders, but now almost all dismantled. Here was placed the retreat of the future poet. Decent and venerable relatives around the old-fashioned fireside—the affairs of a pastoral farm out of doors—an extensive tract of beautiful country presented to the eye, and the rocks and turrets of Smailholm Tower to ramble amongst—it was upon these things that the mind of Scott awoke from the nothing sleep of infancy. For a long time he could at the most crawl about the house and its neighbourhood; but the intellect was early active. He listened with deep interest to the stories which his relatives had to tell of the *old riding times* of the Border history, as well as to their recollections of the romantic war of 1745; and, learning to read beside the knee of a kind aunt, he quickly seized upon such specimens of poetry and history as were within his reach—Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," to wit, and Josephus's "Wars of the Jews."

A visit to Bath, under the charge of his aunt, proved of no avail in healing the lameness, which, however, gradually gave way in the course of years, so as to terminate in only such a shortening of the limb as was remediable by the use of a walking cane. The early schooling of Scott was rendered irregular by his bad health; yet he was fitted at seven years to commence the study of Latin in the High School of his native city. He did not distinguish himself as a scholar, yet often surprised his instructors by the miscellaneous knowledge which he possessed, and now and then was acknowledged to display a sense of the beauties of the Latin authors such as is seldom seen in boys. In the rough amusements which went on out of school, his spirit enabled him to take a leading share, notwithstanding his lameness. He would help to man the Cowgate Port in a snow-ball match, and pass the Kittle Nine Steps on the Castle rock with the best of them. In the winter evenings, when out-of-door exercise was not attractive, he would gather his companions round him at the fireside, and entertain them with stories, real and imaginary, of which he seemed to have an endless store. Unluckily, his classical studies, neglected as they comparatively were, experienced an interruption from bad health, just as he was beginning to acquire some sense of their value. He was sent to live with his aunt at Kelso, that he might recover strength. There, indeed, he gave some attendance at a school kept by one Whale (where

he first met with his future friend Mr James Ballantyne); but this did not compensate the break of his High School course. It would, nevertheless, be difficult to say whether Scott was the worse or the better of the interruptions he experienced in school learning. He lost a certain kind of knowledge, it is true, but he gained another. The vacant time at his disposal he gave to general reading. History, travels, poetry, and prose fiction, he devoured without discrimination, unless it were that he preferred imaginative literature to every other; and of all imaginative writers, was fondest of such as Spenser, whose knights and ladies, and dragons and giants, he was never tired of contemplating. Any passage of a favourite poet which pleased him particularly was sure to remain on his memory, and thus he was able to astonish his friends with his poetical recitations. At the same time he admits that solidly-useful matters had a poor chance of being remembered. His sober-minded parents and other friends regarded these acquirements without pride or satisfaction; they marvelled at the thirst for reading, and the powers of memory, but thought it all to little good purpose, and only excused it in consideration of the infirm health of the young prodigy. Scott himself lived to lament the indifference he showed to that regular mental discipline which is to be acquired at school. He says—"It is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of study which I neglected in my youth; through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a solid foundation of learning and science."

This acknowledgment refers more particularly to his subsequent career at the Edinburgh university, where, in the Latin class, he only lost what he had formerly acquired; while in the Greek he became stubborn, and refused to learn, so that the professor finally pronounced him a dunce; and he actually failed to impress even the letters of the alphabet upon his memory. The bursting of a bloodvessel in the lower bowels now laid him once more aside from even the appearance of learning, and he was again left to pursue his own course, first in his sick chamber in his father's house, and afterwards at his uncle's residence at Kelso. He probably little lamented an illness which enabled him to cultivate still more deeply the society of the poets and romance-writers. Regaining strength, he was, in his fifteenth year, indentured as an apprentice to his father, who wished him to be his own successor in business. Respect for his parents, and for the common duties of life, was always a strong feeling in Scott. He therefore applied himself, without a murmur, to the desk in his father's office, though he acknowledges that the recess beneath was generally stuffed with his favourite books, from which, at intervals, he would "snatch a fearful joy." He

even made his diligence in copying law-papers a means of gratifying his intellectual passions, often writing an unusual quantity, that with the result he might purchase some book or object of virtú which he wished to possess. It should be mentioned, that the little room assigned to him on the kitchen-floor of his father's house in George's Square was already made a kind of museum by his taste for curiosities, especially those of an antiquarian nature. He never was heard to grudge the years he had spent in his father's painstaking business. On the contrary, he recollected them with pleasure, for it was always a matter of pride with him to be a man of business as well as a man of letters. The discipline of the office gave him a number of little technical habits which he never afterwards lost. He was, for instance, much of a formalist in the folding and disposal of papers. The writer of this narrative recollects folding a paper in a wrong fashion in his presence, when he instantly undid it, and showed, with a schoolmasterlike nicety, but with great good-humour, the proper way to perform this little piece of business.

While advancing to manhood, and during its few first years, Scott, besides keeping up his desultory system of reading, attended the meetings of a literary society composed of such youths as himself. A selection of these, and of his early school-fellows, became his ordinary companions. Amongst them was Adam Ferguson, son of the well-known professor of that name; another was William Clerk, son of Mr Clerk of Eldin, and afterwards a member of the Scottish bar. It was the pleasure of this group of young men to take frequent rambles in the country, visiting any ancient castle or other remarkable object within their reach. Scott, notwithstanding his limp, walked as stoutly, and sustained fatigue as well, as any of them. Sometimes they would, according to the general habits of those days, resort to taverns for oysters and punch. Scott entered into such indulgences without losing self-control; but he lived to think this ill-spent time. As to other follies equally besetting to youth, it is admitted by all his early friends that he was in a singular degree pure and blameless. His genial good-humour made him a favourite with his young friends, and they could not deny his possessing much out-of-the-way knowledge; yet it does not appear that they saw in him any intellectual superiority, or reason to expect the brilliant destiny which awaited him. The tendency of all testimony from those who knew him at this time is rather to set him down as one from whom nothing extraordinary was to be looked for in mature manhood.

We can easily see the grounds of this opinion. Scott had not been a good scholar. He showed none of the peculiarities of the young sonneteer, for poetry was not yet developed in his nature. Any advantage he possessed over others of his own standing lay in a kind of learning which seemed useless. It is not, then, surprising that he ranked only with ordinary youths, or perhaps

a little below them. It is asserted, however, by James Ballantyne, that there was a certain firmness of understanding in Scott, which enabled him to acquire an ascendancy over some of his companions; giving him the power of allaying their quarrels by a few words, and disposing them to submit to him on many other occasions. Still, this must have looked like a quality of the common world, and especially unconnected with literary genius.

When Scott's apprenticeship expired, the father was willing to introduce him at once into a business which would have yielded a tolerable income; but the youth, stirred by ambition, preferred advancing to the bar, for which his service in a writer's office was the reverse of a disqualification. Having therefore passed through the usual studies, he was admitted of the faculty of advocates, July 1792. This is a profession in which a young man usually spends a few years to little purpose, unless peculiar advantages in the way of patronage help him on. Scott does not appear to have done more for some sessions than pass creditably enough through certain routine duties which his father and others imposed upon him, and for which only moderate remuneration was made. He wanted the ready fluent address which is required for pleading, and his knowledge of law was not such as to attract business to him as a consulting counsel. While lingering out the first few idle years of professional life, he studied the German language, and some of its modern writers. He also continued the same kind of antiquarian reading for which he had already become remarkable. Amongst other things giving a character to his mind, were certain annual journeys he made into the pastoral district of Liddesdale, where the castles of the old Border chiefs, and the legends of their exploits, were still rife. On these occasions he was accompanied by an intelligent friend, Mr Robert Shortreed, long after sheriff-substitute at Jedburgh. No inns, and hardly any roads, were then in Liddesdale. The farmers were a simple race, knowing nothing of the outer world. So much was this the case, that one honest fellow, at whose house the travellers alighted to spend a night, was actually frightened at the idea of meeting an Edinburgh advocate. Willie o' Milburn, as this hero was called, at length took a careful survey of Scott round a corner of the stable, and getting somewhat reassured from the sight, said to Mr Shortreed, "Weel, de'il ha'e me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." On these excursions Scott took down from old people anecdotes of the old rough times, and copies of the ballads in which the adventures of the Elliots and Armstrongs were recorded. Thus were laid the foundations of the collection which became in time the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The friendship of Mr Edmonstone of Newton led him, in like manner, to visit those districts of Stirlingshire and lower Perthshire where he afterwards localised his *Lady of the Lake*. There he learned much of the

more recent rough times of the Highlands, and even conversed with one gentleman who had had to do with Rob Roy. These things constituted the real education of Scott's mind, as far as his character as a literary man is concerned.

Overlooking some boyish efforts in verse, which he had long forgotten, Scott could not be said to have as yet attempted the vocation of a poet. He must be considered as somewhat singular in the tuneful list, as having written no poetry worthy of the name before his twenty-fifth year. The cause of this undoubtedly lay in the preponderance which circumstances had hitherto given to other portions of his well-poised character, his anxiety to be a successful man of business, and a respected man of the world. It becomes, however, the more wonderful, as Scott, from early youth, had entertained a zealous affection for a young lady somewhat above his own rank in life, and who was well qualified to inspire a sonnet. At length, in 1796, the hearing a translation of Bürger's ballad of "Lenore" roused him to a similar attempt, and he produced in one night a most spirited version of this remarkable production. It was appreciated highly by a few persons of sensibility, among whom was Jane Anne Cranstoun, afterwards Countess Purgstall. In October of the above-named year, he was induced to venture into print with his translation of *Lenore*, joined to that of another of Bürger's ballads, *The Wild Huntsman*; but the little volume entirely failed to attract public attention.

From his earliest thinking years, Scott had been of Tory leanings. Montrose, Claverhouse, and the heroes of the '15 and '45, were his favourites in Scottish history, by reason of the romantic circumstances with which they were connected. More retrospective at all times than prospective, he partook deeply in the zeal with which liberal politics were now discouraged in Britain. In April 1794—the time when Robespierre was at his zenith in France—some Irish students produced a riot in the Edinburgh theatre by calling for revolutionary tunes. Scott, and some other young zealots of the opposite side, distinguished themselves much in the tumult; he himself was bound over to keep the peace, with three broken heads laid to his especial charge. In the early part of 1797, we find him exhibiting his political sentiments in a more laudable manner, by joining a troop of volunteer cavalry as their quarter-master, and writing a war-song for them. In the drills and other doings of this corps, he displayed an ardour which lay deep in his nature, and which had a strong affinity for military affairs. But the affair told in no discernible way on his future life. He was about this time subjected to a severe trial of spirit by the marriage of his mistress to a more fortunate lover. Even thirty years afterwards he could not set down a few words about this lady in his journal without some agitation. His disappointment, by perhaps a natural reaction of feeling, led soon after to a change in his condition. Spending a few idle

days at Gilsland Wells in Cumberland, he chanced there to meet a young French emigrée lady of English extraction, named Charlotte Carpenter. Possessing beauty, and some little fortune, she suited Scott both as a poet and a man of the world, and little more than two months from the commencement of their acquaintance, they were united at Carlisle. He now commenced housekeeping in Edinburgh, where he had hitherto lived in his father's house.

We now see Scott as a young married man, spending the winter in the bosom of a frugal but elegant society in Edinburgh, and the summer months in a retired cottage on the beautiful banks of the Esk at Lasswade; cultivating, as before, literary tastes, and storing his mind with his favourite kind of learning, but not as yet conscious of his active literary powers, or thinking of aught but the duties of his profession, and the claims of his little family. Simple and manly in habits, good-humoured, and averse to disputation, full of delightful information, kind and obliging to all who came near him, yet possessed of a rectitude and solidity of understanding which never allowed him to be the fool of any of his feelings, it is no wonder that Walter Scott was a general favourite, or that he attracted the regard of several persons of rank, as the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Melville, and others. It was through the kindness of the first of these noblemen that, in 1799, he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office of light duty, with a salary of £300 per annum. Though anxious to attain professional reputation, to which literary notoriety is supposed to be adverse, he could not altogether refrain from the poetical exercises in which he had already broke ground. We therefore find him at this time translating and publishing a version of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, a drama of such a romantic cast as harmonised entirely with his peculiar taste. He also was induced, by Mr M. G. Lewis, the well-known author of "The Monk," to write two or three ballads on supernatural themes for a collection which was to be entitled "Tales of Wonder." "Goetz" appeared in February 1799, but met the fate of the former publication. When the "Tales of Wonder" came out, Scott's ballads, though unfortunate in their association, obtained some praise, yet, on the whole, might also be considered as a failure. These would have been disappointments to a man who had set his heart on literary reputation. To Scott, who was at all periods of his career humble-minded about his literary efforts, they were nothing of the kind. In this respect he was a pattern to all authors, present and to come.

The circumstances seem to have been almost accidental which led him to make his first serious adventure in the literary world. His schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, was now settled at Kelso in the management of a weekly newspaper. Merely to give employment to his friend's types during the intervals of their ordinary use, Scott proposed to print a small collection of the

old ballads which for some years he had been collecting on the Border. When the design was formed, he set about preparing the work, for which he soon obtained some assistance from Richard Heber and John Leyden—the former an Englishman of fortune, and an enthusiastic collector of books; the latter a Scottish peasant's son, who had studied for the church, and become a marvel of learning, especially in languages and antiquities. The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" thus grew upon his hands, until it became such an assemblage of ballads, ancient and modern, and of historical annotation, as could only be contained in three octavo volumes. The two first made their appearance in January 1802, and met a favourable reception. Many of the ballads were entirely new to the world; even those which had been published before, here appeared in superior versions. Industry in the collection of copies, and taste in the selection of readings, had enabled the editor to present this branch of popular literature with attractions it never possessed before, while the graceful and intelligent prose interspersed throughout, rich with curious learning, and enlivened by many a pleasant traditionary anecdote, served to constitute the whole as a most agreeable melange. The work gave Scott at once a respectable place in the literary republic, more indeed as an editor than as an author, though one would suppose few could be altogether insensible to the spirit and graphic power displayed in the ballads of his own composition.

The public generally, and the booksellers in particular, were agreeably surprised to find the "Minstrelsy," while bearing the unwonted imprint of "Kelso," a marvel of beautiful typography; a circumstance owing to the good taste of James Ballantyne, and which was of some avail in increasing the popularity of the work. It appears that Scott, besides some gains from the first edition, obtained soon after £500 for the copyright.

About this time he inherited between five and six thousand pounds from a paternal uncle. This, with his share of his deceased father's property, his sheriffship, and his wife's allowance from her brother, now advancing to fortune in India, made his income altogether about a thousand a-year. He had been ten years at the bar with little success; his gains seldom reaching two hundred a-year, and these from the merest drudgeries of the profession. It began, therefore, to appear to him that, in as far as any further income might be required to support his station in life, and advance the prospects of his children, it would be well to look for it rather to some post in the Court of Session, such as one of the principal clerkships, than to practice as a barrister. Assured in the meantime against want, and trusting to such a prospect being realisable by his friends the Buccleuchs and Melvilles, he gradually became disposed to give more of his regards to literature. As to income from this source, he had little hope or faith. Literary research and composition were as

yet their own reward with him; if any more solid remuneration accrued, he was happy to receive it; but he would not depend on such gains. Let literature, he said, be at the utmost a staff—not a crutch. It was natural for a prudent man of the world to form these ideas at that time, when literary biography was little besides a record of privation and sorrow. But it would have, nevertheless, been well for Scott if he had been content with his secured income, and the prospect of only such contingent additions to it as a fixed post, or the profits of literature, might hold out. To his over-anxious mind, when the temptation came, it appeared different, as we shall presently see.

It was about the time when the "Minstrelsy" was issuing from the press, that Scott was asked by the lovely and amiable Countess of Dalkeith to write a ballad upon a traditionary goblin story respecting the Buccleuch family. He commenced such a composition accordingly, adopting for its measure that of a recent poem of Coleridge; but it grew upon his hands far beyond ballad size. It became, in short, a long romantic narrative, divided into cantos, and *set* in a subordinate narrative, wherein the author represented it as a recitation by the last survivor of the fraternity of minstrels. This was published in January 1805, as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and at once placed Scott in the first rank as an original poet, besides determining his fate as henceforth chiefly that of a man of letters. Immediately on the first edition proving successful, the publishers gave £600 for the copyright.

Before this time, Mr Ballantyne had set up a printing-office in Edinburgh, partly by the assistance of a loan from his old friend. Getting rapidly into a considerable business, which his skill and taste amply justified, he came to require additional capital, and Scott at length agreed to advance the needful sum, on condition of his being made a partner, but a secret one, in the concern. His dread of dependence on literary gains seems to have blinded him to the fact, that mercantile gains are also precarious, and usually attended by risks.

By the interest of his titled friends, he soon after obtained an appointment to the duties of a clerkship in the Court of Session; the salary, however, which afterwards was fixed at £1300 a-year, was not to be realised till the death of a superannuated predecessor in office, and, in fact, Scott touched nothing of it till 1812. With such an addition to his solid prospects, one cannot but wonder at the eagerness and assiduity with which he commenced and pursued literary labours of a severely tasking kind; such as an edition of the works of Dryden, a publication of Sadler's State Papers, and a reprint of Somers's collection of Tracts. It seems as if a naturally ambitious and ardent spirit had at length found a vent for its energies, and felt a self-rewarding pleasure in their exercise. At the same time, he gave much of his time to volunteer soldiering, to politics, and to the affairs of

literary men less fortunate than himself. The recollections of his friends present a charming picture of his ordinary life at his summer retreat of Ashestiel on the Tweed, where he had found it necessary to establish himself on account of his duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire. His household, enlivened by four healthy children, and superintended by Mrs Scott, was marked by simple elegance. On Sundays, being far from church, he read prayers and a sermon to his family; then, if the weather was good, he would walk with them, servants and all, to some favourite spot at a convenient distance, and dine with them in the open air. Frequent excursions on horseback, and coursing matches, varied the tenor of common domestic life. Friends coming to pay visits found him in constant good-humour, and at all times willing to introduce them to the fine scenery and interesting antiquities of the district. In the evenings, his conversation, in which stories and anecdotes formed a large part, was a sure resource against ennui. As a husband and father, he was most kind and indulgent. His children had access to his room at all times; and when they came—unconscious of the nature of his studies—and asked for a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a tale or a ballad, kiss them, and then set them down again to their sports, never apparently feeling the least annoyance at the interruption. His dogs, of which he always had two or three, were even more privileged, for he kept his window open in nearly all weathers, that they might leap out and in as they pleased. These were the happiest days of Scott's life, when as yet in the enjoyment of full vigour of body and mind, rather acquiring than reposing upon fame, and unembarrassed by possessions and dignities which afterwards made his position false and dangerous. He occasionally visited London, and allowed himself to go through that kind of exhibition called *lionising*, to which everything famous or even notorious is liable to be subjected in the metropolis; but he never was in the slightest degree spoilt by such idolatry. He fully showed that he estimated it at its real worth, and, after good-naturedly submitting to it, could laugh at its absurdity. It is less pleasant to record a change in his arrangements for study which took place about this time. Finding the day apt to be broken in upon by little duties and by visitors, he adopted the habit of rising and commencing his literary toils at six in the morning, usually finishing them at twelve after the interruption of breakfast at ten. His biographer, Mr Lockhart, tells us how careful he was to dress neatly before sitting down, but he says nothing of his preparing for the duty before him by taking food. We have come to understand such things better now, and can easily see what fatal effects might arise in a few years from a habit of performing the principal duties of life with an exhausted system.

The year 1808 saw his poetical reputation brought to its zenith by the publication of the admirable romantic tale of *Marmion*,

for which, to the astonishment of the public, Mr Constable undertook beforehand to pay a thousand guineas. Not long after, his zeal in Tory politics, or, as he thought it, solicitude for the honour and safety of his country, then harassed by the Bonaparte wars, led to his quarrelling with this eminent publisher, and to his taking an interest in the establishment of The Quarterly, as an opposition to the Edinburgh Review. It would have been well if he had stopped here; but the same feelings, helped, perhaps, by that trafficking spirit which had entered into him since he lost hopes at the bar, induced the false step of his setting up a publishing-house in Edinburgh, under the *firm* of John Ballantyne and Company, the ostensible manager being a younger brother of the printer, a clever comical being, not overstocked with worldly prudence, and possessed of few qualifications for business beyond a knowledge of accounts.

From this house issued, in May 1810, his most pleasing poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, which experienced even greater popularity than either of its two predecessors, and might, if anything could, have made its author a vain man. In this and his two preceding poems, the chief charm lay in the vividness with which the author brought the past before the minds of his readers. He gave the grace, the dignity, the gallantry of old times, free from all their rudeness and grossness. All was done, too, in such an easy and fluent style, that the reader was never wearied. The singular fascination of these writings showed itself in numberless ways; for one thing, there was a rush of tourists to the scene of the "Lady of the Lake," so great, as to produce a marked rise of the amount of post-horse duty raised in Scotland. Scott's own firm, in connexion with another, undertook to pay two thousand guineas for the "Lady of the Lake," a fact in authorship at that time without anything approaching to a parallel. Meanwhile he was urging into print, as a publisher, an Annual Register (to commence with the year 1808); an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, under the care of a drudging German of the name of Weber; a huge quarto, under the title of Tixall Poetry; an edition of Defoe's novels; the Secret Memoirs of the Court of James I.; and some other books agreeable to his own taste, but hardly to that of the public. These huge indigestible masses of paper and print had brought his outlay in the printing and publishing concerns up to £9000 before the end of this year. Scarcely ever did the most thoughtless of the tuneful tribe make a more unfortunate adventure than this publishing affair was destined to prove itself. If Scott had instituted some safe and modest copartnery, to give himself the publishing profits of his own writings, diminished only by expenses and the small profits due to his acting associates, he would have been doing what perhaps it will yet be seen all authors of decided popularity may rightly do. But he had an antiquarian taste, and a disposition to over-estimate all literary productions save his own—he indulged

these tendencies in his firm of John Ballantyne and Company, and unavoidably became a great loser. Before it was fully seen that such was to be his fate as a man of business—namely, in the summer of 1811—he had thought so well of his means and prospects—the clerkship salary being now on the eve of realisation—as to resolve on purchasing a hundred acres of land on Tweedside, in order to build a cottage residence for himself; and this notwithstanding that the £4000 requisite in the very first place had to be borrowed, the one-half as a permanent burden on the property. Such was the origin of his estate of Abbotsford, where ultimately he reared a castle. The purchase would have been perfectly a right one, if he had not involved his superfluous fortune in business: as things actually stood, it was only preparing for himself needless embarrassments.

His removal to the little estate which he had purchased took place in May 1812, and he soon became involved in the pleasant but costly labours attendant on building, planting, and what is called *making a place*. At the same time, besides attending to other literary avocations, he was composing a fourth romance in verse, which appeared just before the close of the year under the title of *Rokeby*, but in point of popularity proved a comparative failure. Ere this time the concerns of John Ballantyne and Company were seriously embarrassed, insomuch that Scott was glad to accept of a little credit from his friend Mr Morritt of Rokeby Park. The difficulties had only increased during the early months of 1813, and it then became necessary for those who had begun in rivalry to Mr Constable, to resort to that publisher for his friendly aid. To give an idea of the fatality of the whole adventure, it appears that the single publication of Tixall Poetry, which proved a dead failure, involved an outlay of £2500, while the Edinburgh Annual Register was attended by an annual loss of £1000. At the same time, all the parties concerned were living in a style rather suited to their hopes than to their realised profits. To sustain so severe a drainage, the private fortune of Scott, and even his unprecedented literary gains, were inadequate. Fortunately, the hope of regaining the author of "Marmion" as an adherent of his house, induced Mr Constable to grant relief to some extent by the purchase of stock, trusting that the rival house would as soon as possible be extinguished. The Duke of Buccleuch also extended the favour of his credit for the sum of £4000, by means of which, and of further sales of stock to other publishers, the principal difficulties were passed, though not without the most serious vexation to Scott for the greater part of a year. In the midst of his worst perplexities, he resigned an offer of the laureateship to Mr Southey, and was liberal as usual to unfortunate men of letters, sending, for one thing, fifty pounds to Mr Maturin the Irish novelist.

Scott had, so early as 1805, commenced a prose fiction on the manners of the Highlanders, which he designated *Waverley*,

or 'Tis Sixty Years Since. Discouraged by the unfavourable opinion of his friends regarding the first few chapters, he threw aside the manuscript, which lay accordingly unthought of in an old desk for nine years. Happening to find it while rummaging for fishing-tackle, he bethought him of completing the story, and seriously trying his fortune in a new walk of literature. Three weeks of June 1814 enabled him to add the second and third volumes, and the tale appeared anonymously in the ensuing month. The public almost immediately appreciated its merits, and the first edition of a thousand copies meeting with a quick sale, was speedily followed by a second and a third. The life-like representation here given of times not too remote for sympathy, and yet sufficiently so in character to tell as eminently romantic, joined to the wonderful ease, spirit, and mingled humour and pathos of the narrative, gave "Waverley" at once a place far above all contemporary novels, and awakened great curiosity regarding the unknown author. Always unconcerned about the fate of his works, Scott immediately set out on a six-weeks' yachting excursion round the north of Scotland, with hardly a chance of hearing news from the world of letters during that time, and when he came back, he found himself famous in a new and impersonal capacity. Many reflecting persons were at no loss to see that only the same mind which had reproduced the times of the Jameses in "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," could have resuscitated the court and camp of the Chevalier in 1745; but with the mass of the public the mystery was successful. Some thought it most likely that Scott's brother, Thomas, had produced this romance; there were even some who attributed it to Mr Jeffrey. Of Thomas he had himself so high an opinion, that he about this time offered him money from his own pocket for any novel he might produce. But the opinion of Walter Scott regarding the literary powers of his contemporaries was of absolutely not the least value, in consequence of the peculiar generosity of his nature. Thomas Scott, and many others whom he stimulated, and helped to become authors, were in the eyes of the world very ordinary persons, and can only be remembered because they were the objects of this great man's love and esteem.

The success of "Waverley," and the necessity of money to relieve the Ballantyne concern, quickly urged Scott to a new effort in the same walk. During the short vacation at the Christmas of this year (1814), he produced his tale of *Guy Mannering*, which, being published in the ensuing February, was received with transports of delight (more sober language would be quite inappropriate) by both the Scottish and English public. The author had, only a month before, brought out his last great poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, which met with a reception so cool, as to convince him that he must now resign the top of the poetical walk to his young rival Lord Byron. He heard the report of

the public decision on this point from James Ballantyne, was disconcerted for a few minutes, and then, recovering his usual spirits, tranquilly resumed the writing of his novel. How much it would tell to the happiness of literary men in general, if they had but a tithe of the equanimity of Scott about the success of their exertions! In the summer of this memorable year he visited the field of Waterloo, and wrote on that subject a descriptive work, entitled *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, and also a poem, which proved a failure in respect of popular approbation. The results of these various labours, with his professional income, not only set him free of the immediate pressure of the publishing encumbrances, but enabled him to add somewhat to his domains on Tweedside. This year was also memorable to him as that which introduced him to the personal notice of the Prince Regent, who, after greatly enjoying his society at Carlton House, sent him a present of a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants.

Scott was now at ease in his circumstances. His ordinary and assured income sufficed for any domestic expenditure he chose to indulge in; the recent embarrassments were at an end; and he might calculate on easily adding a few occasional thousands, for the sake of posterity, by no very great exertion of his ever-fertile brain. But who of mortal mould can ever say enough? especially when the temptation of great facility in acquiring is before him. For Scott at this time to grow from the idea of a cottage retreat in the country, to that of a little lairdship and a good sort of mansion, was certainly very natural, when he found that the work of little more than a month at any time could secure him enough of money to buy from fifty to a hundred acres of ground. It was the more so in his case, as his education, and the original bent of his own feelings, alike tended to create in him a veneration for the possession of land. Add to this, that he had a taste for planting and decoration, and felt a genial joy in being bread-giver to a retinue of that kindly peasantry whose virtues he has himself depicted in such lively colours. Of vulgar ambition for wealth and state, there was in Scott not one particle: to be a chief of the soil and its people, and contemplate his children as succeeding him in the same character, was only, with him, to realise, or set forth in substance, one of the poetical dreams which haunted his mind. It is therefore not surprising at this period to find him far from being disposed to suspend his energies, even although he might have done so under the excuse of somewhat broken health, for he now had frequent visits of stomach-cramp—in no small degree a consequence of some of his literary habits.

The spring of 1816 saw the public in possession of his novel of *The Antiquary*, perhaps, of all his works, the one in which there is most of the current matter of his own mind. It was scarcely

published before he had designed his *Tales of My Landlord*, the first series of which came out, as by a new author, in December, and was at once hailed with all the applause accorded to its predecessors, and set down as another offshoot of the same tree. Early in 1817 appeared *Harold the Dauntless*, which, not bearing his name, and being even a greater failure than any of his recent poems, formed the last of that class of his publications. The public might now, perhaps, have had a more rapid succession of novels from his pen, if he had not thought proper to write the historical part of his Annual Register, in a vain hope to float that unfortunate work into popularity. As it was, he produced this year his novel of *Rob Roy*, which came out at New Year 1818, and experienced a brilliant reception. So great was his sense of the encouragement extended to these novels, that in 1817 he made purchase of an addition to his property, involving an outlay of no less than £10,000. Just to show, however, how much generosity towards others was mixed with the no-way mean ambition of Scott, his prime object here was to secure a residence for his old school friend, Adam Ferguson, and his sisters, whom he was eager to plant near his own fireside. On his concluding a rather hasty bargain for this estate, Ferguson expressed his surprise and concern at seeing him exert so little pains to cheapen it. "Never say a word about it," said Scott; "it will just answer you and the ladies exactly; and it's only scribbling a little more nonsense some of these mornings, to pay anything it costs me more than enough." From calculations of this kind, Scott is understood to have bought nearly the whole of his landed property at a very large per centage above its actual value.

From this time till the close of 1825—a space of eight years—prosperity reigned unchecked over the life of Scott. His novels of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *The Pirate*, *Kenilworth*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, and the *Tales of the Crusaders*, streamed from his pen with a rapidity as wonderful as their general merits were great. The public read with delight, and Scott was happy to pipe to a dance which led to such solid results for his own benefit. Generally, the first burst of sale called for ten thousand copies, after which the books continued to go off in large numbers in handsome collective reprints. It is odd, after all, since Scott had showed a desire to increase his gains by being his own printer and publisher, that he gave these books to be published by Constable, or whatever other person, on the principle of a division of the profits, a plan far too favourable to the tradesman, considering that the works were sure to sell with little aid from that quarter. A more grasping author would have given them to be published on commission, and thus realised the whole profit excepting a

fraction. The only deduction he made from this liberality to the actual publisher consisted in its being a point with him that the Ballantynes should have a share of that portion of the profits —a mere grace on his part towards men for whom he entertained a friendship. In 1819 Messrs Constable and Company agreed to give him, for the copyright of the novels published up to that time, and certain shares of poetical copyrights, the sum of £12,000. Two years later, the same booksellers purchased for £5000 the copyright of four succeeding novels—little more than a year's work—from which the author had already drawn £10,000. After another similar interval, the author received five thousand guineas for four other novels, which likewise had previously yielded him half profits. Scott spoke of these sums with triumph and pleasure, as wonderful prices for what he was pleased to call his *yeld kye*—that is, cows which have ceased to give milk. Such a matter of successful authorship was a surprising novelty in its day. Nor was the author alone blessed by the pecuniary productiveness of the Waverley Novels. We find the Edinburgh theatrical manager realising £3000 by the brilliant run of the drama formed from Rob Roy. A painter gets £300 for sketches to illustrate a section of the tales. If we reflect on the facility with which Scott could write these novels—devoting to them merely the mornings of a life full of other business and of amusement—we can hardly be surprised to learn that he thought nothing of entering into engagements with Constable and Company for producing four novels, not one line of which had then been written, nor even the leading theme determined on. Nor was it wonderful that he should have gradually been tempted to build additions to his house on Tweedside till it became the architectural romance which it now is, and fitted to receive and entertain a large assortment of company. Scott was social and good-natured; to see him and his mansion was an object of ambition to half the public, including the highest persons in the land. He was thus led, during the seven months of the year which he spent in the country, to be the host of so many persons of every kind, that his wife spoke of the house as a hotel in all but the name. Not that he would have voluntarily indulged in any undue expense on this account if he had been in limited circumstances; but believing himself to be able to afford it, benevolence gave her irresistible dictate that he should thus make himself the servant of the public, even at the expense of much personal inconvenience to himself and his family. It is stated in Mr Lockhart's biography, that sixteen uninvited parties came in one day to Abbotsford. These would pass quickly away; but fashionable tourists, some of them of high rank, came in scarcely smaller shoals, to stay one or two days. A lady reports to us, from the conversation of Miss Anne Scott, the younger daughter of Sir Walter, that on one occasion there were *thirteen ladies' maids* in the house.

In 1820, Scott was made a baronet. The honour was unsolicited, and he considered himself as accepting it, partly because it was gratifying to his family, and partly with a view to the interests of his eldest son, who had entered a hussar regiment. If he had any enjoyment of the honour in his own breast, it probably arose from no common worldly vanity, but from its touching on some string of romantic feeling amongst those to which we owe his delightful works. Though now a *laird*, and a man of title, as well as the head idol in the temple of the intellect-worshippers of his time, he was no whit different from what he had been in his younger days, when content with love and a cottage at Lasswade. His personal tastes and habits, his bearing to his friends, his familiarity with the poor and lowly, remained the same. As Wilkes is said to have never been a Wilkite, so Scott never, to any appearance, joined the opinion which the world entertained about him as an author. He spoke of his labours in this manner to Southey: "dallying with time—tossing my ball and driving my hoop." Such men as Davy and Watt he considered as the true honour of his age and country. At home, in the bosom of his family, when the world would let him alone, he was the most simple and kindly of associates. As he walked about his grounds, he conversed freely and easily with his servants and the peasantry, amongst whom he was an object of the deepest reverence and affection. Often would this illustrious man work half a day at the felling of trees in his woods, beside several workmen, trying which could cut down one with the fewest blows, and laughing heartily when he was victor. He delighted to walk in the evening towards the house of an aged servant, that he might hear the psalm which the old man was raising with his wife, as they conducted their evening devotions. One of his retinue said to a visitor one day, "Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations." It was not a condescending kind of talk he indulged in with these people. He entered into their feelings and tastes, and, speaking their own homely dialect, witched them out of the idea that a master or a laird was before them.

The year 1822 was a somewhat memorable one in Scott's life, on account of the concern he had to take in the arrangements necessary on the occasion of the king's visit to Scotland. The external character of this piece of pageantry was much determined by that revival of national and mediæval associations which the novels had effected. Everywhere we were reminded of the Stuarts in Holyrood, and the plaided clansmen on their mountains. Feelings due towards the romantic kings of an elder day were expended, often ludicrously, on the battered beau of Carlton House and St James's Street. Amidst the delirium of the time, the man chiefly concerned in giving it a peculiar character, moved in perfect possession of his wonderful powers of management, dictating or advising in the principal doings, and

Lockhart a useful adviser in literary matters, and a most agreeable companion: and he felt the tenderest interest in their eldest child, called John Hugh, or, familiarly, Hugh Littlejohn, whose fatal delicacy of constitution only heightened the affection he was otherwise fitted to excite. In consequence of an offer of the editorship of the Quarterly Review, Mr Lockhart removed to London with his family, by which Scott's family circle was of course much contracted. This, however, was but a trifling evil compared with others which were about to befall the hitherto fortunate author of "Waverley."

The years 1824 and 1825 were distinguished by an extraordinary mania for speculation, the consequence of which was, that, towards the close of the latter year, a scarcity of money began to be generally felt. A tightening of this kind always of course tells severely upon men who have been keeping up their trade by means of fictitious bills; and of this class it now appeared were Archibald Constable and Company. The leading member of this firm had been fortunate in the proprietorship of the Edinburgh Review, and the publishing of many of the works of Scott. Naturally grand in his ideas, and of an aspiring temper, at the same time that he despised, and in practice wholly overlooked, common mercantile calculations, he had come to conduct business in a manner which usually leads to ruin. We have seen that the bookselling concern of Scott (John Ballantyne and Company) was indebted to him for some important assistance in enabling it to wind up; the printing concern (James Ballantyne and Company) was also indebted to him for a vast amount of business; while Scott, more personally, was so imprudent as to take bill payments from him for works as yet unwritten, that he might help out his equally imprudent purchases of land. By these means, it came about very naturally that the name of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, Sir Walter Scott—was lent to Constable and Company for the raising of large sums amongst the banks. Scott, venerating the supposed sagacity of Constable, recked not of the danger of this traffic. Constable himself, inflated with a high sense of the literary property and stock which he held, regarded himself as a rich man, notwithstanding the large borrowings to which he condescended. James Ballantyne, venerating both, easy of nature, and unprepared by education or habit to keep a rigid supervision over business matters, gave no alarm regarding the immense compromise of his own and his friend's name.

These explanations serve so far; for what more is necessary, it must, we fear, be admitted that the whole group of persons concerned in the poems and novels, including the mighty Magician himself, were naturally enough intoxicated to a certain degree by a literary success so infinitely exceeding all precedent. All of them, excepting James Ballantyne, had lived in an expensive manner. Scott himself had gone in this respect a good way

beyond what prudence dictated, though it is also very certain that if his writings had been published under reasonably favourable circumstances for the realisation of profit, he might have bought land, and kept house as he did, without injury to anybody. All, moreover, had been culpably negligent about accounts and bargainings; Scott ridiculously so, to his own injury, as there appears no good reason for his dividing the six or eight thousand pounds realised by the first issues of his novels with his booksellers, to whom a commission on sales would have been remuneration sufficient. There was, however, at that time a much more loose and heedless fashion in most business affairs than now prevails, and this requires that some allowance should be made with regard to individual cases. So it was that one of the firmest, and, generally speaking, most sagacious men of his time, discovered, in the course of January 1826, that he was involved in obligations far exceeding the extent of his whole fortune—was, in short, a ruined man.

On the 18th December 1825, fearing bad news of Constable's affairs, he says, in a diary which he kept, and surely few more touching words have ever fallen from any man's pen—"Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest?—how live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be."

The evil day had not yet come in all its reality. Mr Constable went to London, to endeavour to raise money on the copyrights he possessed, in order to put over the difficulties. Moderate-minded men of the present day read, as of something belonging to a different state of society, of this "Napoleon of the realms of print" seriously expecting to raise one or two hundred thousand pounds on the pledge of his copyrights, one large section of which afterwards, at a fair auction, brought only £8500; his

whole property being such as only in the long-run to pay 2s. 9d. a-pound upon debts amounting to £256,000. Having utterly failed in raising money on any terms amongst those who deal in it, he induced Scott to advance him ten thousand, which the Laird of Abbotsford was only able to do by acting upon a right he had reserved in his son's marriage contract to borrow that sum on the security of his estate, for the benefit of his younger children. And this last sacrifice for Mr Constable he afterwards, very naturally, grudged more than all the rest. It was on the 17th of January that Scott finally ascertained the ruin of his affairs. "It was hard, after having fought such a battle," as he says in his diary; but he sustained the first shock with Roman firmness. His resolution was immediately taken, to accept of no grace from his creditors beyond time. "God grant me health and strength," he said in deep solemnity to his several friends, "and I will yet pay every man his due." To those marvellous powers which he had exerted for the purpose of buying land and keeping state, he trusted for the means of clearing off the tremendous incumbrance which had fallen upon him. At the same time, *state* was to be given wholly up. He resolved to sell his house in Edinburgh, and use a common lodging while obliged to attend his duties in the Court of Session. At other times he would join his family in strict retirement at Abbotsford, which obviously could have been put to no better use. There was no bravado in all this—nothing but a good, sound, honest resolution to redeem the painful obligations into which his imprudence had hurried him. In the same frame of mind, he declined many offers of money made to him by friends.

He was engaged at the time of his misfortunes in writing the *Life of Bonaparte*, taking up his new novel of *Woodstock* at intervals by way of relief. These tasks he continued with steady perseverance in the midst of all his distresses. Even on the day which brought him assurance of the grand catastrophe, he resumed in the afternoon the task which had engaged him in the morning. There was more triumph over circumstances here than might be supposed, for he had lately begun to feel the first touches of the infirmities of age—age to which ease, not hard work, is naturally appropriate. His sleep was now less sound than it had been; his eyesight was failing; and, above all, he felt that backwardness of the intellectual power which is inseparable from years. The will, however, was green as ever, and, under the prompting of an honourable spirit, it did its work nobly. Doggedly, doggedly did this glorious old man rouse himself from his melancholy couch, and set to his task at an hour when gaiety has little more than sought his. Firmly did he keep to his desk during long hours, till he could satisfy himself that he had done his utmost. The temptations of society, the more insinuating claims of an overworked system for rest,

were alike resolutely rejected. The world must ever hear with wonder, that between the third day after his bankruptcy and the fifteenth day thereafter, he had written a volume of "Woodstock," although several of these days had been spent in comparative vacancy, to allow the imagination time for brooding. He believed that, for a bet, he could have written this volume *in ten days!* Just a fortnight after his final breach with fortune, he says in his journal—"I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole.... I shall be free of a hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate.... If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust it." With such philosophy could Scott regard his reverses, even in the very crisis of their occurrence, and yet from many other passages we find a keen sensibility to the circumstances of his downfall. It was rectitude of mind, and not stoicism, which enabled him to rise above his misfortunes. Nothing, indeed, of sensibility appeared in his external demeanour, even to his children. To them, as to the world, it must have been a lost secret, but for his diary.

The obligations of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, of Sir Walter Scott—were finally ascertained to amount to £117,000, of which only £46,000 were the proper liabilities of his company.

Early in spring the ministry made an effort to correct the unsound state of things which had led to the late fatal mania, by attempting to pass a bill for the limitation of bank circulation. It was determined to suppress all notes under five pounds. In Scotland, where there is a vast faith in the utility of one-pound bank-notes, and no other circulation is so much liked, this measure was very unpopular. By the banks it was regarded as fraught with ruin to their interests. Scott, who had disapproved of some recent changes affecting old Scottish institutions, and whose mind, serene as it was, perhaps required some kind of vent for its own vexations, was led to take a strong, perhaps exaggerated view of this question, under which he wrote three letters, in the character of Malachi Malagrowther, originally published in a newspaper, afterwards as a pamphlet. His great humour and fund of droll anecdote gave wings to this production, and helped to rouse the Scottish people to an attitude of resistance, to which, in the long-run, the ministry gave way. The affair presented Scott in a new light—namely, as one setting himself up against authority, and appealing to popular sentiment on the

adverse side. The public was somewhat surprised; the ministers, some of whom were his friends, felt hurt at opposition from such a quarter; and there was actually some dryness between him and Lord Melville for a short time. The explanation is, that Scott never was a servile friend of power, but one only as far as his view of what was good for the country led him; and there was a manliness and independence in his character which admitted of no hesitation about a course, when he saw only men on the one side, and the land of his birth on the other. It is gratifying to think that Scott lost no friendship by his conduct on this occasion, beyond a temporary coldness on the part of a few persons.

The novel of "Woodstock" came rapidly to completion, and, early in April, the first edition of it was sold in the printed sheets for £8228, in itself a proof that the author might have all along had a better market for his works if he had chosen. This was a cheering omen of what he was to do for his creditors. Removing at the close of the winter session to Abbotsford, he continued there his habits of application with unabated vigour, although, as appears from the diary, not without some battlings between duty and inclination. The daily amount of work he set to himself in the writing of Napoleon's life was four sheets of manuscript a-day, making about twenty-four of the printed pages. We find him on one occasion finishing this before noon, a surprising effort, considering that reference to his authorities or materials must have often been necessary during the progress of the work. At the same time he commenced another work of fiction, a series of tales, entitled *Chronicles of the Canongate*, for he felt the one task as a relief to the other.

He now of course received no company at his rural retreat. Only a few intimate friends of his neighbourhood occasionally joined the family circle. It was a melancholy spring to one whose life in the country had hitherto been a constant holiday. To add to his griefs, the health of his wife had sunk to a low pitch. His kind-hearted Charlotte died on the 16th of May, of water in the chest, the end being somewhat accelerated by the late disasters. Scott, absent at the moment on duty in Edinburgh, quickly hurried home. The event itself, and the grief of his younger daughter on the occasion, powerfully affected him. He thus communes with himself in his journal. "It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it, then, to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk

down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections."

Allowing himself little rest for the indulgence of grief, he quickly resumed, or rather hardly interrupted, his usual employments. Between the 12th of June and the 12th of August he wrote the fourth volume of Napoleon, besides a portion of his novel. Thus he wrought all the summer, and part of the autumn, till it was found necessary that he should pay a visit to London and Paris, in order to consult documents necessary for Napoleon. This journey occupied six weeks, and perhaps was useful as to rally to his spirits. It is hardly necessary to say, that with high and low, wherever he went, he was an object of as cordial admiration and interest as ever. The king, the Duke of Wellington, and many other eminent persons, paid him marked attentions. In France he was treated with no less distinction. Public papers in both countries were placed at his disposal without reserve; and in London he obtained an assurance that his second son, Charles, would be employed in the diplomatic department.

The Waverley secret had of course been much blown upon, in consequence of the insolvency of the author; yet some obscurity still rested on the point. It was dispelled in February of next year, at a dinner for the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, where Scott presided; for he there gratified the audience with a distinct avowal that he was the sole author of that series of fictions. It is now known that the mystery was confided to about twenty persons, all of whom had so respected the charge, that no evidence for Scott as the author had ever come before the public.

The spring of 1827 was past, and summer had gone to June, ere Scott's great task was completed. He then finished the last volume of his life of Napoleon, which he had been engaged upon for about two years, but had actually written in scarcely more than a twelvemonth of continuous time. The paper and print of the first and second editions, in nine volumes, brought the creditors £18,000—an amount of gain, in relation to amount of labour, unexampled in the history of literature, and which will probably have no parallel for ages to come. The book was unfortunate in its excessive length; and, written in such haste, it could not be expected to be very perfect, either in style or in facts. Yet it made a tolerably fair impression on the public, and it has since rather advanced than receded in public esteem. The contrast between the manner of its composition and that of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon's works, is startling. All of these narratives were the study and the production of years. It had never till now entered the head of man to think of a great historical task being executed in a twelvemonth. The last-century historians filed and polished their writings sentence by sentence

—Scott did not once reperuse the matter which had flowed from his pen. And all this labour had been performed in the midst of grief and shaken health, and without interfering with official duties, one of which called for several hours a-day during five months of the twelve.

Immediately on concluding Napoleon, he commenced another historical work, his delightful *Tales of a Grandfather;* presenting a selection of the most striking points from the Scottish chroniclers, in a style designed to suit the intelligence of his descendant, *Hugh Littlejohn.* This he carried on alternately with his "Chronicles of the Canongate," the first series of which appeared early in the ensuing winter, and was well, though not brilliantly received. He underwent at this period some harassment from a Jewish London house, holding one of Constable and Company's bills for £2000. With a view to forcing payment by some means, they threatened Scott with arrest; and he actually contemplated at one moment resorting to that sanctuary (Holyrood), in which he placed his imaginary hero, Crystal Croftangry. At length the vexation was taken off his head by Sir William Forbes, the leading member of a banking company who were amongst his chief creditors. This generous man paid the sum out of his own pocket, without letting Scott suppose but that it was arranged for by the body of creditors. It is pleasant to know that Scott unconsciously underwent several obligations of this nature on the part of other old friends. The first series of the "Tales of a Grandfather" appeared before the end of 1827, and was hailed with more rapture than any work of his for several years. This was the date of another happy circumstance of a more important kind. The copyrights of his novels, and of a large proportion of his poetical writings, being presented for sale by Constable and Company's creditors, a purchase of them was made for £8500, on the part of his own creditors as half-sharers, while the other half belonged to Mr Robert Cadell, a member of Constable's late house, now in business by himself. It was designed that the novels should be republished by Cadell in a comparatively cheap form, with notes and prefaces by the author, and certain trinkets of embellishment, such as—according to his own phrase—elderly beauties are supposed to require. It was hoped that the share of profits due to his creditors would tell materially to the reduction of the debts; and this hope was more than realised. Meanwhile, a first dividend was paid to these gentlemen from the aggregate gains of Scott's pen during the two past years, amounting very nearly to the unheard-of sum of £40,000. Such were the first fruits of that hardy industry which he had determined to exert for the redemption of his credit and good name.

Scott's conduct and demeanour towards his old associates in business affairs becomes a matter of some importance, as it too often happens that commercial adversity introduces wrath into such fraternities. It is pleasant to relate, that even towards Mr

Constable, who had been the cause of so much loss, he maintained a friendly bearing. He did not, indeed, shut his eyes to the new view he had obtained of Mr Constable's character as a man of business; but though he could trust no longer, he was far from hardening his heart. One thing he felt sorely—his last advance for Constable when in the jaws of ruin. Nor was it a soothing circumstance that the bookseller had endeavoured to get his credit for £20,000 more, which would have only been an additional loss at the speedy and inevitable day of reckoning. Still, he was willing to regard all this as only the effect of sanguine calculations; and accordingly all his expressions regarding the fallen publisher, both in his diary and his letters, are of a mild and even kindly tenor. Mr Cadell, on the other hand, had secured Sir Walter's esteem and confidence by an honest warning which he gave as to the above £20,000. From the first, he determined to befriend this member of the late house in preference to the other. With regard to James Ballantyne, Scott told him, on the very day when ruin was declared, that he would never forsake him. Mr Ballantyne now conducted business on his own account, and was honoured with the steady friendship and patronage of his old schoolfellow, as of yore.

On the other hand, the conduct of Scott's immediate dependents had been highly creditable. Deeply attached, in consequence of his long-enduring kindness, all were anxious to remain, if possible, about his person. His butler, Dalgleish, said he would take any or no wages, but go he would not. His coachman, Peter Matheson, went to work with his horses at the plough, glad to the core that he was allowed to remain at Abbotsford on such terms.

The spring of 1828 gave the world *The Fair Maid of Perth*, his last popular novel. He then indulged in a little relaxation, by spending a few weeks in London, in the enjoyment of Mr and Mrs Lockhart's society, as well as that of many attached friends. We have at this time a valuable addition to that testimony to his temper which the second last paragraph affords. He had some years before engaged his credit for £1200, in favour of his friend Daniel Terry the actor, who was then undertaking the management of the Adelphi Theatre. Being now informed of the ruin of Mr Terry's affairs, he wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs. "For my part, I feel as little title, as God knows I have the wish, to make any reflections on the matter, beyond the most sincere regret on your own account. The sum for which I stand noted in the schedule is of no consequence in the now more favourable condition of my affairs. . . . I told your solicitor that I desired he would consider me as a friend of yours, desirous to take, as a creditor, the measures which seemed best to forward your interest." These are precious things to put into a biography; but they do not exhaust the list. Even while drudging so hard for the means of diminishing his

own incumbrances, he is found pretty frequently composing and giving away a paper for the benefit of some unfortunate man of letters, little regarding, perhaps, the strict merits of the object of his bounty. One of the most remarkable of these benefactions consisted in his allowing the publication of two religious discourses for the benefit of a young man endeared to him by misfortune as well as merit. This publication yielded £250, a sum which few other literary men would allow to pass from their own pockets in such a manner.

A great part of his time was now taken up with the new writing connected with the popular edition of his works; yet before the end of 1828 he had advanced a good way with a new novel, the ground of which he laid in Switzerland, notwithstanding his being acquainted with the scenery of that country only by description and engravings. His mind was now in a more cheerful mood regarding his affairs than it had been since the dreadful January 1826; and if he had been free of various ailments, inclusive of rheumatism, caught from a damp bed in France, he might have enjoyed his life in the country almost as heartily as ever. Suffer as he might, perseverance at his desk was a fixed principle with him. Of this we have a striking trait in his finishing *Anne of Geierstein* before breakfast one morning, and commencing, as soon as the meal was over, a new work, a *History of Scotland*, for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. The prospectus of what he called his *Opus Magnum*—namely, the re-issue of the Waverley Novels—came out in February 1829, and was so well received that an edition of 10,000 seemed the least he could throw off, a number which in those days appeared immense. When the book was published, it was quickly found that this edition would be quite insufficient to supply the public demand. In short, the sale of the early volumes was not under 35,000. This was of course magnificent success, and afforded the prognostic of a much quicker and more easy settlement of the debts than had been anticipated. The volumes were sold at five shillings. It was easy to see that, when a certain section of the public had been supplied at that rate, a still cheaper edition might be issued with benefit to all concerned. Thus it might be hoped that Sir Walter would in time rest a free man, with little help from his own immediate exertions. His heart rebounded at the prospect; and he even glanced at the possibility of adding to his son's estate before he died. The public, too, had their visions on the subject, and, under the idea that his embarrassments were, comparatively speaking, at an end, the old stream of tourists and friend-visitors began once more to pour into Abbotsford. The only drawback was in the infirm and failing health.

In February 1830 he experienced the first decidedly bad symptom, in an attack of an apoplectic nature, which caused him to fall speechless and insensible on the floor. This, it seems, was a hereditary affection in his family, and it therefore gave him the

greater apprehension, though his physicians were of opinion that the attack proceeded from the stomach. On still went the pen of the ready-writer, now engaged on a volume of *Demonology* for Murray's Family Library. To obtain even more time for literary task-work, he now resigned his clerkship on a retiring allowance of £800 a-year, and went to fix himself at Abbotsford as a permanent residence. It was an injudicious step, as it deprived him of the society of most of his old friends, and threw him more and more upon that taskwork which had already been prosecuted only too zealously. His friends, Cadell and Ballantyne, were now sensible that he had carried his zeal for the discharge of his debts too far, and would have fain restricted him to lighter duty; but it was difficult to deal with a mind acting under such powerful impulses. Greatly against their wishes he commenced a new novel, styled *Count Robert of Paris*, which, when it appeared, showed very clearly how glory had departed from him. He also embroiled his mind in the politics of the crisis then passing, and wrote a long pamphlet against the reforming measures of the day, which afterwards he was induced to suppress. The exaggerated views which he took of the reform cause is a painful chapter in his history, not merely as showing him unusually ill-informed and weak of judgment on passing events, but because it gave a needless addition to anxieties of a real kind which were now pressing severely on the springs of life. Amidst the vexations arising to him from public affairs, one ray of pleasure visited him when his creditors (December 1830), presented him with his library, furniture, plate, and articles of virtú, considered as equivalent to £10,000, thus enabling him to make a provision for the younger branches of his family. These gentlemen were led to this act of generosity by their sense of his unparalleled exertions in their behalf. Their claims against Scott had now been reduced to £54,000, and as he had insured £22,000 upon his life in their favour, and the Waverley Novels were continuing to produce large returns, all doubt of the ultimate discharge of the claims had ceased. About this time, the honour of being made a member of the Privy Council was offered to him, but peremptorily declined, as unsuitable to his circumstances.

In November of the past year Scott had had another slight stroke of apoplexy. He lived in the most sparing manner, yet this did not prevent a distinct paralytic affection befalling him in April 1831. From this he recovered, by the care of a good surgeon, in a few days, and was then placed, by way of caution, upon extremely low diet, which, however, he did not always adhere to. He was now extremely infirm in walking, and from heedlessness often tumbled over articles of furniture or other impediments. The desire to be writing continued, nevertheless, in full vigour as a ruling passion. Here, however, he was destined to receive a shock more terrible to him than bodily illness, when his friends,

Cadell and Ballantyne, felt it right to tell him that his tale of Count Robert of Paris was, in their opinion, an entire failure. "The blow is a stunning one, I suppose"—thus he speaks in his diary—"for I scarcely feel it. . . . I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." His friends and medical attendants strongly advised him to intermit these severe exertions, which evidently were only a gentle form of self-murder; but they preached to deaf ears. They were equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to keep him back from a county election in which he felt interested. He went—took part in the proceedings—and came to a collision with the populace, which could not but leave distressing effects on one who, on all other points, delighted to stand in kindly relations towards the humbler classes. In the very depth of this dark crisis he began a tale, called *Castle Dangerous*, in which the failing powers of his mind became even more painfully conspicuous. He was now fully sensible that, in all probability, he had but a short time to live; but it only made him the more eager to work for the acquittance of his great obligations. So much was this the case, that, being at a country-house in Lanarkshire on a short visit, the intelligence of a friend having fallen down suddenly in a fit, from which it was not expected he would recover, caused him instantly to break up his engagement, and go home; answering to all remonstrances on the subject, "The night cometh when no man may work."

He was now advised to spend the ensuing winter in Italy, and the government having handsomely placed a ship at his disposal, he sailed for Naples in October, attended by his eldest son and younger daughter. He was most unwilling to leave home, but a long-entertained wish to see some of the continental countries besides France served to reconcile him to the change. The voyage was a pleasant one; he enjoyed the objects to be seen at Malta, so full of middle-age associations, and thought of fictions he could found upon them. On the 17th December he reached Naples, where everything was done by the king and the best society of the place, including many English, to render his residence happy. His chief companion here was Sir William Gell, an invalid English gentleman, who wrote upon the antiquities of Italy, and with whom Scott at once became extremely intimate. He beheld most of the classical antiquities with indifference—saying only at Pompeii, "The city of the dead!"—but was keenly interested in any object or document which took his mind into the middle ages. Here he actually wrote a new tale (entitled *The Siege of Malta*), and commenced a second, neither of which was deemed by his friends as fit to see the light. For some time he entertained cheerful views about his health: he was also under an impression that his debts were all discharged: it is needless to

say that in both particulars he was deceived. Thus about four months rolled on. He then became anxious to return home, and, as he would not obey rule either as to writing or his diet, it was thought best to gratify him, in the hope that a more effectual control might there be exercised.

Attended by his younger son, who had been placed at Naples as an attaché to the embassy there, and by his younger daughter as before, Scott left Naples for Tweedside on the 16th of April. He paused a few weeks at Rome, chiefly to gratify his daughter with the sights, of which, however, he himself also partook, beholding, as before, the mediæval antiquities with the greater share of interest. The houses occupied by the dethroned Stuarts, and their tombs in St Peter's, were objects of peculiar interest in his eyes. Here, as at Naples, he was treated by persons of the highest rank, native and foreign, with the greatest respect. Leaving Rome on the 11th of May, he proceeded by Venice, through the Tyrol, to Frankfort, with a haste which must have been unfavourable to him, but which nothing could control. It was soon after necessary for him to have blood let by his servant Nicolson, who had been instructed for that purpose. On the 13th of June he reached London, totally exhausted. It was now evident that this illustrious man was drawing near to the end of a greater journey. He was kept three weeks in London, during which his friends saw in him but occasional gleams of sense. He never knew distinctly where he was: he knew, however, that he was not at Abbotsford, and there he yearned to be. To gratify him, he was taken to Scotland by sea, and from Edinburgh, as soon as possible, to his own house. As he approached it, he began faintly to recognise familiar objects, and by and by it was found difficult to keep him in the carriage, so greatly was he excited. At length, alighting at the porch, and seeing his steward and friend, he exclaimed—"Ha, Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man, how often have I thought of you!" His dogs came about his knees, and he sobbed over them until stupor fell again upon him. He remained in the sad state to which he was now reduced for two months. Sometimes the mind cleared a little, and on one occasion he caused himself to be placed at his desk to write, where, however, the fingers failed to grasp the pen, and he sunk back weeping in his chair. More generally he was in a state of slumber. When sensible, he caused the Bible and church services to be read to him. At length, on the 21st of September, the scene was gently closed. Sir Walter died in the sixty-second year of his age. He was buried a few days after in a family sepulchre within the limits of Dryburgh Abbey.

The character of Scott has already been indicated in the tenor of his life, and it is not necessary to say much in addition. It certainly included a wonderful amount of the very noblest and most loveable of the qualities of humanity—rarely, perhaps, have so many been combined in one person. The public had a stronger

sense of this in Scott's lifetime than even now, for the revelations made by Mr Lockhart and others regarding his commercial affairs, have had the effect of derogating considerably from his reputation. But we venture to predict that this is only a temporary effect. It has damaged the ideal image only; it has not injured the real man. Far better, we would say, to look the actual character in the face, and judge of it from its shadows as well as its lights: then only can we truly appreciate even the worth and goodness of Scott, for then only do we see a bearer of our own nature, charged with a share of its infirmities, as well as of its glories. Admit, for instance, that he erred in his anxiety for wealth; see, on the other hand, what objects he had here in view! There was nothing sordid in this passion of his—the results were mainly used to realise a poetic dream from which others were to derive the substantial benefits. A large share was also devoted without a grudge to solace the unfortunate. Grant, again, that he venerated rank; the feeling was essentially connected with his historic taste, He worshipped not the title or its living bearer; his idol was constituted by the romantic associations which it awoke—and thus he has been known to pay far more practical respect to a poor Highland chieftain than to a modern English peer. It may, in like manner, be admitted that his judgments on passing affairs were obsolete, and they may be excused by a similar reference to his poetic habits. It was the same romance of the brain from which we derived his novels, that misled him on these points. The gravest charge against him lies undeniably in his heedlessness regarding his affairs. Apart altogether from his accommodations to Constable and Company, he had entered deeply into a false system of credit on his own account. And while much debt was consequently hanging over him, he is found transferring the only solid security for it—his estate—to his son. This, however, should be contemplated in connection with all the circumstances which we can suppose to have justified it in his own mind. To one who was producing ten thousand a-year by his pen, and who had done so for years, who, moreover, saw large possessions in his own hands, there might appear no pressing reason for looking anxiously into the accounts concerning even so large a sum of floating debt as forty-six thousand pounds; at least to one whose temperament, we now see, was sanguine and ideal as ever poet manifested, though in his case usually veiled under an air of worldly seeming. When this is considered, the weight of the charge will, we think, appear much lessened, though it cannot be altogether done away. For what remains, let us reflect on the latter days of Scott, and surely we must own that never was fault more nobly expiated, or punishment more nobly borne, than by the great Minstrel.

Since the death of Scott, the whole of his debts have been cleared off by the profits of his writings, which now remain as a lucrative property to his descendants.

POOR JOE.

I.

ON the 15th of May 1801, a poor woman was breathing her last in a garret of one of the highest houses in the street of St Honoré. She was still young, but she was sinking more under the effects of misery than illness. Laid on a little straw, and not having tasted anything since the morning, her strength was quite exhausted. She was already speechless, when the cries of her only son, then six years of age, attracted the attention of the neighbours. Their assistance was of no avail; the object of their charity expired a few minutes after, without being able to utter a word—her dimmed eyes still fixed upon her child, whose tears had ceased to flow when he saw himself surrounded by people. One poor woman raised him up and kissed him. "Poor little Joe!" said she. "Poor Joe!" repeated the neighbours; and they left the garret with the child, in order to assemble at Dame Robert's, the mistress of a shop of six feet square, attached to the same house, where she worked at her trade of shoemaking. This was the wise woman of the quarter. An apron was never bought, or a pot put on the fire, without consulting Dame Robert; and in this affair it was to her that they all hurried to decide on the fate of the poor orphan. Before we tell the result of this noisy conference, we must give the sad but very common history of the parents of Poor Joe.

His father, born at Annecy, in Savoy, was called Joseph Berr, or Joe, according to the custom of the country. This name,

thus disfigured, is so common there, that if you call a man Joe, you will rarely be mistaken, and at all events you are sure not to give offence. Joe Berr, like most of his countrymen, was honest, intelligent, and vigorous. He married, and not being able to get work enough to support his family in comfort, he had the folly to settle in Paris, after spending half of his little treasure in his long and tiresome journey. Honest Berr fully expected to make his fortune; but he found that if many resources exist in a large city, obstacles are everywhere to be encountered. He wished to stand at the corner of a street to carry loads; but he found rivals already in possession there, who threatened to do him an injury. No new-comer was desired; and it was only by spending a sum—for him a large one—in treating the whole troop at a tavern, that he would be received as a comrade. Unfortunately, the profits were small, and living in Paris very dear. His wife tried to work, but not being known, and having her baby to take care of, she picked up even less money than Berr. They struggled on in this manner for some time; Berr often repenting that he had quitted his country, where, though he might not have earned a great deal, he was still sure of being employed and assisted. At length, after a very severe winter, during which Berr had made renewed exertions for the support of his wife and child, he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died in four days, for want of proper assistance. From that moment his unhappy wife languished; and unable to support his loss, and the privations to which she was exposed, she at last sunk under her accumulated misfortunes.

While the council of the neighbours held at Dame Robert's was deliberating, without coming to any conclusion, on the fate of little Joe, the poor little creature lay peaceably sleeping on the counter. The greater number of the women would willingly have taken charge of him for a week, but not more: one had a numerous family, another was in service. Some one mentioned the Foundling Hospital. Dame Robert was indignant. "What!" she exclaimed, "the only child of these good people. No! thou shalt not go to the hospital, my little cherub," continued she, catching up the sleeping boy. "I have five children, but thou shalt share their bread; and though I should work an hour more morning and evening, with the help of God I will feed thee until thou canst work for thyself." She remained alone with the child, after being overwhelmed by the praises of her neighbours, who envied her this good action without having the courage to perform it themselves. She carried little Joe to her boys' bed, and lay down to rest, satisfied with herself. There is more merit and difficulty in such goodness in people of the lower class than in any other: the rich may give from their superfluity, but the charity of the poor must be drawn from what is necessary to them. Dame Robert was a widow; her little trade was pretty good; but to support a sixth child, it was necessary,

as she said, for her to work two additional hours, which she could only take from her time of rest.

Little Joe was kindly treated, but not spoiled: his share of potatoes was the same as the other children; he shared the same poor bed; and when the six little ones made too much noise, broke anything, or drank the milk intended for the dame's favourite cat, the distribution of reproofs and blows was equal between Joe and his adopted brothers.

Joe was beloved by his little companions for his mild and obliging disposition; but his greatest friend was Philip, the dame's youngest child, who, being something older than himself, defended him when he was assailed by others. At eight years of age Joe was a strong and active boy, although rather short. He was intelligent; and if the dame could not give very extensive views of religion and probity, they were sufficient for his age and station. She was constantly repeating to the children the following four sentences; and, what was still better for them, they saw that she always acted up to them:—"Be thankful to God for the bread that he gives you." "Never say what is not true, even for bread." "Earn your bread honestly, otherwise it will not profit you." "When you are old enough, take care of your parents, as they have taken care of you."

II.

One morning Dame Robert took Joe upon her lap and said to him, "My boy, thou art now full eight years old; thou mayst begin to work, and help me as I have helped thee. No idlers for Dame Robert. My elder boys have begun their apprenticeship; Philip takes charge of my messages; and of thee I am going to make a little shoe-cleaner, who will bring home every evening the pence earned during the day. Stay, here is a little footstool I have bought for thee." Joe was delighted. What pleasure to be able to earn money at his age—to be of use to his good mother! We must acknowledge the idea of being almost quite his own master added very much to his joy, and he ran to admire his little shoe-cleaning establishment. Nothing had been forgotten: the footstool, the scraping-knife, the soft and hard brushes, a pot of blacking, and a bucket of water; these articles comprised Joe's new possessions. The poor little boy was proud of them. They were the utensils of his industry, and as such could be viewed only with respect. The labour of cleaning shoes, it is true, is not by any means exalted; still it is honest labour, and that is a great thing. No labour which is honest can be called dishonourable. Although Joe did not reason in this strain, his desire to earn a livelihood led him to look forward with delight to his career as a shoe-black. His brushes and other articles were handled and rehandled by him and the other children.

Impatient to try his hand, Joe began to clean and polish all

the dirty shoes in the house, assisted by the advice of all the brothers and sisters. The first pair was badly managed; Joe cut the strings; with the second he gave himself a great scratch on the hand, but that only proved the knife was good, and he did not cry; the third was pretty well done; the next better; and so on, until he came to Philip's, which he had kept for last, and he turned these out a masterpiece; and it was declared he might practise in public. Poor Joe could hardly sleep that night, and saw in his dreams various passengers stopping to ask for his valuable assistance.

The dame's kind anxiety for Joe made her careful to choose a favourable spot in which to establish him. She decided on the Place du Musée, at the end of which was the street Froidmenteau: at that time a narrow, low, and dirty street, which has since been much improved. It was the usual road for the artists who went for business or pleasure to the Louvre, where was then, as now, the exhibition of paintings, and other things which have since been taken elsewhere. It was an excellent place for the purpose, and unoccupied.

It was on a Monday morning that Joe commenced his new trade. The whole family were up early, to take Joe to his stand. The dame herself carried the pretty footstool; each of the children seized upon one of the tools; Joe alone, as the hero of the party, did not carry anything; he marched proudly at the head of the merry troop. Dame Robert, after much advice not to leave his place, and not to devour the day's provision at once, which she gave him in a little basket, went away at last with the other children, not without often looking back. When she got to the end of the street, she again turned her head, and saw with great satisfaction that Joe was already busily occupied cleaning a pair of boots, which a lazy servant had just brought to him, to save himself the trouble. The good woman then, with a happy heart, quickened her steps, and was soon at her usual occupations; but the day seemed long to her, and it was with difficulty that she could refrain from going to take a distant peep at the poor boy.

On the evening of this day, so memorable for the little family, when Joe was seen dragging home his baggage, all the children ran to help him. Joe, throwing himself into the arms of Dame Robert, began a confused account of his adventures; then stopping suddenly, he pulled out of his pocket, and presented to her with the greatest pride, twelve pence, carefully wrapped up in an old rag. Encouraged by this first success, Joe's exertions were redoubled, and he was soon the best shoe-boy in the quarter. As he grew older, he added to his earnings by going messages, calling coaches, &c. and his mildness and civility soon made friends for him of all his neighbours. He was exposed to two great temptations—one was a very attractive shop for gingerbread, and the other a society of children, who would try to coax him to stop and play; but, to Joe's credit, his daily treasure was

regularly carried to the dame, and no passenger ever had to wait a moment for the little shoe-boy.

Joe's good conduct and reputation soon brought him good fortune. Besides many other shops, there was near Joe's stand a warehouse for colours, canvas, and everything required for painting; it had been long established, and was well attended to by the master, named Barbe, a respectable person, who was much liked by the artists, to many of whom he had shown kindness when their circumstances were distressed. His wife, still young and well-looking, had great influence with her husband, and amused his numerous customers by her volubility. With many good qualities, she was unfortunately very fond of finding fault. Her greatest victims in this respect were her husband, her daughter, four years old, and a man of forty, named Gabri, the foreman of Mr Barbe, and in whom he placed great confidence. Naturally no great talker, Gabri had become still more silent since the marriage of his master; for, finding that the mildest answer was but throwing oil on the fire, when Mrs Barbe got into one of her fits of rage, he listened without saying a word, and she would then pass on to others. However, she esteemed him, as did everybody else; and acknowledged that the prosperity of their trade was in a great degree owing to his intelligence and probity. But this good Gabri was unable to shake off a deep sadness, which was caused by severe affliction. He had lost in six weeks his three children and their mother by small-pox; and after several years, this man, apparently so cold, shed tears when attempting to speak of his children. "They were three fine boys," said he; and he could not finish what he would have said. With a heart thus reduced to tenderness, and without an object on which to expend his affections, Gabri soon became interested in and attached to little Joe; he watched his conduct and disposition, and at last determined to try to improve his fortunes; and after having talked the matter over with Mrs Legris, the seller of gingerbread, another friend of Joe's, they arranged their plans accordingly.

Mrs Barbe liked Mrs Legris, who, wishing to keep on good terms with her neighbours, was a patient listener, and used to give cakes to the little girl, which even Mrs Barbe could not find fault with. Mrs Legris chose one morning to visit her friend, when she expected to find her in good-humour, with her shop filling with purchasers. They had been chatting away for a little time, when a customer told Mrs Barbe that her brushes were not of the best kind. Mrs Barbe was indignant. Just at this moment her eye fell upon Gabri carrying several parcels, and she called out, "Take care, Gabri, or you'll let all these things fall." Whether it was her harsh voice that startled poor Gabri, we cannot say, but as she spoke, the whole cargo rolled into the middle of the shop. His mistress, furious, sprung from her place, but she was stopped just in time by the entrance of a

the dirty shoes in the house, assisted by the [illegible] had brothers and sisters. The first pair was bad[illegible] take the strings; with the second he gave hi[illegible] seeing on the hand, but that only proved the [illegible] olded did not cry; the third was pretty wel[illegible] tress and so on, until he came to Philir[illegible] Don't last, and he turned these out a [illegible] just clared he might practise in pub[illegible] ified sleep that night, and saw in [illegible] rbe, stopping to ask for his valuable [illegible] e to

The dame's kind anxiety for [illegible] favourable spot in which to [illegible] with- Place du Musée, at the end[illegible] assistance. teau: at that time a narro[illegible] who would not be been much improved. I[illegible] went for business or pl[illegible] oe; "Gabri has too much now, the exhibition [illegible] since been taken else[illegible] e to us." purpose, and unocc[illegible] and and Gabri, but as they said

It was on a Mo[illegible] ontradict them passed away, and she trade. The whol[illegible] r is decided, tell me, neighbour, if you The dame hersel[illegible] suit?" seized upon on[illegible] to hide her joy. "Yes, I know a poor boy; did not carry [illegible] his mother might not like it." merry troop[illegible] not like it!" exclaimed Mrs Barbe, offended at place, and [illegible] "What! to enter such a house as this, to become gave him [illegible]'s pupil, to be fed by us? And for all that, what do children. [illegible]? Almost nothing—only to be intelligent, faithful, end of t[illegible]obedient; neither lazy, nor greedy, nor awkward! Explain satisfa[illegible] advantages, Mrs Legris, and I do not think the child's of bo[illegible] can hesitate." him [illegible] they will not be so silly," said Mrs Legris; "besides, he is qu[illegible] an adopted child. It is poor little Joe the Savoyard, whom t[illegible] see established down there. His history is singular, and I [illegible] sure you will like him."

Kind Mrs Legris departed, satisfied with the success of her undertaking; and if Gabri's conversation was as laconic as usual, a curious observer might often that day have seen him rub his hands and smile, quite extraordinary for him.

III.

The day after the above conversation, Dame Robert, in Sunday dress, visited Mrs Barbe with Joe, and after much discussion, it was settled that Joe should stay there for seven years without any pay, and that, after that time, if his conduct were good, he should receive a small monthly allowance; that he was to be fed and lodged by his new master; and that Dame Robert should [illegible] charge of his clothing.

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fear the cross Mrs Barbe, to annoy him, would scold
nocent Joe.

When the evening arrived, the mistress of the house desired Gabri to take the apprentice to his room. It sounded grandly to poor Joe, who, until then, had possessed only the third part of the dark loft where his brothers slept. He was going now to sleep alone, and in his own room. After ascending gaily seven storeys, Gabri opened a little door, and went into a corner, reserved for examining the gutters on the roof, and which was next the loft of Mr Barbe. "A window!—a window!" exclaimed Joe on entering. "Mr Gabri, I have a window!" and he jumped about, clapping his hands. Gabri showed him his bed; it was a good paillasse, with a sheet; and his joy was so great, that his protector could hardly get him to lie down.

The first dawn of day roused Joe from his slumbers, and he met with another agreeable surprise on seeing that the walls of his little den were smooth, and perfectly white; for Joe, in the leisure moments that were left him by his old trade, had often amused himself scribbling with his blacking and brushes upon stones or boards. How delightful, then, for him to be able to ornament his room with drawings of horses and soldiers! He was already about to commence his undertaking, when Mrs Barbe called, and he hastened to obey.

For a whole week the echoes of the house repeated incessantly the name of Joe. The poor boy, watched and tormented by Mrs Barbe, was severely tried; but his good disposition and indefatigable zeal gradually softened his mistress's harshness. Gabri also, by his advice, saved him from many a giddy act; and Mrs Barbe scolded so much, that her husband never scolded at all. Joe was then good, beloved, and happy. His taste for painting

distinguished artist, one of Barbe's best customers, who had often amused himself by hinting that he would some day take Mrs Barbe's likeness.

"Oh, what a subject for a picture!" he exclaimed, seeing chalks and pencils floating in oil, Gabri standing with folded arms, and Mrs Legris trying to keep back the infuriated mistress of the house. "One might call it 'The Broken Jar!' Don't spoil your pretty face, my charming model; my picture is just finished, and I want a panel to commence another." This pacified the lady, but presently the artist said, "How is it, Mrs Barbe, nobody brings what I want: why have you not more people to attend to so many customers?"

Mrs Legris instantly seized the opportunity. "Notwithstanding all your activity, neighbour, you do require assistance. In your place I would get a boy to help you, who would not be expensive."

"Mrs Legris is right," said Mr Barbe; "Gabri has too much work. A boy would be of great use to us."

Mrs Barbe looked at her husband and Gabri, but as they said nothing more, the wish to contradict them passed away, and she replied, "Since the matter is decided, tell me, neighbour, if you know a child likely to suit?"

Mrs Legris tried to hide her joy. "Yes, I know a poor boy; but, no, perhaps his mother might not like it."

"His mother not like it!" exclaimed Mrs Barbe, offended at such an idea. "What! to enter such a house as this, to become my husband's pupil, to be fed by us? And for all that, what do we require? Almost nothing—only to be intelligent, faithful, active, obedient; neither lazy, nor greedy, nor awkward! Explain these advantages, Mrs Legris, and I do not think the child's family can hesitate."

"They will not be so silly," said Mrs Legris; "besides, he is only an adopted child. It is poor little Joe the Savoyard, whom you see established down there. His history is singular, and I am sure you will like him."

Kind Mrs Legris departed, satisfied with the success of her undertaking; and if Gabri's conversation was as laconic as usual, a curious observer might often that day have seen him rub his hands and smile, quite extraordinary for him.

III.

The day after the above conversation, Dame Robert, in Sunday dress, visited Mrs Barbe with Joe, and after much discussion, it was settled that Joe should stay there for seven years without any pay, and that, after that time, if his conduct were good, he should receive a small monthly allowance; that he was to be fed and lodged by his new master; and that Dame Robert should take charge of his clothing.

Joe sat no longer at the corner of the street blacking the shoes of passengers. He had been promoted from this desultory mode of existence to be a kind of apprentice in a colour-shop. Some will think this no great promotion; but let it be remembered that the new situation, poor as it was, afforded an opportunity of getting forward in life. When people hesitate about accepting situations which seem of small value, they should recollect that any situation is better than idleness, and that that situation is preferable which affords the best chances of leading to something better. To be in the way of rising, is the first step towards worldly success.

When Joe entered on his new profession of boy-of-all-work in the colour-shop, he was set to work immediately, and showed a degree of intelligence which delighted his good master, and surprised his more hard-to-be-pleased wife. He recollected wonderfully well the places where he was to find everything; and if he hesitated, Gabri, from the back of the shop, where he was grinding colours, would make him a sign, which the smart child instantly understood. He dared not openly express his satisfaction, for fear the cross Mrs Barbe, to annoy him, would scold poor innocent Joe.

When the evening arrived, the mistress of the house desired Gabri to take the apprentice to his room. It sounded grandly to poor Joe, who, until then, had possessed only the third part of the dark loft where his brothers slept. He was going now to sleep alone, and in his own room. After ascending gaily seven storeys, Gabri opened a little door, and went into a corner, reserved for examining the gutters on the roof, and which was next the loft of Mr Barbe. "A window!—a window!" exclaimed Joe on entering. "Mr Gabri, I have a window!" and he jumped about, clapping his hands. Gabri showed him his bed; it was a good paillasse, with a sheet; and his joy was so great, that his protector could hardly get him to lie down.

The first dawn of day roused Joe from his slumbers, and he met with another agreeable surprise on seeing that the walls of his little den were smooth, and perfectly white; for Joe, in the leisure moments that were left him by his old trade, had often amused himself scribbling with his blacking and brushes upon stones or boards. How delightful, then, for him to be able to ornament his room with drawings of horses and soldiers! He was already about to commence his undertaking, when Mrs Barbe called, and he hastened to obey.

For a whole week the echoes of the house repeated incessantly the name of Joe. The poor boy, watched and tormented by Mrs Barbe, was severely tried; but his good disposition and indefatigable zeal gradually softened his mistress's harshness. Gabri also, by his advice, saved him from many a giddy act; and Mrs Barbe scolded so much, that her husband never scolded at all. Joe was then good, beloved, and happy. His taste for painting

increased from the conversations he was hearing daily; but perhaps his taste would never have been developed without a particular circumstance, and his genius, like the fire from a flint, would never have produced a spark, if it had not been struck.

Amongst the numerous houses where Joe carried the orders given to Barbe, was one where he was received with much kindness, and which, in spite of his good sense, he found it very difficult to leave when his commission was finished. It was Mr Enguehard's: he was a respectable man, but not rich; passionately fond of the arts, and had practised that of the engraver, until the weakness of his sight obliged him to desist. Married late in life to an amiable woman, their constant occupation was the education of their only son, named Francis, about two years older than Joe. His parents intended him for a painter, for which he showed some talent, but was too volatile and fond of amusement to make much progress.

Mr Enguehard was at first displeased at his son's fancy for Joe, naturally fearing that he had not been carefully brought up, and might give Francis bad habits; but the sweet expression of the little boy's countenance induced him to make inquiries, the result of which was so satisfactory, that he permitted the intimacy to continue. Joe's spare moments were therefore divided between Dame Robert and his dear Francis. His first friend, Philip, was not, however, forgotten; but Joe was so well aware of the advantages he derived from the conversation of Mr Enguehard and his son, that he preferred it to being admired by Philip. His ideas expanded, and he grieved for his ignorance, and coveted that instruction by which Francis profited so little.

One day Francis, throwing down his book in one of his idle humours, said to him, "How happy you are, who do not know how to read or write; you are not obliged to learn lessons!"

"Ah!" replied Joe, "that is my misfortune, and it is you whom I think happy for being able to learn. Oh, if you would but teach me to draw!"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Francis, quite delighted. "I will be your little master; but look to your fingers, my friend, if you do not work well!"

Joe smiled at this threat, and Mr Enguehard having given his consent, it was agreed that every evening that Joe was allowed out, he was to receive a lesson. The pupil advanced so rapidly, that his young master found that he must work hard to keep up that relation between them. Mr Enguehard neglected no opportunity of keeping up an emulation so useful to both children. He often spoke to them of the ancient masters, and related the events of their lives. "Almost all," he said, "showed their genius from childhood." After mentioning various instances, he spoke of "Claude Gelee, called Lorraine, who could not learn anything at school; his parents apprenticed him to a pastry-cook, with whom he was even more unsuccessful. Not knowing what

to do with himself, he went to Rome, and happened by chance there to go into the service of Augustine Tasse, to grind his colours and clean his palettes. His master, hoping to make him more useful, taught him some of the rules of perspective; and Lorraine, giving himself up entirely to painting, passed whole days in the country, drawing and painting, and became the celebrated and almost only landscape painter whose works are now to be admired in the museum."

Joe listened with breathless attention. When Mr Enguehard ceased speaking, there was a dead silence, which was broken by Joe's jumping up, exclaiming aloud, "Why not?—why not?" then he blushed upon seeing Francis roar out laughing.

Mr Enguehard sent them away to play, and reflecting upon Joe's words, was tempted to push him forward in the career to which he seemed called. But the excellent engraver was poor; it was impossible for him to take charge of Joe; and was he not then to blame, in giving this child ideas so unsuited to his situation? "What a pity!" repeated he; "but if I only made him unhappy, without being able to assist him!" From that day Mr Enguehard took no further notice of Poor Joe's drawing-lessons. But the precaution came too late. Joe was born a painter: Claude Lorraine was always before his mind; and for want of fields, which he could not see, he drew horses and figures, and sought for subjects for composition in the historical events related to him by Francis.

Attentively observing the habits of the painters to whom he carried parcels, his imagination was still more excited; and he would grieve, when alone in his loft, that he had no colours or palette, and could only put black over white. Gabri was his sole confidant; but an event happened which revealed the secret to Mrs Barbe, and cost Poor Joe many tears.

IV.

We have already mentioned Barbe's kindness to young artists, who often left their pictures at his shop to be seen by the crowds constantly going there. Before being admitted to work for the grand prize in painting, which every year sends to and supports a young artist at Rome, at the expense of the government, the competitors have first a trial at full-length figures, secondly at coloured sketches, and six or eight of the most skilful then commence the pictures for which the prize is given. It may be easily imagined what importance young and poor artists attach to these trials. One of the most promising pupils of the time had just gained the prize of figure-drawing; and as Barbe had helped him in various ways, he wished him to share in his joy, and to leave with him his victorious study. He arrived at his shop, attended by a dozen of his companions and rivals, who, the first disappointment over, in general shared cordially in the

pleasure of the successful artist, particularly if they had studied with the same master. Joe was present, and became so agitated by the praises of the spectators, and the joy of the young people, that he would certainly have drawn upon himself a lecture from Mrs Barbe, had not Gabri dragged him away.

"My friend," said Joe sobbing, "do you see that young man? He is only fifteen. Claude Lorraine was a pastry-cook; and I—what am I? There is something in me too!"

Gabri knew nothing of Claude Lorraine, but he succeeded in pacifying Joe, by promising that he should be gratified in one of his most anxious wishes.

The exhibition was just opened, and the merits of the different paintings were the constant subject of discussion at Barbe's shop. Workmen of all sorts, and soldiers, are not denied admittance to the exhibition; but Joe's age, his clothes stained with all the colours of the shop, and outgrown, made him afraid to pass the great frowning porter with his stick.

He confided his sorrows to his two friends. Francis, with his father's leave, gave his little companion an old greatcoat and trousers, which Philip, who was bound to a tailor, promised to make fit; Dame Robert bought a pretty piece of stuff, that her daughter cut out cleverly for a waistcoat; and Gabri engaged to furnish a hat. Joe was most impatient to profit by the gifts of his friends; but the preparations were of necessity tedious; for the little workers had more zeal than capability, and their daily task must be done notwithstanding.

Meanwhile Joe, happening to be alone in the shop, thought of amusing himself by looking at the new picture. Being hung up rather high, he climbed a ladder to take it down; but thinking he heard terrible Mrs Barbe coming, he hastily replaced it, when, in his hurry, the end of his sleeve rubbed the fresh painting, and took off part of the ground, and almost the whole of one leg. Nobody coming, Joe recovered his fright, and again looked up, and great was his grief upon seeing the accident. What was he to do? What would become of him if the young painter came for his work? What should he say to Mrs Barbe? —for, if he were questioned, he could not say what was not true. The poor child was in despair, and already fancied himself disgracefully turned out. Joe could think of but one remedy; he ran to hide the picture in his own room, and trusted to his own skill to repair the damage. This was daring indeed; but there have been many instances of the influence exercised on the minds of children by the objects of art to which they are early accustomed. Some years ago, at Florence, there was a great fall of snow, a very unusual circumstance in that mild climate. The children of the poor were seen to form it into statues, and even groups, remarkable for their imitation of the masterpieces by which they were surrounded. Joe possessed great natural talent; and we must recollect that the work he

wanted to touch up was only that of a pupil of fifteen years of age. Having often seen painters at work, he was at no loss for the management of the palette; but he wanted colours and brushes; and although placed in the centre of such things, he dared not make use of one.

Unfortunately, Gabri had gone to his own country for some days, the first time for fifteen years that he was absent from Mr Barbe's. In this dilemma he had, therefore, only his friend Francis to whom he could apply for assistance: he was as much frightened by the intended repairs as by the accident; however, Joe's intreaties were so urgent, for he was afraid of being missed, that Francis gave him what money he had. This was sufficient for what Joe required; and his purchases were made and hidden with such rapidity, that he was in his place before Mrs Barbe asked for him.

Joe was disturbed all day by the idea of his daring enterprise, and his mind was so distracted, that he could not half enjoy his new clothes which Philip brought home that evening. The poor boy was disappointed by Joe's indifference, and returned, thinking he must be sick, or that something was seriously the matter with him.

Joe, up with the dawn, at first only thought of the pleasure of possessing colours and brushes; but when all was ready, he was struck by the difficulties before him, and remained motionless, not daring to take up the brush, when a happy idea suddenly restored his courage. "I have half of a leg to do," said he to himself. "Well, why not copy from my own? Great painters draw from nature, and I can arrange my foot so as to draw from it without inconvenience. By this means I shall certainly succeed." After carefully examining the figure, the legs of which, luckily for him, were stretched out, he turned one of his own nearly into the same position, and gave the first trembling touch. By degrees his hand gained freedom and facility, and he never rested until the mischief was repaired.

The study completed, Joe went down stairs to watch for a favourable moment to hang it in its place. It was late, and the family were going out to walk, and Mrs Barbe was in such good-humour, her husband having made her a present of a pretty cap, that she readily gave Joe leave to go to the exhibition, provided that he returned early to put everything in order. No sooner were they out of sight than the picture was hung, and Joe, looking up, smiled at the fine effect of his labours.

Feeling then only the joy of a new dress, and proud of his brass buttons, he went to the exhibition at the Louvre, and passed the great porter.

The splendid staircase was not then built: still, the one which met Joe's unaccustomed gaze was that of a palace. Those wide stone stairs—the walls covered with pictures—the tumult of the crowd that pushed him along—no wonder that poor Joe's head

should become giddy. He looked without seeing, walked without hearing, until he reached the grand gallery of the museum containing the old pictures. At the sight of this immense gallery, beautiful even to those accustomed to such scenes, Joe was indeed astonished. Fewer persons being in this part of the museum, Joe breathed freely, and being no longer pushed about, he began to enjoy the happiness he had so often longed for. Several pictures attracted his attention, but too ignorant to understand the subjects of them, his pleasure was thereby considerably diminished. When he reached that picture of Raphael's known as the "Virgin in the Chair," the figures were easily recognised. Joe found himself, as it were, in the midst of old acquaintances: he could even make comparisons: having seen other church pictures, his taste was naturally so correct, that the sight of this masterpiece created emotions in his mind hitherto unknown to him. The longer he looked, the greater was the illusion. The head of the infant Jesus seemed to become animated, and to smile upon him. Joe, leaning over the balustrade, stretched out his arms, smiled in return, and in the charm of his new sensations forgot everything else, when a noise near him made him start up and shake off the fit of abstraction. He turned his head, and saw a man who was watching him attentively. He was still young, with a face remarkable for expression; his animated eyes were fixed with kindness upon Joe, who, notwithstanding his usual timidity, answered the questions put to him without embarrassment. The stranger wished to know his name, what he thought of Raphael's picture, what were his ideas, his occupation, &c. The natural expressions of Joe, through which his precocious genius might be easily perceived, warmly interested the stranger. "Thou art born a painter, child," said he, gently touching Joe's forehead; "thou knowest already what no master could teach thee; but thou requirest guidance, and I will give it thee. Here is my address. I am called G——: come to my house; I will do something for thee."

Joe recognised with rapture the name of one of the most celebrated artists, and clasped his hands together without being able to utter a word. Mr G—— gave him another kind look, and went away. Joe could not for some time recover from his agitation, and it was late when he recollected that he was still in Mrs Barbe's service, and that he was in some risk of not remaining in it from the accident that had happened. Extremely uneasy, he hurried back to Barbe's. Everybody had returned, and the manner in which he was received, forewarned him that the storm was about to burst over his devoted head.

V.

Barbe was walking up and down the warehouse; he advanced towards Joe, as if to question him, and then turned sorrowfully

away. Joe began muttering some excuse, when Mrs Barbe, whose violent anger had hitherto deprived her of speech, at last recovered the faculty to launch the abuse at the poor criminal.

"Ah, there you are, sir!" said she: "how very exact! Indeed you could not well be in any great haste to show yourself."

"I am very sorry, ma'am," replied Joe.

But Mrs Barbe did not give him time to finish. "Don't interrupt me, you little viper, whom we have nourished to turn upon his benefactors. But I would pardon your being lazy and ungrateful, if you did not injure the reputation of my house by spoiling the pictures in our care. Yes!" continued she with still more vehemence as she saw Joe turn pale, "you thought, little wretch, that your folly would not be discovered; but we know all: not satisfied with having completely spoiled a superb piece, you have stolen from us what you wanted for your mischievous plans!" A cry of horror broke from Poor Joe, and springing towards the implacable Mrs Barbe, who was still continuing her invectives, he protested his innocence of at least the latter part of the accusation; but his tears and intreaties had no effect upon the prejudiced minds of his employers.

It had happened that when Barbe came in with a light, it had fallen full upon the mended figure, and as Joe was by nature a good colourist, a quality in which the young artist was deficient, the difference was easily perceived. Besides, poor Joe, in his difficulties, had drawn from the left foot, which was more convenient to him, and, without noticing that he had joined it to the right leg, had placed it so as to turn the big toe outwards. His loft had been searched, and the palette, with the fresh colours, left no doubt of the fact. Barbe would have pardoned the daubing of the study, but the idea of the theft disgusted him, and it was impossible not to suspect Joe of it; for Francis's friendship for him was not known, and it was certain that he had not anything of his own. It was in vain that Poor Joe related the exact truth: he was not believed: and Mrs Barbe, after a second explosion of abuse, was taking him by the arm to turn him out, but her husband stopped her, and insisted upon his remaining for that night in the house. Obliged to yield, she made up for it by collecting some of her neighbours, who came with malicious eagerness to look at the left foot put to the right leg, and to stare at the unhappy Joe, who was trying to stifle his grief in a corner. The visitors taking care to speak loud and distinctly, so as not to spare him any ill-natured remarks.

"Certainly," said one, "his poor mother did not deserve such a son as that."

"I always predicted it," said another. "There is what it is to pick up vagabonds! but Dame Robert was always obstinate." At last their cruelty was so great, that poor Joe could no longer smother his sobs; and Mr Barbe, hearing him from his room, came to the assistance of the child, and sent him to bed.

Joe passed a dreadful night. In a few hours more he would be driven out dishonoured, returned to his adopted mother without the means of support, with an accusation of robbery hanging over him. One ray of hope yet remained to him—Francis could bear witness to the truth of his story. He resolved to intreat Mr Barbe, who was more humane than his wife, to go and question Francis; but this resource failed the unhappy child. Barbe, who was fond of him, had gone early to Mr Enguehard's. Unwilling to expose his favourite, he only begged Francis to tell him if he had lent any money to Joe. The latter, not aware of what had happened, and afraid of injuring his friend, and of his father's displeasure, committed a very great fault—he told an untruth, thinking to save Joe, and completed his ruin by denying to Mr Barbe that he had lent money to his apprentice. Mr Enguehard knowing nothing of the affair, Barbe returned, convinced of the necessity of turning off poor Joe. He pushed him away crossly when the boy came to make his request, and told him to pack up his effects. But Mrs Barbe was not the person to lose such an opportunity for a scene; she wished, before Joe's departure, to make him apologise to the young artist, for whom she had sent. Joe, almost glad at this unexpected respite, set down his bundle, and looked round sorrowfully at all that he was going to leave for ever. The vacant place of Gabri made his tears flow afresh; would that faithful friend believe him any more than the others, when there were so many proofs against him? At that moment a man came in and presented a letter to Mr Barbe. "Oh," said he, "this is from our friend Gabri, from Nogent-sur-Marne; what has he to write about?" and he read the letter to himself, apparently much surprised. Mrs Barbe impatiently snatched it from his hands, exclaiming, "This piece of folly will not be accomplished! Here, you little wretch!" said she, turning to Joe; "here is a just punishment for your infamous conduct!" and she thundered forth the following letter:—

"From my country, Nogent-sur-Marne, 7th September.

MR BARBE—Although I intend returning on the day after that you named, I write to you notwithstanding, as the most authentic and convenient manner of informing you of my decision with regard to your apprentice Joseph Berr, called Joe. Mr Barbe, I have lost my wife and three children. God has taken from me three fine boys; but perhaps I have already told you so. I have a nice little property, owing nothing (good seven thousand francs, placed here in honest hands). Now, being my own master, I wish to devote a portion of this to assist the said Joe, who is dear to me, and enable him to cultivate the art which he prefers—that of painting; and I engage myself to that effect by my signature to the deed which I enclose. I request that it may be read to young Joseph, and I remain, Mr Barbe, your very affectionate servant—

SEBASTIAN GABRI."

The deed enclosed contained an engagement for Joe's support and instruction by "a famous master" for four years.

Poor Joe's agony whilst these papers were being read may be imagined: what would have overjoyed him the day before, was now his severest punishment. In reward for his sacrifice, this tender and generous friend would learn the unworthiness of the object of his care. However, Joe was not guilty, and his painful trials were yet to end happily. Francis, unhappy as people must always be who know that they have done wrong, and uneasy for his friend from Mr Barbe's visit, confessed the whole affair to his father, who easily convinced him of the seriousness of his fault, and the great inconvenience it might cause the innocent Joe, who might be accused of stealing the colours from his master. Francis, much alarmed, intreated his father to take him without delay to Barbe's; and there, without paying attention to the number of spectators, courageously avowed his fault, and thus completely cleared his friend.

Whilst Mrs Barbe pursed up her lips, repeating, "How singular!—how strange!" the good Barbe was wiping his eyes, and the two children, warmly embracing, enjoyed the happiest moment of their youth. Immediately after Joe received a tribute flattering to his vanity, but which could not equal in value the noble friendship of Francis. The young pupil whose picture was injured was with his master when he received Mrs Barbe's indistinct account of the adventure, which she had tried to turn to Poor Joe's disadvantage. The master happened to be Mr G——, who, recognising in the hero of the tale the child who had so excited his interest at the museum, accompanied his pupil to Barbe's. He examined for some time in silence the performance which had cost the poor boy so dear, then turning to his pupil—"You must make haste," said he, "or, on my honour, he'll overtake you." This man, distinguished for his warmth of heart as much as for his genius, could appreciate the generous action of the excellent Gabri; he read his letter with emotion, then taking up a pencil, drew it across the sum destined for the studio. "I do not set up," said he, smiling at Joe, "to be the 'famous master' mentioned by Gabri; but at least he will give me leave to teach you all that I know."

Matters were now easily arranged. Mrs Barbe, restrained by the presence of Mr G—— and Mr Enguehard, was silent. She accepted without hesitation the fifty francs offered as compensation for Joe's services, but she murmured when Barbe presented to the boy his first box of colours. Dame Robert, consulted upon all important arrangements, at first regretted Joe's choice, but she could not refuse anything to her dear child. "And after all," said she, "one trade is as good as another: I am only sorry that the apprenticeship is so long." Her happiness was rendered complete by his returning to live with her. Shortly after these occurrences, Mr Enguehard requested Mr G—— to receive his son

as a pupil. The two friends were thus again united; they pursued the same career with equal ardour, although with different success, but their friendship never changed.

Here may be said to end one epoch in the life of our hero, and the commencement of another.

VI.

Francis and Joe studying together, as we have already told, with a celebrated painter, led a life most suitable to their tastes; but Joe was particularly happy, placed thus in a situation so much higher than he could ever have expected. He was no longer the poor child, supported by the charity of a good woman, but a fine young man, the honour and the hope of Mr G——'s studio; and what was still better, so simple and modest, as almost to be ashamed of being distinguished, and his care and attention to his first protectors increasing with that success, which rendered their support less necessary to him. Gabri kindly hired a room in Dame Robert's house, where his young friend could work comfortably. Joe rose early, and began by cómposing all that came into his head, or copied drawings lent to him by his master. After breakfast he repaired to the studio, worked there until five o'clock, and returned slowly with Francis, talking over their plans and hopes for the future. Mr Enguehard often made Joe stay to dinner, and took pleasure in adding to his stores of useful knowledge. His own quickness, with the kind assistance of Mrs Enguehard, had soon enabled him to learn to read and write, and Mr Enguehard took particular pains to make him study history and fable—acquirements indispensable to a painter, who ought indeed not to remain unacquainted with any others of which he can obtain a knowledge. Everything that he sees or hears may add to his progress in his art; travels, reading, science, the manners of various societies, absolute solitude, joy and sorrow, all are of use to him who seeks to represent the actions and passions of mankind.

During the winter evenings, the two friends used to draw, by lamplight, from seven until ten o'clock, as is the custom for most pupils. Every artist's pupil in Paris pays a small sum for the hire of a room, models, and lights. The young people from the different schools assemble there, and their masters often visit them for an hour, and give their advice.

One would suppose that such constant occupation might fatigue, but there is something so attractive and varied in the study of the arts, that weariness is seldom complained of: besides, it is not always hard work; they rest, and talk, and exchange their ideas. The disposition is even improved in those studious societies where, although the rules of college do not exist, there is the wholesome influence of companionship: there is the emulation, and some of the honours which attend the full-grown man,

without the drawbacks to which he is exposed. The cross, the ill-inclined, and the foolish, fare but badly: there, as elsewhere, the most distinguished lead, and it is easily understood how those studies, whose principal aim is to represent the good and the beautiful, may elevate the mind, and strengthen generous sentiments.

Joe rejoiced in the assured prospect of an honourable existence acquired by great talents. Joe may one day become rich; he may hear the name of Berr pronounced with respect, and see his pictures carefully placed in the cabinets of the most critical amateurs, but never can he forget those happy days whilst these brilliant successes were only the dreams of his youthful imaginations. Deeply grateful to Dame Robert, and to Gabri, Joe made it a rule never to miss a day during his four years of study. Always the first, he never left until the lesson was over: still, he was not without temptation, the games and tricks of his companions were attractive; but he rarely yielded, and tried also to guard his volatile young friend, who would throw away his hours without scruple. Natural facility, and some occasional weeks of study, however, generally maintained Francis in the second rank amongst his companions.

At the end of a year, Joe painted from nature sufficiently well to try some portraits, and eagerly seized this means of lessening his cost to his friend Gabri.

At his request Dame Robert persuaded one of her relations to have her face drawn in colours, assuring her that her boy understood his trade very prettily. Joe luckily was not present to hear this unartistic language, which was so successful, that the cousin consented, on condition that she was to be painted with two eyes, her lace-cap, and her coral ear-rings. Joe returned then a little earlier every day from the studio, and as the face was very like, with little shade, staring eyes, and ear-rings that you might raise with your finger, the work was very successful; and the young painter received many compliments, twelve francs, and several orders for portraits, which so augmented his little treasure, that at the end of the year he was able to reimburse Gabri for the hire of his room, and to Dame Robert the expense of his food. He had also the good sense, like many other poor pupils, not to be ashamed to paint signs for the warerooms of Paris, which are thus ornamented with what might be called almost pretty pictures. The lessons of Mr G—— were listened to with much attention by Joe, who wrote down in the evening the principal passages. One phrase especially had struck him as being the true definition of an artist. "There are," said this clever master to his pupils, "three things necessary for him who devotes himself to the fine arts—genius to imagine, taste to choose, and talent to execute." Joe wrote this maxim in large characters on his easel. The conditions are equally applicable to musicians and poets; but how few possess these three faculties!

Joe did not flatter himself with the idea of being a genius, but taste and talent may be acquired, he thought, and he did not despair.

Excellent Gabri was rejoiced with Joe's success; he often came to visit him when he was at work in his room; and, for fear of disturbing him, remained standing behind his chair without saying a word, then embraced him, and returned to listen to Dame Robert's gossip. Gabri could never weary of hearing Joe's praises; but when the subject was changed, "Good evening, neighbour," said he; "Mrs Barbe will be waiting, and you know that would be no joke."

One morning, at lesson time, Mr G—— said to his pupils, "Gentlemen, to-morrow you will have a new companion. I recommend him to you; and I beg you will not try too many tricks and jokes. He is very young, and unaccustomed to your habits; so be good boys. He comes from the town of Angers. Berr, my friend, thou wilt place him near thee; and Enguehard, I request that thou wilt not play the Parisian too much."

Francis smiled without answering; but Mr G——'s speech had the usual effect, one of which he was well aware. The desire of tormenting the new-comer was general, and Francis was determined to lead the attack. "Ah," said he, "a pupil from the provinces! How strange that we have not had one before; and does any one suppose that I will not amuse myself at the expense of this Raphael from Angers? Bah! our master is quite alive to the value of such recommendations." And Francis, encouraged by the laughter of his listeners, commenced a sketch upon the wall, which he assured them was a portrait of the Angerin.

"That shall be his name," said another young man, the usual companion in the follies of Francis; "you know how that makes one fret."

"Ah," replied Francis, "we all have our nicknames. Am not I the Setting-dog, and Berr the Phœnix? But stay, and I will tell you what we will do;" and the two giddy youths went to whisper in a corner. Joe ventured a few words for the provincial, but he was laughed at by the others, and at last joined in the laugh, although determined, when the time came, to do his best for the new pupil.

This young man had been chosen by the professors of the academy of Angers, as their cleverest pupil, to complete his studies with a celebrated master. This was not, however, saying much for him; for the departmental schools are usually far behind those of Paris, and that under the direction of the old master at Angers was no exception to the general rule.

To add to his misfortunes, the poor candidate was short, with a bad figure, and poorly dressed, and had, in his general appearance, a slight resemblance to the caricature sketched by Francis.

The moment he entered, the poor student was received with

noisy acclamations, and two pupils advanced to meet him with ironical politeness.

"Your reputation has come before you, sir," said they; "the admiration of your native town was insufficient for your merit. You will obtain that of Paris, and have already acquired ours."

"The name of the Angerin is already celebrated," added another.

"But, gentlemen," said the sad youth, drawling out his words in the fashion of his province, "I am not called the Angerin; my name is Valentine la Grimandièn."

The name, coupled with the accent, caused fresh bursts of laughter; and Francis added with great gravity, mimicking his pronunciation, "Allow me to observe to you, sir, that great painters are hardly ever known by their real names. We hear of Dominichino and Guercino, instead of Dominico Zampieri and Barbieri da Cento; and certainly there is nothing strange in calling you the Angerin."

"But, gentlemen, you are too good; I do not deserve this," replied the simple young man.

"You deserve it all, illustrious companion!" interrupted Francis. "Gentlemen, I present to you the boast of the Angerin academy; and permit me to introduce to you, sir, my comrades, the Censor, the Quarreller, the second Rubens; and I myself, the Setting-dog, am your very humble servant. Now, my friend, to your place, and let us see what you can do."

The unfortunate Angerin had come early, hoping to be the first, but his tormentors were before him.

Like most studios of high reputation, the pupils were numerous, and very much crowded around the model in the centre of the room. The first row were seated on low wooden benches, the second on chairs, the third on high stools, and the fourth on yet higher, or standing. The place chosen for the poor victim was the lowest seat, where those above him could rest their drawing boards on his head, and shake over him the crumbs of bread used for rubbing out. His neighbour at one side pretended to be deaf, at the other he could only speak Latin, and a sly push at the portfolio at last scattered the drawings all over the floor. The poor boy's anger had nearly overcome his timidity, when the door opened, and Joe appeared. He had gone out, and been detained much later than usual at a portrait which he was anxious to finish. One glance was sufficient to show him how matters stood, and persuading the pretended deaf man to give him his place, he addressed a few kind words to the new-comer, who soon recovered himself. At rest time, however, Joe perceived a new attack was about to commence, and walking straight up to the group, "No, no, gentlemen," said he, "enough of that; leave this poor boy alone; I request an exception in his favour. He is not a native of Paris, 'tis true, but I am of a race much more foreign to you than his, and I have found in you very kind

companions." Joe was a favourite, and the jokes ceased, except the nickname, by which the Angerin was always known.

VII.

It is now our duty to relate an incident in Joe's life which may serve as a warning to young persons in his situation. During the summer, Joe's companions used to make occasional excursions to the country, returning home in the evening, the expense of which was trifling. Joe enjoyed them greatly, but seldom went, as his time was precious. However, the feast of St Cloud was approaching, and Francis proposed to go to see the waters play there. Twelve of the young men agreed to go together, having persuaded Joe this time to make one of the party. Dame Robert did not like to offer any opposition to what seemed likely to afford him so much pleasure, but she gave him much good advice, to keep out of quarrels, and to take care of his purse.

The young people were much amused by the crowds on foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of cars and carriages, going the same road. On arriving at St Cloud, they visited the shops, ran to admire the cascades, the orchestras, the jugglers, and even to laugh at the smart sayings of Punch, like the rest of the numerous spectators of this feast, which takes place every year at this period. They met several times a troop of young people, pupils of another master, and their rivals in glory and talent. The jealousy of the two studios had been already manifested upon more than one encounter; not that there was any personal enmity—it proceeded from party spirit, and their attachment to their different masters. On the present occasion they passed each other with only a few scornful looks and words.

Joe and his friends returned to the inn to dine. Their table was laid in what was called the "garden"—a small space enclosed, the walls being covered with a trelliswork, to which the woodbine and vine were trained. There was room for five or six tables, partitioned off by trelliswork; and although it was very warm there, the air was fresher than in the house, and the young men were well pleased with their accommodation.

The dinner was a dainty one to those accustomed to more frugal fare, and at first they were all too busy to talk. At length Francis called out to the Angerin, who had been included in the party to please Joe, "Well, Angerin, what do you think of this pickled meat? Better than your usual fare, is it not?"

"Ah, yes!" replied the Angerin, holding out his plate for a third or fourth helping. "A fig for the paste; I will not touch it to-morrow!"

"What do you mean by the paste?" exclaimed the young people laughing.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," replied the Angerin, regretting his indiscreet speech.

His companions, however, Joe amongst the number, pressed him to explain himself; and he laughingly told them that, as he could only support himself in Paris by living in the most economical manner, after trying various plans, he had bought a large pot of earthenware; he filled it once a-week with turnips, potatoes, and some pieces of bacon, which he boiled together; and this ragout, which was hot only the first time, served for his dinners for eight days. He was so accustomed to call it his paste, that he had let the word slip before his companions.

"Poor friend!" said Joe, taking his hand. "Poor Angerin!" repeated the others; and instead of laughing, there was a momentary silence.

"Gentlemen," said Francis, whose conscience was twitched by the recollection of his own murmurs at what he called his father's useless economy, "I propose a toast to the success of our good comrade—May he gain the prize, even were he to pass before myself!"

The young men rose, touched their glasses eagerly; and the Angerin, much moved, repeated, "Ah, Berr, Berr! it is to you I owe all this."

The conversation then turned upon the hopes of Francis and Joe, who intended to start this year as candidates for the prize; not with any expectation of obtaining it yet, but it was an advantage to be received, and they might obtain honourable notice. Whilst discussing similar subjects, they were disturbed by a great noise, proceeding from a room on the first floor, just above where they were sitting, and they ceased talking, to listen to their merry neighbours.

"What a capital caricature!" said a voice. "It must be exhibited in Barbe's shop; the most stupid must recognise it."

"Yes," said another, "that is his platter face exactly! Ah! gentlemen of the Green-and-yellow school, you think you will carry off the prize from us: we shall see, boys—we shall see."

Our young people looked at each other indignantly, and drew closer to the window, for it was evident these were their antagonists, who were unconscious of their close vicinity.

"As for me," said one of the rival pupils, "I am not afraid of Rivol, nor Enguehard, nor even their famous Berr, about whom they make such a fuss. It is true he has some facility, but that is all. Enguehard is a good-for-nothing idler; and Rivol is too rich ever to be more than an amateur; so away with the Milk-and-water school! Huzza for the Colourists!"

"Huzza for the Colourists!" shouted the young people. And many still more biting jokes succeeding, Joe and his companions, inflamed by the wine they had drunk, and to which they were unaccustomed, soon sent flying into the room plates, knives, and

whatever else first came to hand. The party within rushed to the windows, and recognising their adversaries, they were enraged still further by their shouts of laughter. A decanter, thrown by Joe, struck one of the Colourists on the forehead, and these hurried to revenge the injury by scrambling down by the trellis-work to attack their assailants. A grand battle ensued; the women at the neighbouring tables screamed, the children cried, and the men ran to separate the combatants, whose abuse of each other, under the names of Colourists and Milk-and-waterists, was quite incomprehensible to them. The innkeeper and the waiters came running to the scene of disturbance, and succeeded in parting the greater number, but the leaders would not easily submit on either side. Enguehard was held down by a vigorous Colourist, and Joe, almost out of his senses with rage, was kneeling on the young man who had spoken of him with such contempt. Force was required to separate them; but Joe, in his struggles, slipped on a heap of broken plates, and sprained his foot so badly, that he was unable to rise, and was obliged to remain sitting on the ground in great pain.

As it was proved by the spectators that the party in the garden had been the aggressors, the host was satisfied with a small sum from the Colourists, who had broken the trelliswork in getting down; but the others had done considerable damage, and as they had only enough of money to pay the expenses of their dinner, the landlord threatened to send for the guard if he were not paid.

Suddenly Joe heard his name pronounced by a severe voice, and Gabri appeared. Fearing that Joe's inexperience might lead him into a scrape, this kind friend had followed him at a distance during the day, and did not reach the inn until one of the latest guests, and thus was one of the last on the field of battle. "Sir," said he coldly to the innkeeper, "make out your bill; I will pay for these giddy boys, who are acquaintances of mine; we can settle it together afterwards." This affair was soon arranged, and Gabri desiring Francis and the Angerin to help Joe to a coach in waiting, stepped in after him, saluting the troop of young pupils, who were still so stunned by these events, that they did not even think of thanking him.

During the drive, Gabri never looked at or addressed the poor sufferer, notwithstanding his moans from the jolting of the uneasy vehicle. They arrived at Dame Robert's. "Here he is," said Gabri to the terrified woman; "and now good evening; I will see him again when he has reformed his errors," and he walked away without saying another word. Joe was put to bed, his sprained foot and his numerous bruises were dressed; but the wine that he had drunk, and the violent rage which had succeeded an excess so unusual for him, brought on a severe illness for some days, and when he had recovered that, he was unable to move for six weeks with his sprained foot. One may imagine

what was his grief and remorse; many circumstances occurred too to increase them. Gabri, softened by his repentance, had consented to see him, but he was melancholy, and Dame Robert uneasy; and Joe's heart was pierced when he saw her one day, when she thought she was unobserved, take a bottle of brandy which happened to be near him and lock it up.

He had another cause for annoyance. The time of trial arrived; Francis was received amongst the candidates for sketching; Joe was only just able to walk, and his studies having been too long interrupted to enable him to put in for the prize, he had the mortification of seeing those far his inferiors pass before him.

Francis, although sincerely afflicted at his friend's misfortune, was fully alive to the advantage of having so dangerous a competitor out of the way. He made great efforts to keep up the honour of the school; but he only gained the second prize, which did not send to Rome. The first was carried off by the chief of the Colourists, who had made game of Joe: thus the poor boy had the bitter reflection of two months' suffering, a triumph lost, and a serious error. We may be disposed to lament his humiliation, but reason tells us that he was only receiving the appropriate punishment of his transgressions. No immoral act, such as the outrage he committed, escapes with impunity.

VIII.

For some time after these events, Joe remained in a prostrated state of feeling. He was heartily ashamed and repentant, and it was only when he became quite well that his courage rallied. Resolving to avoid all such follies in future, he now made up for lost time by redoubled energy. His progress was now so decided, that Mr G—— permitted him to appear as a candidate at the next trial, as well as Francis and Rivol.

The place where the young people at that time worked at their prize pictures was in the upper storey of the museum, which we have already mentioned. It was divided into several little rooms or cells, in each of which a pupil was shut up, without permitting him to have any communication with his comrades, still less with his master, or with strangers. The subject of the picture was chosen by the professors of painting of the Institute; a programme of it was distributed to the candidates; and their sketch being made and received, they were all to commence their pictures at the same time, according to the sketch, and without making any change in it. On their arrival every morning they were carefully searched, in order to make sure that they had neither drawing nor engraving to assist them.

Left thus solely to their own powers, they remained in their cells for two months; the pictures were then publicly exhibited for three days before the prizes were adjudged. Although the

pupils were expressly forbidden to see each other's works, lest the more clever should help the unskilful, or that the author alone might enjoy the benefit of any happy idea that might occur to him, the students found means to visit each other undiscovered. The windows opened on the roof, and the giddy boys, at the risk of breaking their necks by a fall from a prodigious height, scrambled along the leads from one cell to another. The most sensible had their windows closed, to prevent visits; but two days before the period fixed for departure, every one allowed his companions to see his work; and the little Areopagus, with remarkable sagacity and impartiality, judged beforehand, like the great, and pointed out the first and second prize; and there was rarely an instance in which this judgment was mistaken.

Joe, for the first time received amongst the sketchers, prepared himself for this difficult trial, so important to him. Mr G—— had recommended the reputation of his studio to his young men; three examinations had passed without his pupils obtaining a first prize; this disgrace must be repaired, and the late success of the Colourists surpassed. Joe, besides two dreaded competitors from the rival school, had also to excel his friends Francis and Rivol, who had already put in for the prize, and had the advantage of him besides in years. Joe was then only fifteen and a half years old; but in nowise daunted by these circumstances, and fired by that true love of art which overcomes so many obstacles, he commenced, not without emotion, the required picture, the subject of which was the death of Hippolitus. Dame Robert, as may be supposed, was in a state of great anxiety with regard to her dear child's undertaking. Certainly, had her opinion been taken, Joe would have had nothing to fear; but her kindness, and Gabri's affection, were now of no avail; they must wait the result with patience. "Even if I could see what they are doing," said the dame, "I am sure I should know if Joe's were the best; but they are like so many cloistered monks; and when my boy comes home in the evening, he will not even tell me a word about it." Gabri's anxiety was equally great, but he asked no questions: if Joe seemed out of spirits, he was grieved, and he rejoiced if the young candidate seemed satisfied.

The good-natured Angerin, who was not yet sufficiently skilled to put in for the prize, most sincerely wished his friend well; but he was less uneasy, for he was convinced of Joe's great superiority to his rivals.

Six weeks passed away; the pictures were advancing; and as the competitors were from different studios, except Joe and his comrades, he had only seen their works, and his own so far surpassed the others, that his heart beat high with hope. The other pupils were all inferior to Francis and Rivol, so his mind was quite at rest about them. He was looking complacently at the group of terrified horses that he had just finished, when Francis,

first tapping at the window, jumped into the room, exclaiming with a dismayed countenance that he was in despair, for that he never could succeed with the figure of Aricia, which was required in the programme given for the pictures.

In general, subjects are chosen in which few female figures are introduced, that being the most difficult part for young artists without a model; and this one of Aricia, which they had almost all reserved for the last, had completely made shipwreck of the courage and talent of Francis. He admired the Aricia of Joe, for the latter had quite succeeded in his sketch. Joe, wishing to soothe poor Francis, returned with him by the leads to his cell, to examine the unfortunate figure. Francis had already rubbed it out, and repainted it several times; still it was awkward, badly drawn, and in bad style, and Joe could not deny that it was very bad, which drove Francis into a new fit of despair. He threw down his palette, broke the brushes, and ended with weeping from vexation.

Joe embraced him, consoled him, and pointed out that all was not spoiled, and that he might repair this figure during the remaining eight days. He showed him what he must avoid, and roused his courage by his praises of the rest of the picture. At last, after two hours, he quitted his friend, sufficiently recovered to return to his work. The following days Francis repainted this unlucky figure, but he failed; he effaced it, recommenced, and effaced it again, and finished it at last in so inferior a manner to the other parts, that it injured the general effect of the composition. This was the general opinion of his companions when they visited it according to their usual custom. Four days yet remained; the pictures were not entirely finished; but they were so far advanced, that it was agreed by all that the prize would be gained by Joe if he completed the figure of Aricia as well as the group of Hippolitus and the horses. The second-best was that of Francis; the third was Rivol's; the others were far beneath them, and could not give them the least uneasiness.

Francis, deprived of all hope by the judgment of his comrades and his own, returned to his cell, and shut himself up in it, without allowing Joe to go in. He would not give any answer to his friendly intreaties, and his disappointment made him so unjust, that to avoid seeing Joe, who remained clinging to the narrow window-sill, he hung up a cloth between them. Joe waited for some time, but finding that his perseverance was useless and importunate, he retired, feeling deeply for his friend's grief.

He passed a sleepless night, and the next morning, no sooner had he reached his cell, than he hurried to that of Francis; but he was not there; his picture was on the easel, and it instantly occurred to Joe to touch up the Aricia; but a moment's reflection sufficed for the truth-loving Joe to drop a scheme of such manifest deceit. Besides, Francis would never consent, he was sure,

to triumph by so disgraceful an expedient; so Joe replaced the brushes which he had snatched up, and returned sadly to his cell.

Whilst painting the figure which had proved so fatal to poor Francis, he vainly endeavoured to think of some mode of serving him, and his tender friendship led him almost to wish that his Aricia should not surpass his friend's. He worked so negligently, that this would have been the case with any other; but as it sometimes happens to artists, that what is taken least pains with turns out the best, this figure was so successful, that a professed painter would not have been ashamed of it.

Joe's mind was so fixed upon his reflections, that he painted on, scarcely looking at what he was doing; and it was only when he rose after the finishing touch, that he perceived that the last strokes were more from the hand of a master than that of a pupil. His first sentiment was extreme joy, but the remembrance of Francis clouded it immediately. Joe felt that the prize was his, when a noble idea occurred to him. When in Barbe's wareroom, he had heard of an ancient rule of the professors, of which, he was sure, Francis was not aware; namely, that any picture with a figure erased could not compete for the prize. Could he summon courage to take out his figure of Aricia, Francis was without a rival. He gazed upon his work; he thought of the honour of being crowned at the age of sixteen, of the pleasure of going to Italy, of the advantage to his studies. "But," said he, turning his back upon the picture, "Francis wants it as much as I do; his parents are exhausted by their efforts for his education; his mother requires a warm climate; if Francis wins the prize, his family will follow him. He is nearly twenty, and his age will soon prevent his making more trials. Besides, he once spoke of the smallness of his fortune being the only hindrance to a happy marriage, which he might otherwise have hoped to obtain."

Again Joe looked at his charming head of Aricia. "If I were to spoil it a little," thought he; "but even then it would be better than that of my poor friend's."

But his irresolution soon vanished; he remembered how his friend had boldly avowed the truth when he was on the point of being disgracefully driven out of Barbe's establishment. From that moment Joe might date his bright career: all that he is, all that he yet may be, was due to the generous confession of Francis. Joe hesitates no longer; with a firm hand he takes off all that he has just painted, the sketch alone remaining, and thus munificently repays the debt of friendship formerly contracted to Francis.

He kept the secret until the day before the exhibition, and then allowed Francis, who knew nothing of the law of exclusion, to suppose that he had also failed in the figure of Aricia, and had erased it in despair. Francis, who had quite recovered his momentary vexation, pitied and blamed his friend, but still believed him sure of the prize.

IX.

The exhibition of pictures commenced, and they were freely commented upon, even in the presence of the young authors. The pictures of Joe and of Francis were much admired, but the exclamation was often heard of—"A figure erased! What a pity!—what madness!"

The fourth day arrived: the professors, after a secret conference, summoned the candidates to appear; it was not in vain that Joe had made so noble a sacrifice. Francis Enguehard was proclaimed to have obtained the first prize, Rivol the second; and so great was Joe's delight, that he was scarcely conscious of the honourable notice of his own, although the fatal figure excluded it from the competition. He hurried Francis, who hardly knew what he was doing, to his home, and on witnessing the raptures of his parents, felt fully rewarded for what he had done. Leaving Francis with his happy mother, Joe returned home, and perceived at a distance the dame and Gabri watching for him. "Congratulate me, my friends," said Joe, running up to them; "I am happy in my failure; Francis has won the prize!"

"Francis!" exclaimed the dame, her hands falling by her sides; "and thou nothing!—nothing? There must have been some horrid injustice."

"No, my kind mother," answered Joe laughing. "Be comforted: I am neither sad nor discouraged. Next year you will see your child crowned."

"But," asked Gabri in a vexed tone, "who has gained the second?"

"Rivol," answered Joe; "and I should have had it perhaps, if——" he looked timidly at Gabri—"if I had not rubbed out my figure of Aricia."

"Yes!" Gabri muttered to himself, "I was sure of it; I suspected it at the exhibition. Joe, Joe! embrace me, my son, and I will no longer grieve for my three fine boys!"

Gabri was so constantly in the society of artists, that he had easily guessed the motive of Joe's conduct, and his was a heart formed to value it; but Dame Robert, in her ignorance, gave free course to her ill-humour. Joe soon coaxed it away from himself, but she pouted for a long time at Gabri, whose unaccountably triumphant air enraged her. Gabri was far too discreet to divulge the secret; he had no explanation with his young friend; but he multiplied his marks of affection, and repeated frequently, "My son Joe!"

In the course of another month, Francis was on the road to Italy with his parents, and Joe returned to his studies with renewed zeal, and the consciousness of having greatly increased the happiness of three persons.

Another year passed away, and upon again entering his cell for

the prize, Joe wrote to his friend to expect him in three months, dating from that day. He was sure of himself; he had improved so much, that notwithstanding the merit of seven competitors, all much older than he was, his picture was unanimously judged the best. It surpassed those usually presented at these meetings to so great a degree, that it was exhibited for some days beyond the time to gratify the crowd of amateurs. Dame Robert fully enjoyed the triumph of Joe, and perhaps still more the satisfaction of telling the story to her neighbours. Gabri would rub his hands, and bow when he heard the praises of his adopted son: even the honest Barbe was proud of having furnished for this boasted picture the finest and best canvas in his wareroom.

The happy Joe departed for Rome, where he was received by Mr and Mrs Enguehard as a second son. He lived in their house, and enjoyed with Francis the pleasures of a life devoted to friendship and study, in that delightful country so favourable to the arts.

Several years have passed since these events. Mr and Mrs Barbe have become rich and old, and have given up their trade to the excellent Gabri, who has removed to a better situation, and has his warerooms filled by a new generation of young artists. Francis Enguehard has become steady, and is happily settled, having married the daughter of a rich antiquary, the object of whose anxiety was to have a man of talent for his son-in-law. Dame Robert has been succeeded by her eldest son in business, and rests her fingers, but not her tongue; for she never ceases relating to any one who will listen, how Joe was a poor orphan, how she took pity upon him, &c. &c. Philip, a good man, but an indifferent tailor, is also comfortably established at the Marnes.

The Angerin, notwithstanding all his efforts, is far from being a first-rate painter, and has returned to Angers, where he has become director of the school which had formerly sent him to Paris. "Poor Joe!" as he was once called, is one of the most distinguished artists in France. He possesses a competent fortune, acquired by his talents; and what is of greater value, he is held in high estimation for his noble disposition and irreproachable conduct.

Faithful to true and delicate friendship, Francis has never been made acquainted with the sacrifice which obtained him his crown. That of Joe is suspended in his fine studio, near his first palette, and his shoe-boy's knife, an object which reminds him of what he has been, and useful in keeping him from being too proud of the success which, under God's blessing, he has honourably achieved.

Such is the story of one of the most eminent painters at present in Paris—once a shoe-black. If it be read by any youth painfully struggling in secret, let him assure himself that by earnest perseverance in the line suitable to his faculties, he can scarcely, like Poor Joe, fail of success.

THE KIDNAPPED BOY.*

A SHORT time ago a respectably-dressed man walked into a working-jeweller's shop. He was about the middle age, of dark, or rather sun-burnt complexion, of easy manners, and of a gentlemanly appearance. The proprietor of the shop was engaged in transacting business with an elderly lady, who was attired in mourning; she had called respecting some repairs to be done to her watch, which was on the counter, and the subject of conversation between her and the jeweller. The strange gentleman, too well-mannered to interrupt the business, amused himself by examining several articles in the shop; but the master, after requesting the lady to excuse his leaving her for a moment, accosted the stranger, and inquired his pleasure. The stranger then drew from his bosom, suspended from his neck by a black ribbon, a small pocket-case, which he opened, and took therefrom an ancient-looking crimson-velvet cushion: this cushion might have formed a model for a Cupid's heart; it was, moreover, encased in silver filigree-work, which traced the outlines of several similarly-shaped hearts, and many other devices. On presenting the cushion to the jeweller, the stranger observed, that although the article appeared a trifle, its value to him was above price, and that, as it had sustained a slight injury, he was anxious to have it carefully repaired. The lady in black had not seen the face of the stranger, but when the jeweller left her to wait upon him, she occupied herself with looking at the *bijouterie* in a glass-case on the counter. While the gentleman was addressing the jeweller, he held out the cushion in his fingers, and as he was about to pass it from his hand, the lady turned round, and instantly fixed her eyes upon the cushion: she seized the gentleman's arm, her whole frame trembling from agitation; she uttered a shriek, and then fell lifeless into the arms of the stranger. She was immediately removed into an adjoining parlour, and in a short time kindness had successfully applied the required restoratives. Now followed exclamations, and questions, and explanations, in rapid succession. In a word, a mother had found a long-lost son! The tale is brief.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, a gentleman and lady, with two children, a boy and girl, took up their residence in a small village in Monmouthshire; the spot was one of those delightful ones for which this county is justly celebrated; the varieties of hill and dale, wood and water, were here beheld in prospects that combined the soft with the picturesque, and were never gazed upon but with pleasurable emotion. The income of this couple

* The above little story of romance in real life was lately communicated, by a credible authority, to the editor of the Hereford Times, from which paper we copy it, in the words of the writer.

was not large, but ample for the exigencies of comfort and even elegance, though inadequate to an ostentatious style of living. The gentleman had a share in a mercantile house in London, in which concern he was a sleeping partner; this establishment was the destination he intended for his son. He had also some property in the funds, with which he purposed portioning off his daughter. After he had thus provided for his children, he would still have sufficiency to insure to him and his wife ease and comfort in their old age. The daughter was now seven years of age, the son five, and the parents were at that time of life when an increase of family is not common. Both boy and girl were educated by the father, whose chief pursuits were of a literary cast. It was usual for the youngsters to have a holiday once a-week, when they either went to spend the day at the house of a neighbour, who had a family of two boys, and a girl of a similar age, or their playmates came and spent the day with them at their father's house. It happened on one occasion the boy made one of those weekly visits alone, his sister having, from some cause or other, been detained at home. It was in the month of September, and the boy left his friend's house at the close of as fine an autumnal evening as ever glowed in the western heavens, and beautified the face of the earth. But the quiet loveliness of the scene was a faithless harbinger to the parents of the boy, for it betokened not the sweet serenity of a contented mind, but the wild fitfulness of despair—they never saw their boy again! Diligent inquiries in every corner of the county, the searching of woods, the dragging of ponds and a river, rewards for restoration, and prosecution for detention: in fine, all that parental love could devise—and what will it not devise in so hapless an emergency?—was put into action; but, alas! without success.

Year rolled after year, but no tidings of the lost child ever reached the ears of the fond and mourning parents. The father was observed always to carry about him an air of abstraction that made him appear solitary in the midst of a crowd, and he never looked upon a child but his eyes were seen reading the lineaments of its face. Ten years after the fatal event, he witnessed the death of his daughter, who died by the hand of that fell destroyer of youth and beauty—pulmonary consumption. This second shock he survived but a few years; but he left behind him a wife who had developed all those virtues of her sex which enable a woman, albeit of keener sensibilities, to comfort and help the husband in the hour of sorrow and of sickness. She survived him, and bore her bereavements with the meekness of a Christian and the gentleness of a woman; she never afterwards appeared but in the sable habiliments of grief, and thus her outward person harmonised with her sorrowing heart. She lived in close retirement, and seldom went beyond the boundaries of her wonted walks, for they wooed her into a musing recollection of the infant days of her children. Her distant friends urged her to forsake Mon-

mouthshire for ever, for their hopes were, that a total change of scene would produce a change of habits, and a more lively enjoyment of life. But no: she loved to linger on the spot sanctified by her endearments as a wife and mother, and she fondly indulged a hope that her boy lived, and would some day be restored to her longing arms. Her hope was attached to the heart by one of those imperceptible threads which the mind almost unconsciously weaves when surrounded by despair; for if that thread were visible, it would appear frail indeed, and quite unable to sustain the slightest shock; nevertheless, its texture is of that elastic tenacity which, while it yields to the severest strain, never breaks, but recovers its wonted position, and retains its firm hold on the heart until death severs the cord that life could not break.

But the boy, now the man—hear his own tale. He has a dim recollection of the events of his childhood. He well remembers the evening when he was returning home from the house of his playmates; he remembers walking along with a man, and a woman in a red cloak, and that when he cried, he was threatened to have his head cut off if he did not keep silent and go along quietly, as he would not be hurt, for he was being taken to see his papa and mamma, who had gone out visiting, and had sent the man and woman for him. Some such narrative is vividly impressed on his remembrance, and has ever been floating in his mind. He also remembers residing for several months in a large seaport town, but was never allowed to go out from the little house where he lived, except at night, and then only in company with the man or woman: he recollects very well the person who saw him frequently in that house, because he was very kind to him, and at length took him on board a ship. The first town he remembers abroad was Kingston in Jamaica, where, he believes, he remained about nine years with the person who took him out. This individual was the owner of a large store, and the lad was employed in its business. During this time his education was not totally neglected, as his patron took some pleasure in improving his reading and writing.

Having frequently expressed a desire for the sea service, our young hero was bound apprentice to a merchant captain, whose vessel traded between the West India Islands and the ports of the United States and South America. In this vessel he remained eight years, and had become so far a favourite of the captain, that the last year he kept his accounts, acted in some manner as his secretary, and was rapidly advancing in his affections, when death broke the connexion. The captain died in New York. He now thought of visiting England, but not with any special intention of seeking his parents, as he had been assured by the person who took him to Jamaica that he was an orphan, but had been taken care of in early infancy by the benevolence of a lady and gentleman, and that he had been sent to sea to get a livelihood as he best could. However, as he could

not readily obtain a suitable situation on board a British vessel, for which, moreover, he was not very anxious, as the times had been, and were likely to continue, very troublous, he succeeded in getting into a merchant's office in New York, where he began at a very subordinate post. Being of temperate and persevering habits, he became in five years a corresponding clerk. He was rising high in the scale of advancement, when one of his brother clerks married a daughter of the merchant, and was immediately taken into partnership. His elevation caused the new partner to assume consequential airs, which discomfited the peace of the establishment, and ended in our hero's separation from the house. He afterwards filled another responsible situation in New York, when, after two years' service, he accepted a lucrative offer to superintend a merchant's office in New Orleans, and subsequently he became a partner in the concern, and accumulated a moderate fortune. For these last ten years he had had a growing desire to visit England, and at length he resolved on its gratification. About three months ago he landed in Liverpool; and after sojourning in that town and London some six weeks, he visited Bristol. From the appearance of some of the public buildings in Bristol, particularly the Exchange, he was convinced that Bristol was the port whence he sailed from England. After spending a fortnight at Clifton, he determined on returning to Liverpool, through South Wales, by way of Monmouthshire; and it was in this county that accident threw him in the path of his mother. The recognition has been described; but the history of the means, namely, the cushion, remains to be told.

When the hapless boy was kidnapped from his home, he had the cushion case in his pocket; he knew it was dearly prized by his mother, and he had often heard her say it had been given to her by his grandmother. In the silver filigree-work that enclosed the cushion, was traced in a circle the Christian name of his grandmother, and the words, "Keep this in remembrance of me." The boy managed to preserve the cushion, and as he grew to manhood, his affection for the relic became stronger. This little memento of the days of his childhood perhaps served to fix the remembrance of them more firmly in his mind. Of late years he wore it in his bosom, suspended from his neck by a black ribbon. On ascending the steps of the far-famed Wind Cliff, his foot slipped, he fell against one of the stone steps, and damaged the filigree that encased the cushion.

On his arrival at the first town in his route, he hastened to the shop of a working-jeweller. The reader already knows the sequel; his mother cast her eyes upon the relic, read her mother's name, and the never-forgotten words, "Keep this in remembrance of me." She felt as none but mothers can feel, but as no mortal can describe; and the evening of her old age will be smoothed by the affectionate attentions of a beloved but long-lost son.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

THE portion of the new world earliest colonised by the Spaniards was the island of St Domingo, Hayti, or Hispaniola, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage in the year 1492. For nearly twenty years this island was the only colony of importance held by the Spaniards in the new world; here alone did they occupy lands, build towns, and found a regular commonwealth. Cuba, although the second of the islands discovered by Columbus, remained long uncolonised; indeed it was not till the year 1509 that it was circumnavigated, and ascertained to be an island. At length, in 1511, Don Diego Columbus, the great admiral's son, governor of Hispaniola, despatched a force of three hundred men, under Don Diego Velasquez, to take possession of the island. Velasquez soon subdued the island, the natives of which offered but little resistance, and he was shortly afterwards appointed governor, subordinate to the governor of Hispaniola. Ambitious of sharing in the glory to be derived from the discovery of new countries, Velasquez fitted out one or two expeditions, which he despatched westward, to explore the seas in that direction. In one of these expeditions, which set out in 1517, commanded by a rich colonist called Cordova, the peninsula of Yucatan was discovered, and the existence of a large and rich country called Culua or Mexico ascertained. Elated with this discovery, Velasquez fitted out another expedition under his nephew, Juan de Grijalva, who, leaving Cuba in April 1518, spent five months in cruising along the newly-discovered coast, and trafficking with the natives for gold trinkets

and cotton cloths, very skilfully manufactured. The result of this expedition was the importation to Cuba of gold and jewels to the amount of twenty thousand pesos, or upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

EXPEDITION OF HERNANDO CORTES.

Delighted with his success, Velasquez wrote home to Spain announcing his discovery, and petitioning for authority from the king to conquer and colonise the country which his subordinates, Cordova and Grijalva, had discovered. Without waiting, however, for a reply to his petition, he commenced fitting out a much larger squadron than either of the two former; and this he placed under the command of Hernando Cortes, a respectable Spanish hidalgo, or gentleman, residing in the island, and who was at this time thirty-three years of age.

Cortes proceeded with the greatest activity in making his preparations. "Borrowing money for the purpose," says Bernal Diaz, the gossiping chronicler of the Conquest, "he caused to be made a standard of gold and velvet, with the royal arms and a cross embroidered thereon, and a Latin motto, the meaning of which was, 'Brothers, follow this holy cross with true faith, for under it we shall conquer.' It was proclaimed by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, that all such as entered the service in the present expedition should have their shares of what gold was obtained, and grants of land, as soon as the conquest was effected. The proclamation was no sooner made than, by general inclination as well as the private influence of Cortes, volunteers offered themselves everywhere. Nothing was to be seen or spoken of but selling lands to purchase arms and horses, quilting coats of mail, making bread, and salting pork for sea-store. Above three hundred of us assembled in the town of St Jago." These preparations were likely to be interrupted. Velasquez, ruminating the probable consequences of the expedition, had begun to repent of having appointed Cortes to the command, and was secretly plotting his removal. Cortes, perceiving these symptoms, determined to outwit his patron. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of November 1518—having warned all the captains, masters, pilots, and soldiers to be on board, and having shipped all the stores that had been collected—Cortes set sail from the port of St Jago without announcing his intention to Velasquez, resolving to stop at some of the more westerly ports of the island for the purpose of completing his preparations, where he would be beyond the reach of the governor. Nothing could exceed the rage of Velasquez at the sudden departure of Cortes. He wrote to the commandants of two towns at which he learned that the fleet had put in for recruits and provisions, to seize Cortes, and send him back; but such was the popularity of Cortes, that both were afraid to make the attempt.

At last all was ready, and Cortes finally set sail from Cuba on

the 18th of February 1519. The expedition, which consisted of eleven vessels, most of them small, and without decks, met with no disaster at sea, but arrived safely at the island of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan, after a few days' sail. Here Cortes landed, to review his troops. They consisted of five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, not including the mariners, who amounted to one hundred and ten. They possessed sixteen horses, some of them not very serviceable, ten brass field-pieces, four smaller pieces called falconets, and thirty-two cross-bows; the majority of the soldiers being armed with ordinary steel weapons. Attending on the army were about two hundred Cuba Indians, and some Indian women. And as religion in those days sanctioned military conquest, there were in addition two clergymen—Juan Diaz, and Bartholomew de Olmedo.

For nine or ten days the Spaniards remained at Cozumel, making acquaintance with the natives, who were very friendly. Here Cortes, whose zeal for the Catholic religion was one of the strongest of his feelings, made it one of his first concerns to argue with the natives, through an interpreter, on the point of their religion. He even went so far as to demolish their idols before their eyes, and erect an altar to the Virgin on the spot where they had stood. The natives were horror-struck, and seemed at first ready to fall upon the Spaniards, but at length they acquiesced.

While at Cozumel, Cortes had the good fortune to pick up a Spaniard, who, having been wrecked in his passage from Darien to Hispaniola in the year 1511, had for seven years been detained as a slave among the Indians of Yucatan. The name of this poor man was Jeronimo de Aguilar; he had been educated for the church; and as he could speak the language of Yucatan, his services as an interpreter were likely to be very valuable. On the 4th of March 1519, the fleet, consisting of eleven vessels, commanded respectively by Cortes, Pedro de Alvarado, Alonzo Puerto Carrero, Francisco de Montejo, Christoval de Olid, Diego de Ordaz, Velasquez de Leon, Juan de Escalante, Francisco de Morla, Escobar, and Gines Nortes, set sail from Cozumel, and on the 13th it anchored at the mouth of the river Tabasco or Grijalva, flowing into the south of the Bay of Campeachy.

The expedition had now reached the scene of active operations; it had arrived on the coast of the American continent. Cortes does not appear to have been naturally a bloodily-disposed man. He was only what a perverted education and the vices of his times had made him—a man full of mighty notions of the Spanish authority; of its right to take, by foul or by fair means, any country it liked; and not without an excuse from religion to rob and kill the unfortunate natives who dared to defend their territories.

We have now, therefore, to record the beginning of a most unjust and merciless war of aggression. As Cortes, with his

followers, sailed up the river as far as Tabasco, he everywhere observed the natives preparing to repel his attack, and at length he was brought into collision with them—of course overpowering them by the force of arms, with immense slaughter. On reaching Tabasco, his soldiers fought their way through dense masses of Indians, who discharged among them perfect clouds of arrows and stones. Pushing through the streets, which were lined with houses, some of mud, and some of stone, the victors reached a large open square in the centre, where temples of large size were erected. Here the troops were drawn up; and Cortes, advancing to a large ceiba-tree which grew in the middle, gave it three slashes with his sword, and took possession of the city and country in the name of his royal master Don Carlos, king of Castile.

Next day another great battle was fought between the Spaniards and the Tabascans on the plain of Ceutla, a few miles distant from the city. For an hour the Spanish infantry fought in the midst of an ocean of enemies, battling on all sides, beating one wave back, only that another might advance—a little islet encircled by the savage breakers. At length, with the assistance of their horse—a terrible sight to the Indians—the Spaniards were victorious. The spirit of the Tabascans was now completely subdued. Their chiefs came to the camp of Cortes with faces and gestures expressive of contrition, and brought him presents of fowls, fish, maize, and numerous gold toys representing many kinds of animals in miniature. For the horses, they brought a feast of turkeys and roses! They also gave Cortes twenty Indian girls to attend the army. To his inquiries respecting the country whence they obtained the gold, they replied by repetitions of the words "Culua" and "Mexico," and pointing to the west. Having obtained all the information the Tabascans could give him, Cortes resolved to proceed on his voyage. Accordingly, after a solemn mass, which the Indians attended, the armament left Tabasco, and after a short sail, arrived off the coast of St Juan de Ulua, the site of the modern Vera Cruz. It was on Holy Thursday (April 20), in the year 1519, that they arrived at the port of St Juan de Ulua, the extreme eastern province of the Mexican dominions properly so called. The royal flag was floating from the mast of Cortes's ship. The Spaniards could see the beach crowded with natives, who had come down to gaze at the strange "water-houses," of which they had formerly seen specimens. At length a light pirogue, filled with natives, some of them evidently men of rank, pushed off from the shore, and steered for the ship of Cortes. The Indians went on board without any symptoms of fear, and, what was more striking, with an air of ease and perfect good-breeding. They spoke a different language from that of the inhabitants of Cozumel or the Tabascans—a language, too, which Aguilar did not understand. Fortunately, one of the twenty Indian girls presented by the Tabascans to the Spaniards was a Mexican by birth. This girl, whose Spanish

name of Donna Marina is imperishably associated with the history of the conquest of Mexico, was the daughter of a chief, but, by a singular course of events, had become a slave in Tabasco. She had already attracted attention by her beauty, sweetness, and gentleness, and she had been mentioned to Cortes. Her services now became valuable. The Mexican was her native language; but, by her residence in Tabasco, she had acquired the Tabascan, which language was also familiar to Aguilar. Interpreting, therefore, what the Mexicans said into Tabascan to Aguilar, Aguilar in turn interpreted the Tabascan into Spanish; and thus, though somewhat circuitously, Cortes could hold communication with his visitors.

The Aztec visitors who came on board the ship of Cortes, informed him that they were instructed by the governor of the province to ask what he wanted on their coasts, and to promise that whatever he required should be supplied. Cortes replied that his object was to make the acquaintance of the people of those countries, and that he would do them no injury. He then presented them with some beads of cut glass, and after an entertainment of wine, they took their departure, promising that Teuthlille, the governor of the province under their great emperor, should visit him the next day.

Next day, Friday the 21st of April 1519, Cortes landed with his troops, and had an interview with Teuthlille, who received the visitors with suspicion; and this feeling was not lessened by the parade of mounted dragoons and firing of guns with which the Spanish commander thought fit to astonish him and the other natives. Sketches were taken of the appearance of the strangers, in order to be sent to Montezuma, the king of the country, who was likewise to be informed that the white men who had arrived on his coast desired to be allowed to come and see him in his capital.

Here we pause to present a short account of the Mexican empire, in which Cortes had landed; also of the character and government of this monarch, Montezuma, whom the Spaniards expected soon to be permitted to visit.

THE MEXICANS—THEIR ORIGIN AND CIVILISATION.

If a traveller, landing on that part of the coast of the Mexican gulf where Cortes and his Spaniards landed three hundred and thirty years ago, were to proceed westward across the continent, he would pass successively through three regions or climates. First, he would pass through the *tierra caliente*, or hot region, distinguished by all the features of the tropics—their luxuriant vegetation, their occasional sandy deserts, and their unhealthiness at particular seasons. After sixty miles of travel through this tierra caliente, he would enter the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, where the products of the soil are such as belong to the most genial European countries. Ascending through it, the

traveller at last leaves wheat-fields beneath him, and plunges into forests of pine, indicating his entrance into the *tierra fria*, or cold region, where the sleety blasts from the mountains penetrate the very bones. This tierra fria constitutes the summits of part of the great mountain range of the Andes, which traverses the whole American continent. Fortunately, however, at this point the Andes do not attain their greatest elevation. Instead of rising, as in some other parts of their range, in a huge perpendicular wall or ridge, they here flatten and widen out, so as to constitute a vast *plateau*, or table-land, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. On this immense sheet of table-land, stretching for hundreds of miles, the inhabitants, though living within the tropics, enjoy a climate equal to that of the south of Italy; while their proximity to the extremes both of heat and cold enables them to procure, without much labour, the luxuries of many lands. Across the table-land there stretches from east to west a chain of volcanic peaks, some of which are of immense height, and covered perpetually with snow.

This table-land was known in the Mexican language by the name of the plain of Anahuac. Near its centre is a valley of an oval form, about two hundred miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart of porphyritic rock, and overspread for about a tenth part of its surface by five distinct lakes or sheets of water. This is the celebrated valley of Mexico—called a valley only by comparison with the mountains which surround it, for it is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Round the margins of the five lakes once stood numerous cities, the relics of which are yet visible; and on an islet in the middle of the largest lake stood the great city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, the capital of the empire which the Spaniards were now invading, and the residence of the Mexican emperor, Montezuma.

The origin of the Mexicans is a question of great obscurity—a part of the more extensive question of the manner in which America was peopled. According to Mr Prescott, the latest, and one of the best authorities on the subject, the plains of Anahuac were overrun, previous to the discovery of America, by several successive races from the north-west of the continent where it approaches Asia. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the great table-land of central America was inhabited by a number of races and sub-races, all originally of the same stock, but differing from each other greatly in character and degree of civilisation, and engaged in mutual hostilities. The cities of these different races were scattered over the plateau, principally in the neighbourhood of the five lakes. Tezcuco, on the eastern bank of the greatest of the lakes, was the capital of the Acolhuans; and Tenochtitlan, or Mexico, founded in 1325, on an island in the same lake, was the capital of the Aztecs.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the dominant race in the plains of Anahuac was the Acolhuans, or Tezcucans, repre-

sented as a people of mild and polished manners, skilled in the elegant arts, and possessing literary habits and tastes—the Athenians, if we may so call them, of the new world. The most celebrated of the Tezcucan sovereigns was Nezahualcoyotl, who reigned early in the fifteenth century. By this prince a revolution was effected in the political state of the valley of Anahuac. He procured the formation of a confederacy between Tezcuco and the two neighbouring friendly cities of Mexico and Tlacopan, by which they bound themselves severally to assist each other when attacked, and to carry on wars conjointly. In this strange alliance Tezcuco was the principal member, as being confessedly the most powerful state; Mexico stood next; and lastly Tlacopan, as being inferior to the other two.

Nezahualcoyotl died in 1470, and was succeeded on the Tezcucan throne by his son Nezahualpilli. During his reign the Tezcucans fell from their position as the first member of the triple confederacy which his father had formed, and gave place to the Aztecs or Mexicans. These Aztecs had been gradually growing in consequence since their first arrival in the valley. Decidedly inferior to the Tezcucans in culture, and professing a much more bloody and impure worship, they excelled them in certain qualities, and possessed, on the whole, a firmer and more compact character. If the Tezcucans were the Greeks, the Aztecs were the Romans of the new world. Under a series of able princes they had increased in importance, till now, in the reign of Nezahualpilli, they were the rivals of their allies, the Tezcucans, for the sovereignty of Anahuac.

In the year 1502 a vacancy occurred in the throne of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. The election fell on Montezuma II., the nephew of the deceased monarch, a young man, who had already distinguished himself as a soldier and a priest or sage, and who was noted, as his name—Montezuma (sorrowful man)—implied, for a certain gravity and sad severity of manner. The first years of Montezuma's reign were spent in war. Carrying his victorious arms as far as Nicaragua and Honduras in the south, and to the shores of the Mexican gulf in the east, he extended the sovereignty of the triple confederacy, of which he was a member, over an immense extent of territory. Distant provinces he compelled to pay him tribute; and the wealth of Anahuac flowed from all directions towards the valley of Mexico. Haughty and severe in his disposition, and magnificent in his tastes, he ruled like an Oriental despot over the provinces which he had conquered; and the least attempt at rebellion was fearfully punished, captives being dragged in hundreds to the capital to be slaughtered on the stone of human sacrifice in the great war temple. Nor did Montezuma's own natural-born subjects stand less in dread of him. Wise, liberal, and even generous in his government, his inflexible and relentless justice, and his lordly notions of his own dignity, made him an object less of affection than of

awe and reverence. In his presence his nobles spoke in whispers; in his palace he was served with a slavish homage; and when he appeared in public, his subjects veiled their faces, as unworthy to gaze upon his person. The death of Nezahualpilli, in 1516, made him absolute sovereign in Anahuac. On the death of that king, two of his sons, Cacama and Ixtlilxochitl, contended for the throne of Tezcuco. Montezuma sided with Cacama; and the dispute was at length ended by a compromise between the two brothers, by which the kingdom was divided into two parts—Cacama obtaining the southern half with the city of Tezcuco, and Ixtlilxochitl the northern half.

Thus, at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards, Montezuma was absolute sovereign of nearly the whole of that portion of central America which lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean—the kings of Tezcuco and Tlacopan being nominally his confederates and counsellors, according to the ancient treaty of alliance between the three states, but in reality his dependents. The spot where Cortes had landed was in one of the maritime provinces of Montezuma's dominion.

It is a singular, but well-authenticated fact, that at the time the Spaniards landed in America, a general expectation prevailed among the natives of the arrival of a mysterious race of white men from the East, who were to conquer the country. This was especially the case in Mexico. There was a tradition among the Mexicans that, some ages before the arrival of the Spaniards, and while yet the Aztec empire was in its infancy, there appeared in Anahuac a divine personage called Quetzalcoatl. He was a man of benevolent aspect, tall in stature, with a white complexion, long dark hair, and a flowing beard; and he came from the East. He resided in Anahuac for many years, teaching the Mexicans numerous arts and sciences, and reforming their manners; and under his care the country flourished and became happy. At length some difference arose between him and the Mexicans, and they no longer paid respect to the words of the good Quetzalcoatl. He then announced to them that he was going to depart from their country. Proceeding eastward, delaying a little while at Cholula, a city which ever after was regarded as sacred, he arrived at the sea-shore. Embarking on board a little skiff made of serpents' skins, he pushed out to sea, and as the Mexicans strained their eyes after him, he disappeared in the distance, going, as it seemed, to the East. Before he departed, however, he delivered a prophecy, that at some future time people of his race, with white complexions like his, would come from the East to conquer and possess the country.

The tradition of Quetzalcoatl's prophecy was rife among the natives of Anahuac when Cortes arrived, and it was with a kind of religious awe that Montezuma and his people heard of the arrival of the white men in their "water-houses." Cortes and his men constituted, as we have seen, this body. Teuthlille's

messengers, announcing their arrival, had already reached Montezuma; and he was now deliberating in what manner he should receive the strangers. In order to learn his decision, let us return to the Spaniards on the sea-coast.

THE SPANIARDS FOUND A COLONY—MARCH INTO THE INTERIOR.

The Spaniards, supplied by the natives with plenty of everything which they required, were waiting the return of the messengers to Montezuma. After six days they returned, accompanied by Teuthlille. They bore with them a splendid present from Montezuma to the Spanish emperor. It consisted of loads of finely-wrought cotton, ornamented with featherwork; and a miscellaneous collection of jewels and articles of gold and silver, richly carved, of which the most attractive were two circular plates as large as carriage-wheels, one of gold, valued at more than fifty thousand pounds, and intended to represent the sun; the other of silver, and representing the moon. As they gazed on the kingly present, the Spaniards could scarcely contain their raptures. The message which accompanied it, however, was less satisfactory. Montezuma was happy to hear of the existence of his brother, the king of Spain, and wished him to consider him as his friend; he could not, however, come to see the Spaniards, and it was too far for them to come and visit him. He therefore hoped they would depart, and carry his respects to his brother, their monarch.

To this Cortes, thanking Montezuma for his present, replied that he could not leave the country without being able to say to his king that he had seen Montezuma with his own eyes; and the ambassadors again departed, carrying a sorry present from Cortes to Montezuma. After another interval of six days they returned, with another gift little inferior in value to the former, and informed Cortes that the great Montezuma had received his present with satisfaction, but that, as to the interview, he could not permit any more to be said on the subject. Cortes, though greatly mortified, thanked them politely, and returned to Montezuma a second message to the same effect as the former, but couched in more decided language. The Mexicans withdrew in distrust, and ceased to barter with the Spaniards, or to bring them supplies.

Meanwhile differences had been springing up among the Spaniards themselves, the partisans of Velasquez insisting that they ought now to return to Cuba, and that it was folly to think of founding a settlement. Pretending to yield to the clamours of these persons, Cortes issued orders for embarkation on the following day. Immediately the other party, consisting of the friends of Cortes, flocked to his tent, and implored him not to give up the enterprise which had been so successfully begun. This was precisely what Cortes wished. Accordingly, after some

delay, he seemed to yield; and revoking the order for embarkation, he announced his willingness to found a settlement in the name of the Spanish sovereign. Forthwith the new city, although not a stone of it had yet been raised, and the site had alone been determined on, was named Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz—"The Rich Town of the True Cross." Magistrates were immediately appointed in the king's name; the two captains Puerto Carrero and Montejo, the latter a friend of Velasquez, being nominated *alcaldes*, and others to different offices. "Thus," says Mr Prescott, "by a single stroke of the pen the camp was transformed into a civil community."

At the first sitting of the new magistracy, Cortes appeared before it, with his cap doffed, and formally resigned his commission from Velasquez into its hands. He then withdrew; but after a short time was recalled, and informed that he had been unanimously appointed by them, in the king's name, "Captain-General and Chief-Justice of the colony." Thus, by a clever stroke of policy, had Cortes shaken off all connexion with Velasquez. He held his command now directly from the king, and could be superseded only by royal authority. The friends of Velasquez were at first furious with rage; but Cortes at length soothed them into acquiescence.

A little before the conclusion of these proceedings, an event of some consequence happened. This was the arrival in the Spanish camp of five Indians, differing in dress and language from the Mexicans. They informed Cortes that they were a deputation sent by the cacique of Cempoalla, a city at a little distance on the sea-coast, the capital of the Totonacs, a nation which had been recently conquered by Montezuma, and was now groaning under his yoke. They were sent by their cacique to beg a visit of the Spaniards to Cempoalla. A light instantly flashed upon the mind of Cortes. He saw that Montezuma's empire was not so firmly compacted as he had supposed, and that it might be possible to divide it against itself, and so overthrow it. He therefore dismissed the ambassadors kindly, and promised a speedy visit to Cempoalla.

Accordingly, as soon as the disturbance which had arisen among his men was quashed, Cortes marched to Cempoalla, a city not rich, but prettily built, and containing a population, as it appeared, of about thirty thousand inhabitants. He was cordially received by the cacique, a large and very corpulent man. Remaining some time in Cempoalla and its neighbourhood, while the city of Villa Rica was being built, the Spaniards soon gained the reverence and good-will of the inhabitants, the Totonacs, who willingly submitted themselves to the dominion of the distant monarch Don Carlos, of whom the Spaniards told them. Here the Spaniards were horrified by the symptoms of human sacrifice, which were perpetually visible in the temples—the blood-stained walls, and the fragments of human flesh which lay

about; and, fired with religious enthusiasm, they resolved to put a stop to such practices by tearing down the idols. Cortes informed the caçique of his intention; but although the announcement filled him with speechless dismay, no opposition was offered, and the idols were broken in pieces, and burnt before the eyes of the Totonacs, while the priests went about shrieking like demons. "These priests," we are told, "were dressed in long black mantles, like sheets with hoods: their robes reached to their feet. Their long hair was matted together with clotted blood; with some it reached to the waist, and with others to the feet: their ears were torn and cut, and they smelt horribly, as it were of sulphur and putrid flesh."

The destruction of their idols did not alienate the Totonacs from the Spaniards; on the contrary, it raised their opinion of them, inasmuch as they saw the gods patient under the indignity. The intercourse of the two parties, therefore, continued; and, by his frequent conversations with the caçique, Cortes gained greater insight every day into the condition of Montezuma's empire.

By this time the town of Villa Rica had been nearly finished, and nothing remained to prevent the Spaniards from commencing their march into the interior. Before beginning it, however, Cortes deemed it advisable to send a report of his proceedings to Spain, to be laid before the king, knowing that Velasquez must have represented his conduct in very disadvantageous terms to the home government. Accordingly, Cortes drew up one letter, and the magistrates of the new colony another, detailing the whole of the incidents of the expedition down to the foundation of Villa Rica, and announcing that they were on the point of commencing their march into the heart of the country. To increase the effect of the letters, they were accompanied by nearly all the gold that had been collected, together with the splendid gifts of Montezuma, and such curiosities as might interest the learned of Spain. The business of carrying these letters to the king was intrusted to Montejo and Puerto Carrero, and they were instructed, above all, to endeavour to secure the appointment of Cortes as captain-general of the colony. On the 26th of July 1519, the little ship set sail, freighted with a more precious cargo than had ever yet been packed within the timbers of a vessel from the new world. The pilot was instructed to make direct for Spain, landing at no intermediate station, and especially avoiding Cuba.

The departure of this vessel seems to have raised thoughts of home in the minds of some of those who were left behind. A conspiracy was formed by some of the soldiers and sailors, along with the clergyman Diaz, to seize a vessel and return to Cuba. The conspiracy was discovered; two of the ringleaders were hanged, and the rest whipped or confined. Foreseeing, however, that such conspiracies would be constantly occurring, unless effectual means were taken to prevent them, Cortes came to the

resolution, almost unparalleled in the annals of heroism, of destroying the ships which had brought him to Mexico. Accordingly, taking counsel with a few of his most attached followers, he procured a report from the pilots that the vessels were not seaworthy, and caused them to be broken in pieces and sunk, before the majority were aware of his design. When the Spaniards thus saw themselves shut up in a strange and populous country, with no means of retreat, their first impulse was one of rage and despair, and Cortes had nearly fallen a sacrifice. As he foresaw, however, the daring act had the effect of bracing his men to a pitch of resolution all but supernatural. Besides, by the destruction of the fleet, he obtained a reinforcement of a hundred and ten men—the mariners formerly employed in the ships being now converted into soldiers, and very good ones, as it afterwards proved.

All being now ready, Cortes, leaving a considerable force as a garrison to the new settlement of Villa Rica, under the command of Juan de Escalante, set out from the territory of the Totonacs, on his march inland, on the 16th of August 1519. His army consisted of four hundred Spaniards on foot, and fifteen horse, accompanied by thirteen hundred Cempoallan warriors, and a thousand *tamanes*, or Indian body slaves, furnished by the caçique of Cempoalla, who were to carry the heavy burdens, and perform other laborious offices. Advancing through the tierra caliente, they began to ascend the mountains which separate it from the vast table-land of Anahuac. A few days' march across the tierra templada and the tierra fria, brought the Spaniards to the small mountain province of Tlascala, situated about half-way between the sea-coast and the Mexican valley. The Tlascalans were a brave and high-spirited people, of the same race as the Aztecs. They had refused, however, to submit to the empire of Montezuma, and were the only people in Anahuac who bade defiance to his power, preferring poverty and hardship in their mountain home to the loss of independence. The government of Tlascala was a kind of feudalism. Four lords or caçiques held their courts in different quarters of the same city, independently of each other, and yet mutually allied; and under these four chieftains the Tlascalan population, nobles and commons, was ranged as subjects. On the approach of the Spaniards, a consultation was held among the Tlascalan lords and their counsellors as to how the strangers should be received; some being inclined to welcome them, in hopes of being able, by their assistance, to cope with Montezuma; others maintaining that the Spaniards were enemies, who ought to be repulsed by all means. The latter opinion prevailed, and three desperate battles were fought between the Tlascalans, under the command of Xicotencatl, a brave and able young chief, the son of one of the four caçiques, and the Spanish invaders. These engagements were far more serious than the battles which the Spaniards had fought with the Tabascans; and it required the

utmost exertion of Castilian valour, directed by all the ability of Cortes, to gain the victory. But Indian courage against the flower of European chivalry—the *maquahuitl*, or war-club, dreadful instrument as it was, with its sharp flinty blades, against muskets and artillery—coatings of war-paint, or doublets of featherwork, against Spanish mail—were a very unequal contest; and, as usual, the losses of the Spaniards were as nothing compared with the apparent fierceness of the struggle. But how could the little army hope to advance through a country where such battles had to be fought at every step? If such were their reception by the Tlascalans, what might they not expect from the richer and more powerful Mexicans? Such were the reflections of the Spanish soldiery. The idea of their ever reaching Mexico, says Bernal Diaz, was treated as a jest by the whole army. Fortunately, when these murmurs were reaching their height, the Tlascalans submitted, and sent ambassadors to beg the friendship of the Spaniards; and on the 23d of September 1519 the Spaniards entered the city of Tlascala, a large and populous town, which Cortes compared to Granada in Spain. Here they were cordially received by the four caçiques, and especially by the elder Xicotencatl; and in a short time an intimacy sprung up between the Tlascalans and the invaders, and a treaty was concluded, by which the Tlascalans bound themselves to assist the Spaniards throughout the rest of their expedition. Here, as elsewhere, Cortes showed his zeal for the Catholic faith by endeavouring to convert the natives; and it is probable that the same scenes of violence would have taken place at Tlascala as at Cempoalla, had not the judicious father Olmedo interfered to temper the more headlong fanaticism of the general.

While in Tlascala, Cortes received various embassies from provinces in the neighbourhood anxious to secure his good-will. About the same time an embassy was received from Montezuma himself, intreating Cortes not to place any reliance upon the Tlascalans, whom he represented as treacherous barbarians; and now inviting him, in cordial terms, to visit his capital, pointing out the route through the city of Cholula as the most convenient. This route was accordingly adopted, and the Spaniards, accompanied by an army of six thousand Tlascalan warriors, advanced by it towards Mexico. Their approach gave great alarm, and Montezuma set on foot a scheme for their massacre at Cholula, which, however, was discovered by Cortes, who took a terrible vengeance on the sacred city. Montezuma, overawed, again made overtures of reconciliation, and promised the Spaniards an immense quantity of gold if they would advance no farther. This Cortes refused, and the Spanish army, with the Tlascalan warriors, left Cholula, and proceeded on their march, met everywhere by deputations from neighbouring towns, many of which were disaffected to the government of Montezuma. The route of the army lay between two gigantic volcanic mountains, and the

march, for a day or two, was toilsome, and bitterly cold. At last, "turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated their toils. It was that of the valley of Mexico; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venice of the Aztecs.'"*

Descending into the valley, the Spaniards halted at Ajotzinco, a town on the banks of the southernmost of the five lakes. Meanwhile Montezuma was in an agony of indecision. When intelligence reached him that the Spaniards had actually descended into the valley, he saw that he must either face the strangers in the field of battle, or admit them into his capital. His brother, Cuitlahua, advised the former; but his nephew, Cacama, the young lord of Tezcuco, was of the contrary opinion, and Montezuma at length sent him to meet the Spaniards, and welcome them to his dominions. Cacama accordingly set out in state, and arrived at Ajotzinco just as the Spaniards were about to leave it. When he came into the presence of Cortes, he said to him, "Malintzin, here am I and these lords come to attend you to your residence in our city, by order of the great Montezuma." Cortes embraced the prince, and presented him with some jewels. After a little while Cacama took his leave, and the Spaniards resumed their march. Travelling along the southern and western banks of Lake Chalco, they crossed the causeway which divides it from Lake Xochichalco, and advanced along the margin of the latter to the royal city of Iztapalapan, situated on the banks of the great Tezcucan lake over against Mexico. To the eyes of the Spaniards, all that they saw in their journey seemed fairyland.

ENTRY INTO MEXICO—RESIDENCE THERE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

It was on the 7th of November 1519 that the Spaniards arrived at Iztapalapan; and here they spent the night, lodged in magnificent palaces built of stone, and the timber of which was cedar. From this position the eye could sweep over the whole expanse of the Tezcucan lake. Canoes of all sizes might be seen skimming along its surface, either near the middle or close to the banks, where the thick woods came down to the water's edge.

* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, vol. ii. p. 47.

Here also, moving slowly along the margin of the lake, might be seen a still stranger sight—the *chinampas*, or floating-gardens—little islands consisting of earth laid on rafts, planted with flowers, shrubs, and fruit-trees, and containing a small hut or cottage in the centre, occupied by the proprietor, who, by means of a long pole, which he pushed against the bottom, could shift his little domain from place to place. But what fixed the eyes of the Spaniards above all else was the glittering spectacle which rose from the centre of the lake—the queenly city of Mexico, the goal of their hopes and wishes for many months past. In a few hours they would be within its precincts—a few hundred men shut up in the very heart of the great Mexican empire! What might be their fate there!

The islet on which Mexico was built was connected with the mainland by three distinct causeways of stone, constructed with incredible labour and skill across the lake, and intersected at intervals by drawbridges, through which canoes might pass and repass with ease. The causeway by which the Spaniards must pass connected the island with the southern bank of the lake, about half way across to which it branched off into two lines, one leading to the city of Cojohuacan, the other meeting the mainland at a point not far from Iztapalapan, where the Spaniards were quartered. This causeway was about eight yards wide, and capable of accommodating ten or twelve horsemen riding abreast. It was divided, as before-mentioned, by several drawbridges; a circumstance which the Spaniards observed with no small alarm, for they saw that, by means of these drawbridges, their communication with the mainland could be completely cut off by the Mexicans.

On the morning of the 8th of November 1519 the army left Iztapalapan, and advanced along the causeway towards the capital. First went Cortes, with his small body of horse; next came the Spanish foot, amounting to not more than four hundred men; after them came the Indian *tamanes*, carrying the baggage; and last of all came the Tlascalan warriors, to the number of about five thousand. As they moved along the causeway, the inhabitants of the city crowded in myriads to gaze at them, some finding standing-room on the causeway itself, others skimming along the lake in canoes, and clambering up the sides of the causeway. A little more than half way across, and at a distance of a mile and a half from the city, the branch of the causeway on which the Spaniards were marching was joined by the other branch; and here the causeway widened for a small space, and a fort or gateway was erected, called the Fort of Xoloc. On arriving at the gateway, the army was met by a long procession of Aztec nobles, richly clad, who came to announce the approach of the emperor himself to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. Accordingly, when the remainder of the causeway had been almost traversed, and the van of the army was near the threshold of

the city, a train was seen advancing along the great avenue. "Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state bearing golden wands, the Spaniards saw the royal palanquin of Montezuma, blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy featherwork, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver, and was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted; and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward, leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan—the one his nephew, the other his brother. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects, of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him." *

Cortes and the Mexican emperor now stood before each other. When Cortes was told that the great Montezuma approached, he dismounted from his horse, and advanced towards him with much respect. Montezuma bade him welcome, and Cortes replied with a suitable compliment. After some ceremonies, and the exchange of presents, Montezuma and his courtiers withdrew, the Spaniards following. Advancing into the city, wondering at all they saw—the long streets, the houses which, in the line along which they passed, belonged mostly to the noble and wealthy Mexicans, built of red stone, and surmounted with parapets or battlements; the canals which here and there intersected the streets, crossed by bridges; and the large open squares which occurred at intervals—the Spaniards were conducted to their quarters, situated in an immense square in the centre of the city, adjoining the temple of the great Mexican war-god. Montezuma was waiting to receive them; and the Spaniards were surprised and delighted with the princely generosity with which he supplied their wants.

Next day Cortes paid a visit to Montezuma in his palace, attended by some of his principal officers. In the conversation which ensued, Cortes broached the topic of religion, and informed Montezuma "that we were all brothers, the children of Adam and Eve, and that as such, our emperor, lamenting the loss of souls in such numbers as those which were brought by the Mexican idols into everlasting flames, had sent us to apply a remedy thereto by putting an end to the worship of these false gods." These remarks seemed to displease Montezuma, who, however, made a polite reply.

* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, vol. ii. p. 67.

Day after day the intercourse between Cortes and Montezuma was renewed; the Spanish soldiers also became gradually familiar with the Mexicans. Bernal Diaz, the old soldier of Cortes, to whom we are indebted for the most minute and interesting account of the Conquest, thus describes Montezuma and his household. "The great Montezuma was at this time aged about forty years, of good stature, well-proportioned, and thin; his complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians; he wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin, and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenance, and good eyes; gravity and good-humour were blended together when he spoke. He was very delicate and clean in his person, bathing himself every evening. He had a number of mistresses of the first families, and two princesses, his lawful wives. He had two hundred of his nobility as a guard, in apartments adjoining his own. They entered his apartment barefooted, their eyes fixed on the ground, and making three inclinations of the body as they approached him. In addressing him, they said, 'Lord; my lord; great lord.' His cooks had upwards of thirty different ways of dressing meat, and they had earthen vessels so contrived as to keep it always hot. For the table of Montezuma himself above three hundred dishes were dressed, and for his guards above a thousand. It is said that at times the flesh of young children was dressed for him; but the ordinary meats were domestic fowls, pheasants, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, with many other animals and birds peculiar to the country. At his meals, in the cold weather, a number of torches of the bark of a wood which makes no smoke, and has an aromatic smell, were lighted; and, that they might not throw too much heat, screens ornamented with gold, and painted with figures of idols, were placed before them. Montezuma was seated on a low throne or chair, at a table proportioned to the height of his seat. The table was covered with white cloths and napkins, and four beautiful women presented him with water for his hands. Then two other women brought small cakes of bread; and when the king began to eat, a large screen of wood gilt was placed before him, so that people should not, during that time, see him. He was served on earthenware of Cholula, red and black. While the king was at table, no one of his guards, or in the vicinity of his apartment, dared for their lives make any noise. Fruit of all the kinds that the country produced was laid before him; he ate very little; but from time to time a liquor, prepared from cocoa, and of a stimulative quality, as we were told, was presented to him in golden cups. At different intervals during the time of dinner there entered certain Indians, hump-backed, very deformed and ugly, who played tricks of buffoonery; and others who, they said, were jesters. There was also a company of singers and dancers, who afforded Montezuma much entertainment. During

the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes with eggs, and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white; and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. After he had dined, they presented to him three little canes, highly ornamented, containing liquid amber, mixed with an herb they call *tobacco;* and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, and then laid himself down to sleep; and thus his principal meal concluded."

After describing other parts of Montezuma's household, including a great aviary or collection of birds, and a menagerie, the chronicler gives us an account of Cortes's first tour through the city, accompanied by Montezuma. They first visited the great bazaar or market, held in the western part of the city. "When we arrived there, we were astonished at the crowds of people, and the regularity which prevailed, as well as at the vast quantities of merchandise which those who attended us were assiduous in pointing out. Each kind had its particular place of sale, which was distinguished by a sign. The articles consisted of gold, silver, jewels, feathers, mantles, chocolate, skins, dressed and undressed, sandals, and other manufactures of the roots and fibres of nequen, and great numbers of male and female slaves, some of whom were fastened by the neck in collars to long poles. The meat market was stocked with fowls, game, and dogs. Vegetables, fruits, articles of food ready dressed, salt, bread, honey, and sweet pastry made in various ways, were also sold here. Other places in the square were appropriated to the sale of earthenware, wooden household furniture, such as tables and benches, firewood, paper, sweet canes filled with tobacco, mixed with liquid amber, copper axes and working-tools, and wooden vessels highly painted. Numbers of women sold fish, and little loaves made of a certain mud which they find in the lake, and which resembles cheese. The makers of stone-blades were busily employed shaping them out of the rough material; and the merchants who dealt in gold had the metal in grains, as it came from the mines, in transparent tubes, so that they could be reckoned; and the gold was valued at so many mantles, or so many xiquipils of cocoa, according to the size of the quills. The entire square was enclosed in piazzas, under which great quantities of grain were stored, and where were also shops for various kinds of goods. Courts of justice, where three judges sat to settle disputes which might arise in the market, occupied a part of the square, their under-officers, or policemen, being in the market inspecting the merchandise."

Proceeding from the market-place through various parts of the city, the Spaniards came to the great *teocalli*, or temple, in the neighbourhood of their own quarters. It was a huge pyramidal structure, consisting of five storeys, narrowing above each

other like the tubes of an extended spy-glass (only square in shape), so as to leave a clear pathway round the margin of each storey. The ascent was by means of a stone stair, of a hundred and fourteen steps. Arrived at the summit, Cortes and his companions found it to be a large flat area, laid with stone; at one end of which they shuddered as they saw a block of jasper, which they were told was the stone on which the human victims were laid when the priests tore out their hearts to offer to their idols: at the other end was a tower of three storeys, in which were the images of the two great Mexican deities Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, and a variety of articles pertaining to their worship. "From the top of the temple," says Bernal Diaz, "we had a clear prospect of the three causeways by which Mexico communicated with the land, and we could now perceive that in this great city, and all the others of the neighbourhood which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small drawbridges and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. The noise and bustle of the market-place below us could be heard almost a league off; and those who had been at Rome and Constantinople said that, for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like." At the request of Cortes, Montezuma, though with apparent reluctance, led the Spaniards into the sanctuary or tower where the gods were. "Here," says Diaz, "were two altars, highly adorned with richly-wrought timbers on the roof, and over the altars gigantic figures resembling very fat men. The one on the right was their war-god, with a great face and terrible eyes. This figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, and his body bound with golden serpents; in his right hand he held a bow, and in his left a bundle of arrows. Before the idol was a pan of incense, with three hearts of human victims, which were burning, mixed with copal. The whole of that apartment, both walls and floor, was stained with human blood in such quantity, as to cause a very offensive smell. On the left was the other great figure, with a countenance like a bear, and great shining eyes of the polished substance whereof their mirrors are made. The body of this idol was also covered with jewels. An offering lay before him of five human hearts. In this place was a drum of most enormous size, the head of which was made of the skins of large serpents: this instrument, when struck, resounded with a noise that could be heard to the distance of two leagues, and so doleful, that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions."

This state of things could not last. Cortes, of course, had no intention of leaving Mexico, now that he had made good his quarters in it; but as it was not to be expected that Montezuma and his subjects would continue their friendly intercourse with him if they supposed that he purposed to remain, he saw the necessity of taking some decided step to secure himself and his men

against any outbreak which might occur. The step which he resolved upon in his own mind was the seizure of Montezuma. By having him in their power, he would be able, he imagined, to maintain a control over the whole population of the city—amounting, it is believed, to nearly three hundred thousand. Nor was a pretext wanting to give an appearance of justice to the daring act which they contemplated. Cortes had just received intelligence that a battle had been fought between the garrison which he had left at Villa Rica, and a body of Mexicans under the command of the Mexican governor of a province adjacent to the Spanish settlement. Although Cortes cared little for this occurrence, he resolved to avail himself of it for his purpose; so, after a night spent in prayer for the blessing of God on what he was about to do, he proceeded with five of his officers and the two interpreters, Donna Marina and Aguilar, to Montezuma's palace. The monarch, as usual, received him kindly; but when Cortes, after upbraiding him with being the cause of the attack made on the Spanish garrison of Villa Rica, as well as with the attempt made by the Cholulans to arrest his own progress towards Mexico, informed him that he had come to make him prisoner, he could no longer contain himself, but gave full vent to his rage and astonishment. But the rage of an Indian prince was impotent against the stern resolution of the European general; and as the helpless monarch gazed on the unyielding countenances of his visitors, whose fingers were playing with the hilts of their swords, his anger changed into terror: he was seized with a fit of trembling, and the tears gushed into his eyes. Without any resistance, he was removed in his royal litter to the Spanish quarters, giving it out to his nobles and subjects that he went voluntarily, on a visit to Cortes, and desiring them to remain quiet.

Another degradation awaited the unhappy monarch. He was obliged to surrender the governor and three other chiefs, who had led the attack on the garrison of Villa Rica; and these were burned alive, by the orders of Cortes, in front of Montezuma's palace, the emperor himself being kept in irons while the execution was going on.

All this took place within ten days of the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico; and for three or four months Montezuma continued a prisoner in the Spanish quarters. Here he was attended with the most profound respect, Cortes himself never approaching him without taking off his cap, and punishing severely every attempt on the part of any of his soldiers to insult the royal captive. Such instances, however, were very rare; for the kindly demeanour of Montezuma, his gentleness under his misfortunes, and, above all, his liberality to those about him, won the hearts of the Spaniards, and made him a general favourite. Nor did Montezuma make any attempt to regain his liberty. Attended by his officers as usual, he received deputa-

tions, and transacted business; amused himself by various Mexican games, and appeared to delight in the society of some of the Spaniards, for whom he had contracted a particular partiality.

The Spanish general was now absolute in Anahuac; Montezuma acted under his instructions; and officers were sent out in different directions to survey the country, and ascertain the situation and extent of the gold and silver mines, as if all belonged to the king of Spain. Nor was the formal cession of the kingdom by Montezuma long delayed. Assembling all his nobles at the instigation of Cortes, the Indian monarch addressed them, desiring them to concur with him in surrendering their empire to the Spaniards, who were to come from the rising sun. "'For eighteen years,' he said, 'that I have reigned, I have been a kind monarch to you, and you have been faithful subjects to me; indulge me, then, with this last act of obedience.' The princes, with many sighs and tears, promised Montezuma, who was still more affected, that they would do whatever he desired. He then sent a message to Cortes, telling him that, on the ensuing day, he and his princes would tender their allegiance to his majesty, our emperor. This they accordingly did at the time appointed, in the presence of all our officers and many of our soldiers, not one of whom could refrain from weeping on beholding the agitation and distress of the great and generous Montezuma."

Montezuma accompanied the surrender of his kingdom with the gift of an immense treasure, which he had concealed in an apartment within their quarters, desiring it to be sent to Spain, as tribute-money to King Charles from his vassal Montezuma. The sight of this treasure roused the avaricious passions of the Spanish soldiers, and they clamoured for a division of the wealth which had been collected since their entrance into Mexico. Cortes was obliged to yield to their demand. The whole wealth amassed during their residence in Mexico amounted, according to Mr Prescott's calculation, to about one million four hundred thousand pounds of our money, including not only the gold cast into ingots, but also the various articles of jewellery, which were of too fine workmanship to be melted down. The mode of division was this:—First, his majesty's fifth was set aside; next, a fifth of the remainder was set aside for Cortes; after that, all the debts of the expedition were to be discharged, including the amount vested in the expedition by Velasquez, the payment of agents in Spain, &c.; then the losses incurred in the expedition were to be made good, including the expense of the ships sunk off Villa Rica, the price of the horses killed, &c.; and lastly, certain individuals in the army, as the clergymen and the captains, were to receive larger allowances than the rest. "By the time all these drafts were made," says Bernal Diaz, "what remained for each soldier was hardly worth stooping for;" in other words, instead of amounting to two or three thousand

pounds, as they had expected, each soldier's share came only to about three hundred pounds. Many refused to take their shares, complaining of injustice in the division, and it required all the skill and management of Cortes to soothe the spirits of the discontented. Not a few, it appeared in the end, were no richer for all the prize money they had obtained than when they left Cuba; for, as Bernal Diaz tells us, "deep gaming went on day and night with cards made out of the heads of drums."

Only one source of discomfort now remained to Cortes. This was the continuance of the idolatrous worship of the Mexicans. This subject occupied his thoughts incessantly; and he could not persuade himself that his efforts would be meritorious in the eyes of God, or even that he could hope for permanent success, until the false gods of the Mexicans had been shattered in pieces, and their temples converted into Christian sanctuaries. Not only as a devout Catholic did he abominate the existence of a false worship in a country over which he had control, but, as a man, as a native of a civilised country, he shrunk in abhorrence from the bloody and sickening rites which formed part of the religion of the Mexicans—their human sacrifices—accompanied strangely enough, among a people so polished and so advanced in ingenious arts, by the practice of cannibalism. At length Cortes announced to Montezuma that he must allow at least a part of the great temple to be converted into a Christian place of worship. Montezuma had been a priest, and the proposal was perhaps the most shocking that could have been made to him. He gave his consent, however, and one of the sanctuaries on the top of the temple was purified, and an altar and a crucifix erected in it.

This last act filled up the measure of Mexican endurance. To see their monarch a prisoner, to surrender their kingdom and its treasures—these they could submit to; but could they sit tamely under an insult offered to their gods? Hither and thither through the city ran the priests, with haggard faces, and hair clotted with blood, stirring up the zeal of the inhabitants, and denouncing woes unless the Spaniards were expelled. The crisis was imminent, and every possible precaution was used to prevent a sudden surprise by the excited Mexicans.

It was now the month of May 1520, and the Spaniards had been six months in the Mexican capital. Suddenly the little army was thrown into consternation by intelligence of an unexpected kind received by Cortes.

ARRIVAL OF A NEW SPANISH ARMY—DIFFICULTIES OF CORTES—HIS TRIUMPH.

It will be remembered that, before advancing into the interior of the country, Cortes had despatched a vessel to Spain with letters to the emperor, Charles V., and a quantity of treasure. Contrary to the instructions of Cortes, the vessel touched at Cuba on its voyage; and a sailor escaping, conveyed to Velasquez an

account of all that had taken place in the expedition, down to the foundation of Villa Rica. The rage of Velasquez exceeded all bounds. He wrote letters to the home government, and also to the court for colonial affairs established in Hispaniola; and not content with this, he instantly began to fit out a second expedition, which was to proceed to Mexico, depose or decapitate Cortes, and seize the country for the Spanish sovereign in the name of the governor of Cuba. The fleet was larger, with one exception, than any yet fitted out for the navigation of the seas of the new world. It consisted of nineteen vessels, carrying upwards of a thousand foot soldiers, twenty cannons, eighty horsemen, a hundred and sixty musketeers and cross-bowmen, besides a thousand Indian servants—a force sufficient, as it seemed, to render all resistance on the part of Cortes hopeless. Velasquez at first intended to command the expedition in person; but, as he was too old and too unwieldy for such a laborious task, he intrusted it to Don Pamfilo de Narvaez, described as a man "about forty-two years of age, of tall stature, and large limbs, a full face, red beard, and agreeable presence; very sonorous and lofty in his speech, as if the sound came out of a vault; a good horseman, and said to be valiant."

The fleet anchored off the coast of Mexico, at St Juan de Ulua, on the 23d of April 1520. Here Narvaez received information which astonished him—that Cortes was master of the Mexican capital; that the Mexican emperor was his prisoner; that the country and its treasures had been surrendered to the Spanish sovereign; and that at present his rival was as absolute in it as if he were its monarch. This information only increased his anxiety to come to a collision with Cortes; and, with singular imprudence, he went about among the Indians, declaring, in a blustering manner, that Cortes was a rebel against his sovereign, and that he had come to chastise him, and to set Montezuma free.

Narvaez's first step was to send three messengers, one of them a priest, to the garrison of Villa Rica, to summon them to surrender. The commandant of the garrison, appointed shortly after the death of Juan de Escalante, was Gonsalvo de Sandoval, a young officer, a native of the same town as Cortes, and who had already won the esteem of his general and of the whole army by his valour and services. When the messengers of Narvaez, arriving at Villa Rica, presented a copy of Narvaez's commission, and summoned the garrison to surrender, Sandoval, without any ceremony, caused them to be seized, strapped to the backs of Indian porters, and instantly sent across the country to Mexico in charge of one or two soldiers, who carried a note to Cortes, informing him of what had happened. Cortes, after thoroughly gaining them over by kind words and presents, sent them back to sow the seeds of dissension in Narvaez's army. At the same time he entered into a correspondence with Narvaez, which

led to no definite result. As there was great danger that Narvaez would succeed in alienating the Cempoallans from Cortes, if he were permitted to remain in his present position, Cortes resolved to leave Mexico with a part of his men, march to the sea-coast, and, if necessary, give battle to Narvaez. This was a perilous step; but, in the circumstances, it was absolutely necessary.

Leaving a garrison of a hundred and forty men in Mexico, under the command of Pedro de Alvarado, who appeared by far the fittest person for so responsible a post, Cortes set out with the rest of his force, amounting to less than two hundred soldiers, only five of whom were cavalry, and by rapid marches reached the Totonac territories, where he was reinforced by Sandoval and his small body of men. Altogether, Cortes's army did not amount to more than a fifth part of that of Narvaez. They were veterans in service, however, and, under such a leader as Cortes, were prepared to attempt impossibilities. Narvaez, in the meantime, was in close quarters at Cempoalla, aware that his rival was on his march, but little suspecting that he was so near. On the night of the 26th of May 1520, Cortes and his brave little band, crossing with difficulty a swollen river which lay between them and their countrymen, advanced stealthily towards Narvaez's quarters, surprised the sentinels, and shouting the watchword, "Espiritu Santo!" dashed in among the half-awakened, half-armed foe. The struggle did not last long; for Sandoval, with a small body of picked men, springing up the stairs of the house where Narvaez was lodged, succeeded, after a hand to hand fight with the general and his followers, in making him prisoner, after he had lost an eye, and been otherwise severely wounded. On learning the fall of their leader, the rest yielded; and when daylight came, Cortes, "seated in an arm-chair, with a mantle of an orange colour thrown over his shoulders, and surrounded by his officers and soldiers," received the salutations and the oaths of allegiance of all the followers of Narvaez. In his treatment of these new friends his usual policy was conspicuous: he plied them with flatteries, and loaded them with gifts, till his own veterans began to be envious. Thus, by a single bold stroke, which cost him but a few men, Cortes had crushed a formidable enemy, and increased his own force sixfold. Fortune favours the brave! His army now amounted to thirteen hundred men, exclusive of the garrison he had left in Mexico; and of these thirteen hundred nearly a hundred were cavalry. With such a force, he might now prosecute his designs in Mexico with every prospect of success, and bid defiance to all the efforts of the Mexicans to regain their independence.

He was disagreeably roused from these self-congratulations by intelligence from Mexico. Some difference had occurred between Pedro de Alvarado and the Mexicans, in consequence of which the latter had risen *en masse*, and were besieging the Spaniards

in their quarters. Without loss of time he commenced his march towards the capital, leaving a hundred men at Villa Rica. At Tlascala he was joined by two thousand of his faithful mountain allies; and the whole army then pushed on for the Mexican valley, anxious to relieve Alvarado, whom the Mexicans were now trying to reduce by blockade. On the 24th of June they reached the great lake, and marched along the causeway without opposition, but amidst an ominous stillness. Alvarado clasped his general in his arms for joy; and now for the first time Cortes learned the origin of the revolt. Alvarado, suspecting some conspiracy among the Aztec nobles, had treacherously massacred a number of them collected at a religious festival, and the inhabitants had risen to take vengeance for the injury. Cortes sharply rebuked his officer for his misconduct; but the evil was already done, and to punish Alvarado would have been attended with no good effect. Moodily and bitterly, therefore, Cortes expended his vexation on the unhappy Mexican monarch, accusing him of being concerned in the insurrection, and calling upon him to check it, and procure provisions for the Spaniards. Montezuma complied as far as lay in his power: Cortes also used his best endeavours to allay the storm; and for a while it appeared as if their efforts were successful.

INSURRECTION OF THE MEXICANS—EXPULSION OF THE SPANIARDS.

The calm was only temporary. The day after the arrival of Cortes, a soldier, who had been sent on an errand by Cortes, returned breathless and bloody to the Spanish quarters. He had been fallen upon by a multitude of Mexicans, who endeavoured to drag him away in their canoes for sacrifice, and he had only escaped after a desperate struggle. The whole city, he said, was in arms; the drawbridges were broken down; and they would soon attack the Spaniards in their stronghold.

The news was too true. The Aztecs poured along the streets like a flood, approaching the square where the Spaniards were lodged, while the terraced roofs of all the houses in the vicinity were crowded with slingers and archers, ready to shower their missiles upon the besieged. And now commenced a struggle which lasted seven days, and to which there is no parallel in history. Day after day the fighting was renewed, the Spaniards either making a sally upon the besiegers, or beating them back when they advanced to storm or set fire to their quarters. The only relaxation was at night, when the Mexicans generally drew off. The Spaniards were always victorious; but their losses were considerable in every action, and the perseverance of the Mexicans alarmed them. Instead of yielding to their first defeats, they seemed to act on the conviction that they must be defeated continually until the Spaniards were all slain. This resolution astonished Cortes, who till now had undervalued the

courage of the Aztecs. His soldiers, especially those who had come into the country with Narvaez, heaped reproaches upon him; although, when they saw his conduct in the fray—the bravery with which he would spur his horse into the thickest of the enemy, the generosity with which he would risk his own life to rescue a comrade from the hands of a crowd of Aztecs—their reproaches were lost in admiration.

Wearied out by his incessant efforts, and perceiving the hopelessness of continuing a contest against so many myriads of enemies—for recruits were flocking in from the neighbouring country to assist the Mexicans against the common foe—Cortes resolved to try the effects of negotiation, and to employ Montezuma as his intercessor. At his request, therefore, Montezuma, dressed in his imperial robes, appeared on a terraced roof, where he was visible to the multitude gathered in the great square. A silence ensued, and Montezuma was parleying with four nobles who approached him, when suddenly a shower of stones and arrows fell on the spot where he was standing. The Spanish soldiers tried to interpose their bucklers; but it was too late; Montezuma fell to the ground, his head bleeding from the effects of a blow with a stone. He was immediately removed, and every means used for his recovery; nor was the wound of itself dangerous. But his kingly spirit had received a wound which no words could heal; he had been reviled and struck by his own subjects, among whom hitherto he had walked as a sacred being: he refused to live any longer. He tore the bandages from his head, and rejected all nourishment; and in a short time the Spaniards were informed that their unhappy prisoner was dead. Cortes and many of the men could not refrain from weeping; and the body was surrendered to the Mexicans with every testimony of respect.

The fighting was now recommenced with greater fury, and prodigies of valour were performed by the Spaniards; but all to no purpose. Another attempt was made to induce the enemy to come to terms. The only answer was the threat that they would all be sacrificed to the gods, and the appalling information, "You cannot escape; the bridges are broken down." At last, as death was before their eyes, it was determined by Cortes, and all the officers and soldiers, to quit the city during the night, as they hoped at that time to find the enemy less alert.

Towards midnight, on the 1st of July 1520, they left their quarters secretly, most of the soldiers loading themselves with the gold which remained over and above the royal share, and proceeded as silently as possible towards the western causeway leading to Tlacopan, by which, as being the shortest of the three (two miles long), they thought it would be easiest to effect a passage. In this causeway there were three drawbridges, separated by intervals nearly equal; and aware that these had been destroyed by the Mexicans, Cortes had provided a portable bridge, made of timber the car-

riage of which he intrusted to forty picked soldiers. The van of the army was led by Sandoval, with two hundred foot and a body of horse under his command; the baggage, large guns, and prisoners came next, guarded by Cortes and a band of veterans; and the rear was brought up by Pedro de Alvarado and Valasquez de Leon, commanding the strength of the infantry.

The night was dark and rainy. The Spaniards reached the causeway without being interrupted. The portable bridge was laid across the first moat or gap, and a great part of the army had gone over it in safety, and were already approaching the second gap, when, through the stillness of the night, there was heard the boom of the great drum from the top of the Mexican war temple, the rushing of myriads of pursuers along the causeway from behind, and the splashing of the oars of thousands of canoes full of warriors, which were advancing through the lake on both sides of the causeway. Showers of arrows fell on the rearguard as they were passing over the portable bridge; and the Aztecs, clambering up the sides of the causeway, grappled with the soldiers, and tried to drag them into the water. Throwing off these assailants by main strength, Alvarado and his men steadily and expeditiously moved on. Meanwhile the vanguard under Sandoval having reached the second gap, were waiting until the portable bridge should be brought up to enable them to cross it. Goaded with the arrows which were discharged upon them in clouds from the Aztec canoes, they grew impatient of the delay, and began to cast anxious glances backward along the causeway for the appearance of the bridge. Suddenly the appalling news was passed along that the bridge had stuck so fast at the first opening that it could not be pulled up. The weight of the men and heavy baggage crossing it had fastened it into the earth so firmly as to defy extrication. When this awful intelligence reached the vanguard, order and command were at an end; uproar and confusion ensued; and, seized with the instinct of self-preservation, each man tried to shift for himself. Flinging themselves headlong into the gap, they struggled with the Mexican warriors in the water, upsetting their canoes in their drowning agonies. Rank after rank followed, each trampling upon the bodies of its predecessors, and floundering among the canoes which lay between them and the opposite side. Sandoval and a few of the cavalry swam their horses across; some of the foot also were able to reach the side of the causeway and climb up; but of the vanguard, the great majority were drowned, or slain, or carried off wounded in the Mexican canoes. Meanwhile on came the rest of the army; men, carriages, guns, baggage, all were swept into the trench, which was soon choked up by the wreck. Over this bridge of broken wagons, bales of cotton, and the dead bodies of their companions and enemies, Cortes and his veterans were able to reach the other side of the trench with less difficulty. Here, joining Sandoval and the few survivors

of his band, they dashed along the causeway towards the third and last opening, regardless of the darts and arrows which the Mexicans discharged among them from their canoes. Reaching the third trench, they crossed it in the same manner as the last, but without so much loss, and were rapidly approaching the mainland, when, looking back through the dim morning twilight, they saw Alvarado and his rearguard pent up on the causeway between the second and third bridges, and almost overborne by the Mexicans who surrounded them. Cortes, Sandoval, and a few of the horse instantly wheeled round to the rescue; and, recrossing the third gap, shouted their battle-cry, and interposed between the Spaniards and their pursuers. This timely succour enabled most of the infantry to escape; and at length all had crossed the opening except Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and a few others. Cortes, Sandoval, and the rest soon followed, carried through by their horses; and only one man remained on the Mexican extremity of the causeway. It was Pedro de Alvarado: his horse was slain; and he was standing on the brink, surrounded by enemies ready to drag him off, should he plunge into the trench. Five or six warriors were already advancing from behind to seize him, when, casting one glance at the opposite edge where his countrymen were waiting him, he planted the end of his long lance among the rubbish which choked up the gap, and, rising in the air, cleared it at a bound. The spot where this tremendous feat was executed still bears the name of *Alvarado's Leap*.

The Mexicans now desisted from the pursuit; and the relics of the Spanish army, advancing along the remainder of the causeway, entered Tlacopan. Here they did not remain long, being anxious to place themselves beyond the reach of the Mexicans, and to arrive at Tlascala, the city of their faithful allies. They were now able to count the losses which they had sustained during the night. About four hundred and fifty Spaniards, and nearly four thousand Tlascalans, had been drowned, slain, or made prisoners during the passage along the causeway; a loss which, added to the numbers killed in the battles within the city, reduced the army to little more than a fourth of what it had been when it entered Mexico ten days before. But the most deplorable part of the calamity, in the eyes of Cortes, was the loss of all the artillery, firearms, and ammunition, not so much as a musket remaining among the five hundred who survived. Still, under this accumulation of misfortunes, his heart did not sink; and his resolution was taken not to leave the country till he had regained his former footing in it, and annexed it as a province to the dominions of his sovereign.

His first object was to reach Tlascala, where he might recruit the strength of his men—almost all of whom were stiff with wounds—and arrange his future proceedings. After many difficulties, and another great battle, in which he defeated the Mexi-

cans, he reached it on the 9th of July 1520. They were kindly received by the generous mountaineers, who withstood all the solicitations of the Mexican sovereign, Cuitlahua, Montezuma's brother and successor, that they would assist him in driving the Spaniards out of the country.

It was early in autumn before Cortes left Tlascala. His intention was first to punish several states of Anahuac which had revolted during his absence in Mexico, especially the districts of Tepeaca and Cachula; and then, after having reduced the whole country east of the Mexican valley, to return to the capital itself, and take it by storm. With a force so reduced as his, without cannons or other firearms, this was an apparently hopeless enterprise; but *hopeless* was a word of which Cortes did not know the meaning. Fortunately, while engaged in subduing the eastern districts of Anahuac, he received reinforcements which he never anticipated. Velasquez, ignorant of the fate of the expedition which he had sent under Narvaez, and supposing that Cortes was by this time a prisoner in the hands of his rival, had despatched a ship with stores, arms, and ammunition to the colony of Villa Rica. The vessel touched at the port; the captain and his men disembarked, suspecting nothing, and were instantly seized by the officer of Cortes; nor did it require much persuasion to induce the whole crew to enlist under the standard of a man of whom they had heard so many eulogies. A second vessel sent by Velasquez soon afterwards shared the same fate; three ships sent by the governor of Jamaica to prosecute discoveries, and plant colonies in central America, chancing also to land at Villa Rica, their crews joined the army of Cortes; and lastly, a merchant vessel, loaded with provisions and all the necessaries of war, arrived at the Mexican coast, and was purchased by Cortes—sailors, cargo, and all.

Having completely subjugated all Anahuac to the east of the Mexican valley, Cortes resolved to found a second Spanish colony in the interior of the country, which should form a halfway station between Villa Rica and the city of Mexico. The site chosen was Tepeaca, and the name given to the settlement was Segura de la Frontera. From this spot Cortes wrote a second letter to Charles V., giving an account of the expedition from the date of the last letter down to the foundation of Segura, and announcing his intention of marching immediately to reconquer Mexico.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF MEXICO.

It was five months after the date of their expulsion from Mexico before the Spaniards were in a condition once more to march against it. Part of the necessary preparations consisted, as we have seen, in the subjugation of those parts of Anahuac which adjoined the Mexican valley on the east; but another cause of delay was the construction of thirteen brigantines at

Tlascala, under the direction of Martin Lopez, a skilful shipwright, who had accompanied Cortes. These vessels were to be taken to pieces, and transported, together with the iron-work and cordage belonging to the ships which Cortes had destroyed off Villa Rica, across the mountains to the great Mexican lake. At length all was ready, and on the 28th of December 1520 the whole army left Tlascala on its march towards Mexico. It consisted of about six hundred Spaniards, with nine cannons, and forty horses, accompanied by an immense multitude of native warriors, Tlascalans, Tepeacans, and Cholulans, amounting probably to sixteen thousand men, besides the *tamenes*, who were employed in transporting the brigantines. Garrisons had of course been left at Villa Rica and Segura.

No opposition was offered to the invaders on their march, the Mexicans fleeing at their approach; and on the 1st of January 1521 they took possession of the city of Tezcuco. Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor on the throne, was now dead, and his place was occupied by his nephew, Guatemozin, yet a young man, but the most heroic and patriotic of all the Mexicans. The policy of Cortes was first to subdue all the states and cities on the margin of the five lakes, so as to leave Mexico without protection or assistance, and then to direct his whole force to the final reduction of the capital. For four months, therefore, Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and his other officers were employed, sometimes separately, sometimes in concert, in reconnoitring expeditions into various parts of the Mexican valley—from Chalco, on the banks of the southernmost, to Xaltocan, an island in the northernmost lake. Scarcely a day of these four months was passed in idleness; and it would require far more space than we can afford to do justice to all the engagements in which the Spaniards were victorious, or to all the feats of personal valour performed by Cortes, Alvarado, Olid, Sandoval, and other brave cavaliers. Passing over these, as well as the account of a conspiracy among his men, which the prudence and presence of mind of Cortes enabled him to quash, and of the execution of the Tlascalan chief, Xicotencatl, for deserting the Spaniards, we hasten to the concluding scene.

On the 10th of May 1521 the siege commenced. Alvarado, with a hundred and fifty Spanish infantry, thirty cavalry, and eight thousand Tlascalans, took up his station at Tlacopan, so as to command the western causeway; Christoval de Olid, with the same number of cavalry and Indians, and a hundred and seventy-five infantry, commanded one of the branches of the southern causeway at Cojohuacan; and Sandoval, with a force nearly equal, the other branch of the same causeway at Iztapalapan. Cortes himself took the command of the flotilla of brigantines. For several days the three captains conducted operations more or less successfully at their respective stations, one of Alvarado's services having consisted in destroying the pipes which supplied

the Mexicans with fresh water, so that, during the rest of the siege, they had no other way of procuring a supply than by means of canoes. The brigantines, when they were launched, did immense service in overturning and dispersing the Mexican canoes, and also in protecting the flanks of the causeways on which the other detachments were pursuing their operations. At length, after much resistance on the part of the Mexicans, the two causeways, the western and the southern, were completely occupied by the Spaniards; and Sandoval having, by Cortes's orders, made a circuit of the lake, and seized the remaining causeway of Tepejacac, the city was in a state of blockade. But so impatient were the Spaniards of delay, that Cortes resolved on a general assault on the city by all the three causeways at once. Cortes was to advance into the city from Xoloc, Alvarado from his camp on the western causeway, and Sandoval from his camp on the northern, and the three detachments, uniting in the great square in the centre of the city, were to put the inhabitants to the sword. The plan had nearly succeeded. The vanguard of Cortes's party had chased the retreating Mexicans into the city, and were pushing their way to the great square, when the horn of Guatemozin was heard to sound, and the Aztecs rallying, commenced a furious onset. The neglect of Cortes to fill up a trench in one of the causeways impeded the retreat of the Spaniards in such a way as to cause a dreadful confusion, and it was only by efforts almost superhuman that they were able to regain their quarters. Their loss amounted to upwards of a hundred men, of whom about sixty had been taken alive.

This triumph elated the Mexicans as much as it depressed the Spaniards and their allies. It was prophesied by the Mexican priests that in eight days all the Spaniards should be slain; the gods, they said, had decreed it. This prediction, reported in the quarters of the besiegers, produced an extraordinary effect on the allies. They regarded the Spaniards as doomed men, refused to fight with them, and withdrew to a little distance from the lake. In this dilemma Cortes showed his wonderful presence of mind, by ordering a total cessation of hostilities for the period specified by the Mexican gods. When the eight days were passed, the allies, ashamed of their weakness, returned to the Spanish quarters, and the siege recommenced. These eight days, however, had not been without their horrors. From their quarters the Spaniards could perceive their fellow-countrymen who had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans dragged to the top of the great war temple, compelled to dance round the sanctuary of the gods, then laid on the stone of sacrifice, their hearts torn out, and their bleeding bodies flung down into the square beneath.

Famine now assisted the arms of the Spaniards; still, with that bravery of endurance for which their race is remarkable, the Mexicans continued the defence of the city, and it was not till it

had been eaten into, as it were, on all sides by the Spaniards, that they ceased to fight. On the 14th of August a murderous assault was commenced by the besiegers. It lasted two days; and on the evening of the second some canoes were seen to leave the city, and endeavour to reach the mainland. They were chased, and captured; and on board of one of them was found Guatemozin, with his family and his principal nobles. Guatemozin's capture was the signal of complete defeat; and on the 16th of August 1521 the city was surrendered to the Spaniards. The population was reduced to about forty thousand, and in a few days all these had disappeared, no one knew whither. The city was in ruins, like some huge churchyard with the corpses disinterred and the tombstones scattered about.

CONCLUSION.

Thus was the ancient and beautiful city of Mexico destroyed, and its inhabitants slain or dispersed. A monstrous act of unjustifiable aggression had been completed. Following up this great blow, Cortes pursued the conquest of the country generally; and in this, as well as in organising it into a colony of Spain, he did not experience any serious difficulty. On proceeding to Spain, he was received with honour by Charles V. He returned to Mexico in 1530; and again revisiting Spain in 1540, for the purpose of procuring the redress of real or alleged grievances, he died in 1547, in the sixty-third year of his age. It is very much to be lamented that, in the execution of his purposes of colonisation, the monuments of Mexican civilisation were everywhere destroyed, leaving nothing to future generations but the broken relics of palaces, temples, and other objects of art, scattered amidst the wilderness. Some of these ruined monuments, recently explored by Stephens and other travellers, show that the ancient Mexicans had made remarkable advances in social life as well as in the arts, more particularly architecture; and what renders all such relics the more interesting to the archæologist, is the growing conviction, that the old Mexican civilisation was of an original type — a thing noway derived from, or connected with, the civilisation of Egypt, or any other nation in the eastern hemisphere.

It is consolatory to know that the Spaniards have not succeeded in making Mexico a perpetual tributary of their rapacious monarchy. The cruelties they committed seem to have contained in themselves the elements of retribution. After a career of indolence, oppression, and bigotry, extending to comparatively recent times, their yoke has been thrown off; and their feeble and ignorant successors may be said to be in the course of coming under the thraldom of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. It is difficult to compassionate the fate which appears to await the slothful and proud race whose ancestors laid the ancient empire of Mexico in ruins.

THE DESERTERS.

I.

IN the summer of 1812, a fine ship was holding her course in solitary pride through the blue waters of the South Atlantic. Though her sides were lofty, and she carried a heavy battery of guns, with a numerous crew, neither had her canvas the cut, nor her yards the squareness, of those of a man-of-war. She was, in truth, one of the richly-freighted barks belonging to those merchant princes of the East, of whom it may be truly said that few monarchs rival them in power, and fewer still in wealth. Every sail was set below and aloft, with studding-sails on each side, to take advantage of the favourable breeze which was sending her along at the rate of nine knots an hour from the shores of England. Her course was towards that surge-beaten rock which rears its lofty summit, dark, rugged, and alone, from amid the ocean depths —the island of St Helena—a spot which was afterwards to become famous throughout the world as the prison and the tomb of the great wonder of his age, Napoleon.

It is difficult clearly to describe the scene which the Indiaman presented, with her crowded cabins supplied with every article of luxury: the rich merchandise below; the stores of provisions; the dark berths of the seamen; the carpenters, blacksmiths, and tailors' shops; the cow-house; the sheep-pens and hencoops; the kitchen, with its ever-active cook; the butcher and baker following their avocations; people moving in all directions; and the hum of voices heard from every part; these, with the dark

line of guns lashed to her bulwarks on each side, the snowy hammocks in the nettings, the numerous boats, the clean decks, the ropes fastened down, the tall masts, the outspreading yards, the white sails, and the intricate tracery of the rigging, the whole forming a defined and familiar picture to a seaman's eye; but to a landsman, who has never beheld the like, appears an almost incomprehensible mass of confusion.

The glowing sun of the tropics, now approaching the horizon, was casting his burning rays from an unclouded sky in a shower of golden refulgence upon the dark blue waters which rose and fell in gentle undulations, merely rippled over by the playful breeze, but unbroken save where they curled and leapt round the bows of the majestic ship as calmly she parted them asunder, or where her steady track was marked by a lengthened line of snowy whiteness. Her decks were crowded with people: the after-part with the officers and cabin passengers, while on the forecastle were collected the greater part of the crew; a few women—some natives of India, servants of the cabin passengers—and a considerable number of soldiers, mostly fresh recruits, for the service of the Company. The latter were raw youths, collected from all parts of the United Kingdom, of every sort of character and disposition, possessed of various degrees of education, and intended originally for different trades and professions, which many opposite motives had induced them to quit for the profession they had now adopted; and it was the duty of the older soldiers to amalgamate these very incongruous materials—a task not easy of accomplishment without the strictest discipline, firmness, and discretion, which latter quality was too often neglected, with the most fatal results, as the following narrative will show.

In those days it was the custom of the Company frequently to disembark their newly-levied troops at St Helena, both to drill and discipline them, and to inure them to a tropical climate, before they were exposed to the hardships of actual warfare, as well as to make them take their turn in garrisoning the island; a duty which appears always to have been distasteful and irksome to the young soldiers, from the unvaried routine, the constant parades, and rigid subordination to which they were subjected, instead of beholding the wonders of the East, which they had been taught to expect.

II.

Two young men were pacing together the short space afforded them for a walk on the top-gallant forecastle—a small deck raised above what is called the upper deck, at the fore-part of a ship. They wore the military cap and undress uniform of the other recruits, though the manner in which they trod the deck

showed that they were accustomed to the sea, and there was that in their air and appearance which distinguished them from the rest of their comrades, and betokened them to be possessed of superior education. There appeared to be a slight difference in their ages, and the eldest therefore claims the first description. His figure was about the middle height, strongly built, with well-knit limbs, which gave promise of great bodily activity; his complexion was florid, with light closely-curling hair, while his features were not only well-formed, but would have been considered decidedly handsome and pleasing, had not fierce and unrestrained passions already stamped them with their indelible traces. His full gray eyes, when his feelings were unexcited, looked so calm and soft, that they appeared beaming with almost a woman's tenderness, but on the slightest opposition to his will, they instantly flashed with the angry blaze of his fiery temper; and his mouth, that more certain index of the disposition, betokened him to be a firm and fearless character, more likely to attempt leading others, than tamely to submit to dictation. The physiognomist examining his countenance would at once have pronounced him to be possessed of qualities which, if well-directed, might raise him to the most elevated position, but which, were he left to his own devices, would too probably prove the cause of his complete destruction. Such was William Halliday.

He was the second son of a wealthy farmer in the north of England, whose property bordered the sea-coast. He had been sent to various schools, as well as to one of the northern universities, but had, although possessed of good abilities, been expelled from each on account of his determined resistance to all authority. At the same time that young Halliday was pronounced an incorrigible reprobate by his masters, he was beloved by his companions of the same age as himself for his kind and generous disposition. He was at all times the champion of those who were oppressed and unable to defend themselves: often, too, would he bear the punishment due to the faults of another boy, rather than betray him to his superiors. He was always the first to be accused when no other culprit could be found. The behaviour of his masters by degrees hardened his temper, and made him alike indifferent to punishment or applause. How little did his instructors imagine the ruin they were working in a noble fabric! whereas, by judicious management from the first, his faults would have been corrected, and his disposition unimpaired. Notwithstanding his general idleness, he had contrived to gain a considerable amount of information, and his indulgent father had hopes of his reformation. He listened calmly and leniently to his son's excuses for his behaviour, forgave him, and told him that he must henceforth make amends for his former wildness by assisting him diligently in his business. William promised, and intended to perform his promise, but the

dull routine of a farmer's life was not at all to his taste; and though for a time he attended with tolerable regularity to his duties, he gladly flew to other pursuits on the slightest pretext. Living close to the sea-shore, he had from his boyhood been accustomed to pass much of his time upon the ocean, and had become, by constant practice, a bold and dexterous boatman. His delight was to steer a light skiff he claimed as his own, at early dawn, far out to sea, where, miles from land, he would remain all day, delighting in the wild solitude of the ocean, nor return till the sun warned him that evening was approaching. And often would he, in mere sport, dart through the heaviest breakers, where few would venture to follow. By his courage and experience, indeed, the crew and passengers of a large ship wrecked on the coast were preserved—a gallant act, which gained him the applause and respect of all who heard of it, as well as the gratitude of those whose lives, at the risk of his own, he had preserved.

As yet, William Halliday, with all his errors, had been free from crime. His trials had not yet come. He was not to escape the fiery ordeal of temptation; and who, without firm principles—guardian angels, ever watchful by his side—can hope to escape unscathed. Unhappily he possessed not these; yet his thirst for excitement, and his love of enterprise, were the primary causes of his fall, rather than a vicious disposition. Had his father, instead of attempting to bring up one of his ardent temperament to the regular routine of his own profession, sent him at an early age to sea—where, while his peculiar failings would have been corrected by strict discipline, his desire for change would have been fully satisfied before it had gained overpowering strength—he might have escaped the peculiar temptations to which he was subjected. But such was not to be. Let his example prove a warning to others; and let other fathers and masters remember his fate, when they discover similar dispositions in their sons or pupils.

His love of the excitement to be found on the ocean caused young Halliday to become acquainted with all the seafaring men in the neighbourhood, some of whom were very bad characters. At that time the loose enforcement of the revenue laws gave encouragement to an extensive system of smuggling along all the coasts of England, and with many of the persons engaged in this illegal traffic he was consequently thrown in constant contact. Among the worst was a man of the name of Derrick, the owner of several smuggling craft. This man had long fixed his eye on young Halliday, calculating that he would be, from his intrepid character and social position, an able coadjutor in his plans. It was not long before he had an opportunity, of which he failed not to make use, of enticing the young man on board his cutter, and offering him a cruise to the coast of France. This offer was too willingly accepted, and frequently repeated; so that, although

Halliday took no part in their business, he was completely committed with the smugglers, and very soon not only forgot the lawlessness of their proceedings, but by degrees, from assisting, he lent a hand in landing the goods from the vessel.

Young Halliday knew he was doing wrong, but he tried to persuade himself that, as he did not take any of the profits of these illegal transactions, he was not distinctly implicated. In this delusion, he continued to associate with the contrabandists, and, as may be expected, was led from one thing to another, till he brought himself within the direct grasp of the law.

Early one morning the party, in landing a cargo of goods, were attacked by the revenue officers; a scuffle ensued; blood was shed; several were wounded on both sides; and one man was cut down by Halliday, who forthwith fled from the fray—a murderer. Hurrying from the scene, he crossed the country on foot, met the mail going northward, and taking a seat on it, was carried to York. From this place he found his way to Hull, where he intended to ship as a seaman on board the first vessel about to sail; to what part of the world he cared not. As it happened, not one foreign-bound ship was likely to be ready for sea. He, however, found a vessel ready to sail for London, and in this he took his passage. The voyage lasted several days, during which young Halliday became acquainted with a person of indifferent character, who introduced him to parties still worse in London. Once put on a wrong track, it is inconceivable how quick is the progress to destruction. Halliday could not be called deliberately bad; but his impulses and his heedlessness had been equally injurious. Ere he had entered life, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was a ruined man. The consciousness of being a homicide, and that his character was altogether gone, impelled him to sink the deeper in guilt. He scarcely cared what came of him. In this state of mind, it is not to be wondered at that he took part in an enterprise which had for its object to rob a gentleman on his way home at night, and who was known to carry a considerable amount of valuable property on his person. This affair proved less advantageous than had been reckoned on. The gentleman to be waylaid was well armed, and on being suddenly set upon, shot one of the robbers in the breast. The others immediately fled. The wounded man was taken into an adjoining cottage, which, strange to say, proved to be one inhabited by his wife, whom he had cruelly deserted; and the scene which ensued may be more easily imagined than described.

The now doubly guilty Halliday felt that his life hung by a single hair. Perhaps the wounded man, if able to speak, would reveal his name and residence. In this conjuncture he did what is probably done in many similar circumstances. Having exchanged his apparel for a common working-dress, and otherwise disguised himself, he enlisted into the army, or, as it chanced to be, the East India Company's service. In those days few ques-

tions were asked about previous character, and a fine youth was not to be rejected. He was at once enlisted under a feigned name, and before many days elapsed, had joined the depôt of the Company's regiments, whence in a few weeks he embarked for India.

III.

The young man whom we have mentioned as being Halliday's companion on board the ship had enlisted about the same time, but from different causes. Of a much less robust frame than Halliday, his figure would have conveyed the idea of activity, and no small power of endurance. Henry Hastings, as this youth was called, was the son of a clergyman, the rector of a small living on the south coast of England. Mr Hastings, after taking a high degree at Oxford, became a fellow of his college, where he continued to reside for some years, till he accepted the first living which fell in. Naturally of retiring manners, and possessing a poetical temperament, he had at no time mixed much in the limited society of the university, and with the world at large he was unacquainted. On his entering on the duties of his profession he married an amiable young lady, who died in a few years, after giving birth to two children—a son and a daughter. So completely were the thoughts of Mr Hastings occupied with his scientific and literary pursuits, and with what he considered the duties of his calling, that he appeared totally to forget the necessity of attending to his worldly affairs, and to the education of his children. Fortunately for them, on the death of his wife a widowed sister came to reside with him, and by her judicious management so corrected their failings, and excited their best qualities, that few more amiable or engaging children could be found. Julia Hastings grew up in time to be a lovely and charming girl, endued with good sense and talent, and a firmness of character which neither her father nor brother appeared to possess. Henry, though her senior by a year, had not, unfortunately, the settled principles, nor the determined spirit of his sister, though equalling her in amiability and a desire to do right, with even a more enthusiastic and romantic temperament. He had no vices, and many virtues, but they were all of a passive rather than of an active nature. Though books were his delight, his reading was too desultory and irregular to lead to any useful results; nor did any great improvement take place during the short time he was at the university. The only amusement in which, like most men of his age, he indulged, was sailing; and from his boyhood he had been accustomed to steer his light skiff over the dancing waves, and to manage her with considerable dexterity. It suited his romantic disposition. He loved to make excursions along the beautiful shores of his native county, to sail up its rivers, and visit its sheltered

bays, till he almost fancied himself the explorer of new regions fertile and wealthy.

On Henry's return home after keeping his first university term, he brought with him to the vicarage a friend, whom he had known from his boyhood; and certainly Lionel Ravenhurst did full justice to his discrimination of character, for a more attractive person in mind, manner, and appearance could scarcely be met with. He came to enjoy a few days' yachting, which Henry had promised him, but his visit was prolonged for several weeks. Each day that the weather was favourable, the friends spent upon the water, when Julia was their frequent companion; nor did her beauty and amiability fail to make a deep impression on the heart of their guest. At last he was compelled to leave them, to join his family abroad; and Julia only then began to discover how essential his presence was to her happiness.

Scarcely had young Ravenhurst gone, when Mr Hastings was taken alarmingly ill, and before many days had passed, he died, bestowing a blessing on his children, and expressing a hope that they would be in some manner provided for. What a blow was this to Henry and his sister! Both were thrown suddenly on new resources, and with little hope of successfully overcoming the difficulties that presented themselves. One of the first things which Henry did was to examine into the state of his father's affairs. To his consternation they were found in a very confused and embarrassed condition. His father had not consulted a rigorous prudence in giving him an expensive university education; and it would have been greatly more judicious, in the circumstances, had he placed his son in some useful profession. But regrets on these points were now useless. All that could possibly be realised for the family, including the aged aunt, was fifty pounds a-year. Henry was overwhelmed with grief on his sister's account. For himself he felt not; but to leave one of so gentle a nature, and so gently nurtured, to the indifference of the world—to compel her to seek for subsistence in the capacity of a governess, to the irritating annoyances of unmannered children—the very thought was misery.

For some days his mind was in a state of anguish and uncertainty. At last his resolution was taken. He would devote all that remained of their father's property to the support of his sister, and he would seek his fortune in the world, and perhaps soon restore to her the luxuries she had lost. She, with her aunt, might thus in the meantime exist with some little comfort and independence.

The next morning, having packed up his clothes, he left a letter to his sister on the table in the sitting-room of the little cottage to which they had removed, detailing his intention, and what he had done for his support, and bidding her and his aunt farewell. He then, with an almost breaking heart, hurried from

the door. Carrying his portmanteau on his shoulder, he walked some way to meet a coach going to London, where he purposed first to look out for employment. Weary and tired, he arrived there the next day, and then began to consider what he should do. He had already written to the few friends he possessed for introductions to people who might be of service to him in the metropolis. Some paid no attention to his request, others forwarded the introductions to the address he fixed on, but few expressed any great regret at his loss. At last, having received the letters, he set out to deliver them, but most of the people on whom he called were from home, and the rest asserted they had no means or influence to assist him. He then offered his services in various directions, and in various capacities for which he thought himself fitted; but from all those to whom he applied he received the same answer—the truth being, that in London there are always thousands of young persons needing situations, so that a new-comer cannot, or ought not, to expect an opening for his services merely on making himself known. Besides, Henry had never been previously employed; and this of itself was enough to prevent him from being taken into any house of business.

At length, driven to desperation, and too proud to descend, as he considered it, to any humble kind of employment, he did that which was worse—he enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company. A hurried and half-frantic note to his poor sister only informed her that he was about to leave the country for some time, and that she must not be alarmed if she did not hear from him for several months.

It appears to be customary for lads to change their names when they enlist. According to the feelings of educated Englishmen, there is a degradation in becoming a common soldier—a being sold, it may be said, for the best years of life to a state of privation, and with the most slender hopes of improvement in circumstances. Following this practice of entering the army under a feigned name, young Halliday called himself Hall, and Hastings adopted the name of Hardy.

IV.

Such were the two youths whom circumstances had degraded from their position to be soldiers, bound for a foreign clime. We left them walking on one of the higher decks of the vessel. What was their conversation?

"A day or two more, and we shall reach St Helena," observed Hardy; "and our next move will be glorious India. Think of that, my dear fellow. Then for our first campaign, when we may hope to plant our feet on the steep ladder which leads to fame. Does not your heart beat quick in anticipation of the moment

when, called from the ranks, an ensign's commission is the reward of some gallant deed? How better far it is to feel that you have the power to carve out your own fortunes, instead of being beholden to the ungracious assistance of relations, or the cold charity of strangers!"

Hall looked earnestly at his friend for some time. "Hardy, I envy you," he said at last. "You always contrive to conjure up some bright vision of the future, while I can never look beyond the dark realities of the moment. I have sometimes thought that I should like to tear aside the thick veil which shrouds my fate, but no sooner has the idea occurred, than an indescribable horror has seized me, and, shuddering, I have plunged into some scene of excitement to drown the dreadful thought."

"I am too little versed in philosophy to account for the feelings you describe," returned Hardy; "but I should think it is one you might by determination conquer."

"Conquer it! I do. I trample it under foot. I defy its suggestions. But in spite of me, it will rise again and again during the moments of solitude or inaction, till I feel a fierce delight in dwelling on it."

"Such are the freaks fancy often plays us," replied his friend. "You are suffering from some cause you are not aware of, which affects your spirits. To-morrow will dissipate it probably."

"To-morrow!" muttered Hall. "It is the to-morrow I dread. Sometimes I fancy that I shall never see our land of promise—India. Hardy, I would give thousands to know that I was to die bravely fighting amongst a host of enemies. But that I scarcely expect. I am a victim of despondent feelings. However, no more of that. We shall see what to-morrow brings forth."

The morrow came. The glowing sun arose from his ocean bed, and directly ahead of the majestic ship appeared St Helena's lone rock, rearing the lofty heads of its rugged peaks high above the blue waves, which now leapt joyously at its base. To those long accustomed to gaze alone on the wide expanse of sea and the canopy of heaven, the dark rock, towering above the tall masts of the ship, appeared like some dreadful monster ascending from the ocean's unfathomed depths to destroy them. First rose to view the barren slopes and crags of the north side of the island, with the great Barn Rock and the cone of Flagstaff-hill, cold, rugged, and bare; but on a nearer approach, green fields, trees, and plantations showed that the land was not quite a desert. Next were descried the church and houses of James Town, in their narrow valley, flanked on every side by strong batteries, and backed by a dark mass of woods. Coasting close in with the wall-like side of the island, a few tacks were made to reach the harbour, and the Indiaman dropped her anchor before the town, under the guns of the forts. Scarcely had they arrived, when an order came on board to disembark the troops and their baggage, and to march them up to the barracks.

"What can this mean?" inquired Hardy of his friend as they were buckling on their knapsacks.

"Mean!" exclaimed Hall; "that we are doomed to remain on this horrid rock till some other dupes come out to relieve us. I feared it would be so, but I hoped we might escape the punishment."

This information was correct. The recruits took up their quarters in the barracks, and in three days their place on board the Indiaman being supplied by a few companies of well-disciplined and fully-accoutred troops, she sailed on her voyage, to the great indignation of a considerable number of the young men. That ship never reached her destination. Whether she sunk beneath the ocean waves, was stranded on some distant shore, or was destroyed by fire, was never ascertained, for not a soul remained alive to tell her fate. Had the catastrophe been known, it might have proved an important lesson to those who murmured at their lot; but such was not to be. Constant drills, parades, mounting guard, and other military duties, was the daily routine, while the most rigid discipline was maintained among the men. The slightest fault was punished with unwavering severity; the halberts were in constant requisition; and too many were exposed to the ignominy of the lash. Hall and Hardy had hitherto escaped punishment. Their good conduct and attention to their duties seemed to place them above the chances of it; but this very circumstance seemed to excite the animosity of their captain more particularly against them.

It is to be hoped that there are not many such beings in the world as Captain Pieman; but some few there are, unhappily, both in the navy and army—the blight of those who serve under them—who take an actual delight in spiting the best men. "Eh, eh," said Captain Pieman one day to Hardy on parade, "you think yourself a fine fellow, I know; a bit of a gentleman, eh? but I'll catch you tripping one of these days, and your dainty skin shall smart for it—so look out, my lad." Hardy bit his lip, but he knew his duty too well to answer a word to this brutal speech. Hall, who was near him in the ranks, heard the words; his eye flashed with fury, and he looked as if he would have sprung from his post and destroyed the petty tyrant. The captain, as he glanced along the ranks, observed the expression of his countenance. "I mark you, sirrah," he cried; "take care, or you will find the cat and your shoulders acquainted before long." Hall answered with a look of defiance, and from that moment he and his captain knew each other as deadly foes.

Week after week passed away; the cat did its work, and the recruits learned their drill; whether or not the punishment made them better soldiers, was afterwards to be proved. At length they began to look forward to being quickly relieved, and complaints became general at their long delay on the island. This feeling was still further increased by seeing several ships with

soldiers pass on to India, and by a rumour that the regiment was to be detained permanently on the island. Not long before this, the troops in St Helena had broken out into open mutiny, when some of the men, led on by a sergeant, attacked the castle, a building on the sea-wall, where the governor was residing, and entering his apartments, hewed him to pieces with their swords. As soon as they had perpetrated the murder, they embarked in some boats they had secured, and succeeded in getting on board an American ship, which conveyed them safely to the United States, where they were numbered among the citizens of the republic. Notwithstanding this dreadful circumstance—for the mutiny originated from the same cause as the present dissatisfaction—the like system was pursued, the only difference being a stricter discipline and more constant watchfulness than had hitherto been exercised.

Some months thus passed wearily and grudgingly on, and the tyranny of Captain Pieman became insupportable. He had succeeded in his diabolical vow of bringing most of the men under his command to the halberts, but the two friends had hitherto escaped his malice. At last Hall, grown discontented and unhappy at the state of inaction in which he was kept, resorted to the dangerous expedient of drowning his cares in liquor, and was before long detected by his captain in a state approaching to intoxication. Condemnation to be flogged soon followed. Hall bore the infliction of his sentence with unflinching fortitude, but the feeling of his degradation entered into his soul. He could not recover his spirits; the gaiety of his manner had gone for ever. He became sullen and morose; nor could his comrades, who were hardened to the punishment, and could not comprehend his feelings, rouse him to activity. In the meantime Hardy, who, by his excellent conduct and rapid progress towards a perfect knowledge of all military duties, had won the respect of all his officers except Pieman, was to have been made a corporal, and his future advancement was prognosticated by many, when an event occurred which blasted all his brightening prospects.

V.

One day when Hardy's turn to relieve guard was not to come round till the evening, he left James Town, to enjoy a short ramble over the island. He wandered on for miles, thoughtless of how time sped. The sun and the surrounding heights served him for landmarks, and he felt certain that he could not lose his way; but unexpected circumstances combined against him. His watch had stopped, so he mistook the hour; suddenly clouds collected round the summit of Diana's Peak; the sky was overcast, deluges of rain came down; he ran for shelter beneath a rock; his landmarks were obscured, and he lost his way. He

wandered about without being able to find it; darkness came on, increasing his difficulties; and it was not till late at night that, hungry and tired, he reached the town. The first person he encountered on approaching the barracks was Captain Pieman, who was returning tipsy from a party.

"What soldier is out of bounds at this hour?" asked the captain in his usual harsh tones. Hardy gave his name, and explained the cause of his irregularity.

"Oh, that's the reason, is it—eh? Let me tell you, my fine fellow, these excuses will not go down with me. Here, sergeant of the guard, keep this man under arrest," he called out.

"I speak the truth, Captain Pieman," urged Hardy in a respectful tone.

"What! You dare contradict me?" exclaimed the exasperated officer. "You shall pay for this to-morrow, depend on it."

Hardy uttered not another word, but, as he was marched off by the guard, he heard the captain vowing vengeance on his head. He passed the night in a miserable state, but his conscience was clear of wrong, and he hoped that, on giving an explanation of the circumstances, he should be acquitted. With the morning, however, came an aggravation of the difficulties of his position; for a report reached his ears that a robbery had, during the evening, been committed on a farm-house in the neighbourhood of James Town by a party of men, among whom a soldier of the garrison had been observed. The result of the investigation may have been anticipated. The charges of neglect of duty, insubordination and insolence to a superior, were proved. The lofty-minded, romantic, and delicately-nurtured Hardy was condemned to receive a hundred lashes; and though no proofs of his having been concerned in the robbery could be adduced, the stigma of suspicion remained attached to his name. The following morning was to see the consummation of his misery and disgrace, and as he lay on his rough pallet in the dark room which served as the prison of the barracks, how bitter were his thoughts, how acute the anguish of his mind! "Have all my bright aspirations come to this?" he mentally exclaimed. "Do thus end all my hopes of glory? From henceforth to be pointed at as a disgraced man, whose back is scored with the lash: to be suspected of theft! Death were surely preferable! Can I possibly endure it, and live?"

His spirit and frame were both alike exhausted by the contention going on within, and he sunk at length into a disturbed slumber. He had not slept long, when he started, from feeling a hand placed on his shoulder, and looking up, he beheld the face of Hall gazing earnestly at him, his features stern and fierce. An officer's cap was drawn over his eyes, and a cloak was thrown over his shoulders, beneath which appeared his side-arms and a brace of pistols, while in his hand he carried a dark lantern. Placing his fingers on Hardy's lips, to impose silence, he made

signs to him to follow. Hardy mechanically obeyed; for so confused were his senses, that he had no time to reflect on what he was about to do. As he passed the door, he saw no sentinel to oppose his progress, nor at a second post did any one appear. At the end of a passage a window stood open, looking over the edge of a cliff. Hall now, for the first time addressing him, whispered in his ear that a rope-ladder was secured to the sill, by which he must descend. "Hold on tightly, and never let go till you find your feet on firm ground. There's not a moment to lose, as you value my life and your own; if you do not, you destroy me, for I can tell you I will never be taken alive."

Hardy felt the appeal, and did as he was desired. Descending the rope-ladder through the pitchy darkness, his hands knocking against the rough cliffs, not knowing where he was to find himself, with the risk every instant of discovery, he reached the bottom, where he was soon afterwards joined by Hall, who hurriedly informed him that they were outside the fortress, with a path before them leading down to the water's edge.

"I have no time for explanations," answered Hall to Hardy's eager inquiries. "Trust to me, and you are safe. A boat is in readiness to carry us beyond the reach of our enemies. Come on."

With these words he seized his comrade's hand, and led him rapidly onwards. They proceeded thus for half a mile or more along a narrow track by the side of the cliff, till, descending, they heard the ripple of the water on the rocks close to their feet, and turning an angle of the cliff, perceived a boat, with several men in her, in a little bay on the shore of which they stood.

"All's right," said Hall. "And now, Hardy, I have done my duty to you. I have an affair of my own to attend to; I would not miss it for the wealth of India, which was once to be ours." And he uttered a low laugh. "It will cause some delay, but that cannot be avoided. The men cannot go without me, for they do not know how to navigate the boat: you, therefore, Hardy, must act as their captain. If I do not return within an hour, stand off in a south-westerly course, till you calculate you have run out of sight of the island: the others will explain the rest. Now step into the boat: keep all silent. Good-by."

Saying this, he made Hardy take his seat in the stern-sheets of a large boat, and hurrying off, was immediately lost sight of in the darkness.

A few words must serve to explain the cause of Hardy's liberation. Some evenings before, while drinking in a tavern with some of his comrades, Hall had encountered the master of an American merchantman, who persuaded him and the rest to run off with a boat, promising to pick them up in his brig when out of sight of land, at an appointed spot, and to carry them to America. Hall, determining not to leave his friend behind, made arrangements to free him, which, as we have seen, were thus far suc-

cessful. He then hurried back, at the risk of his life, to wreak his vengeance on Captain Pieman, who he knew was living in a remote part of a barrack by himself. What were the nature of the injuries he inflicted, may perhaps be afterwards mentioned. It is sufficient here to say that he added another to his already accumulated transgressions.

VI.

Some time had elapsed after Hardy found himself seated in the boat before his senses were sufficiently collected to enable him to consider, with any approach to calmness, the act he was about to commit. He was on the point of becoming the character which of all others a soldier detests the most—a deserter. True, he was a prisoner, unjustly condemned to suffer an ignominious punishment, and suspected of a crime from which his soul revolted; but notwithstanding all this, he doubted whether he had a right to desert his colours, to abandon his country, and to become the citizen of another, often at enmity with his own. He could no longer console himself with the reflection that, happen what might, he had performed his duty; from henceforth he would be ashamed to meet the eye of a Briton; no more could he see the land of his birth and his dearly-loved sister, but he was an exile wanderer among strange people. The thought was anguish. After waiting some time, the other men began to be alarmed at the non-appearance of Hall, and to express in low murmured tones their dissatisfaction at the delay. Chagrined at the detention, they had already made a pull from the shore, when Hall made his appearance, and they returned to take him on board. As soon as the boat touched the rocks, Hall sprang into her.

"The last time my feet shall touch that sterile shore; and now give way. When we are clear of the land, we will make sail. I am sorry for having detained you, but I am avenged;" and with a low hysterical laugh he threw himself back in the stern-sheets of the boat, and grasped the helm. "Give way!" he cried; and the men bending to their oars, the boat turned again from the shore.

The night was most lovely. There was no moon, but myriads of stars glittered in the dark-blue firmament, and reflected their light upon the mirror-like waters, while, sheltered by the lofty cliffs, the north-westerly wind which blew scarcely rippled their shining surface, and as the boat clove her way through them, urged on by the fear-impelled arms of the soldiers, her track was marked by a bright phosphorescent light, which played also round the bows, and on the oar-blades as they were dipped in beneath it, scattering a shower of drops, sparkling like diamonds, as they rose above it. Ahead of the boat was the boundless expanse of ocean; behind her arose, dark and frowning like some mighty demon of the waters, the towering cliffs of St Helena.

For some time not a word had been uttered. "What are we about?" said Hardy, at last breaking silence.

"We are escaping from slavery and tyranny, and going towards a land of freedom."

"I wish I could persuade myself that we had done right," said Hardy.

"Nonsense!" answered Hall in an angry tone. "Regrets are ill-timed. Think what you would have had to undergo this very morning had you remained."

Hardy was silenced, but not convinced that he was acting rightly. The other six men whom Hall had persuaded to desert with him were discontented characters, most of whom had undergone frequent punishment—men with little or no education or sensitive feelings, but daring and fearless, and fit for any hazardous exploit. They had all come provided with arms, determined, should any boat be sent in chase of them, to resist to the last. They knew the danger of their undertaking, and every instant they fancied they could distinguish some vessel in pursuit, but each time the sail they conjured up faded from their sight. Then they declared they could hear the splash of oars in the distance, and redoubled their efforts, Hall encouraging them; for he knew full well the hot pursuit that would be made when their escape was discovered.

A fresh breeze springing up, they hoisted their lug-sail—the only one with which the boat was furnished—and laying in their oars, ran quickly down towards the spot where the American captain had undertaken to pick them up. As the morning broke, the rock of St Helena appeared like a speck on the ocean; while shortly afterwards, between them and the land, the white canvas of a tall ship glanced in the beams of the rising sun.

"We are fortunate," exclaimed Hall, as his eye caught the welcome sight. "Our friend is better than his word. He promised to be up with us by mid-day, and we shall be on board him long before that."

"He must have got under weigh before daylight to be where he is," observed Hardy, who had been intently watching the sail.

"Mayhap she is some craft sent to look after us?" said Jackson, one of the most intelligent of the party.

"No, no; she's the American, depend on it," persisted Hall.

Hardy had for some time kept his eye on her. "She is not standing this way at all," he exclaimed; "she is beating up for the island, depend on it."

"Well, then, we shall have to wait rather longer than we expected," said Hall.

"No matter, we've plenty of food on board; and so, shipmates, to breakfast say I," exclaimed Jackson. "My pull has sharpened my appetite I can tell you."

The proposal was acceded to without a dissentient voice, and

the deserters set to work on their slender stock of provisions, and feasted merrily.

"We've enough for three or four days," observed Jackson; "and as the American skipper undertook to find us in victuals, I see no use in hoarding it up."

"The brig may possibly be detained for a day," said Hall, who had his reasons for not wishing to expend their provisions too rapidly. "The captain told me so the last time I saw him; but if it were to come on thick, you know he might be some time in picking us up."

The rest of the men, without inquiring further, promised to be more economical in future, and stretched themselves as well as they could along and over the thwarts to go to sleep. But neither Hall nor Hardy could rest. They pondered on the hazard of their present undertaking, their punishment and disgrace if captured, the hardships they must endure should the American miss them—perhaps their complete destruction. Should they even succeed in reaching the United States, could they hope to be received by honourable men in the rank of society to which they aspired? Their eyes were constantly turned towards the small speck in the horizon from whence the friendly ship was to come, but not a sail appeared. The sun rose high in the sky, his burning rays darting down on their unprotected heads; he reached the meridian, and gradually again descended towards the west, but no succour appeared. The men awoke one after the other, and lazily lifting up their heads, inquired if there were any signs of the American, but hearing that not a sail had appeared, again went to sleep. Thus passed the day; but when the sun was seen to dip beneath the waves, the whole party roused up, and again attacked the provisions, wondering what cause could have delayed the promised succour. Hall's statement, however, satisfied them, and they prepared to pass the night in the best way they could. He and Hardy were now at length overcome with fatigue and anxiety, and Jackson undertaking to keep a look-out, they threw themselves down to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Hardy slept soundly, and awoke refreshed; but as Jackson watched his comrade's features by the dim light of the stars, they appeared frightfully distorted, as if in agony: his hands frequently clutched convulsively at the air, and deep groans and broken exclamations escaped his bosom. Jackson was a brave fellow, but when Hardy awoke, he told him that he was frightened to look any longer at Hall, and could not go to sleep for thinking of what he had seen and heard. Again the glorious sun arose, and once more the deserters' eyes were gladdened by the sight of a sail about three miles off between them and the land. "Here she is at last!" cried Jackson. The exclamation aroused Hall from his sleep. He sprung up on the after-thwart, and looked anxiously out. His gaze was long and steady; then

dropping his hand, he sunk down again into his seat. "No!" he exclaimed; "she is a schooner, and beating up for the island. She must have passed us in the night."

Disappointment sat on every brow, and groans burst from the lips of some, at their ill luck. "Not the brig!" ejaculated Hardy. "The American has played us false," cried one. "The villain! to entice us out here to let us starve," exclaimed another. Such were the expressions which went round from mouth to mouth for some time, till as the sun, rising higher in the sky, cleared away the mists of the early morn, the man who first made her out uttered a shout of joy, "The brig—the brig!" he exclaimed.

"If she is the brig, she is more lofty than the American," observed Hall, after watching her attentively for some time. "I suspect she's the Firebrand brig of war, which came into harbour two days ago, and that she is sent to look after us."

On hearing this opinion, consternation took possession of the hearts of most of the men.

"Well, what are we to do, Hall?"

"Keep out of her sight in the best way we can," he answered. "There is no great difficulty in doing so. If we stand away to the northward till the brig of war passes this, and then if we lie close when she comes anyway near us, a hundred to one she steers within a mile of us without making us out."

"But suppose the American should not find us, what is to become of us?" urged one.

"For my part I'd rather the man-of-war picked us up than run the risk of starving," observed another.

"And be shot for deserters!" exclaimed Hall. "Mark me! you said you would stand by me if I would assist you to escape. I have kept my word; and the first man who attempts to signalise the king's ship, I will shoot him dead. I care not what happens, for I have determined never to fall alive into the hands of our tyrants. You know me, my friends, by this time, and may guess that I am likely to keep my word."

This speech silenced for a time the open discontent of the five men; for neither Hardy nor Jackson had made any complaint, and were rather inclined to side with his propositions. The lug was accordingly hoisted, and, close-hauled, they stood away to the north, increasing the speed of the boat with the oars. Hall had taken the precaution on the night of starting to have the boat painted on the outside with white, so that she might appear at a little distance to be merely the sparkling foam on the summit of a wave—a device to which he had often seen the smugglers resort to escape detection. Onward came the ship, her topsails and courses appearing one after the other, as if rising from the waves. She steered a course directly for the spot where they before had been. Hall and Hardy watched her movements with intense anxiety. Should she be looking for them, what chance had they of escaping the vigilance of her active crew; and

probably, they thought, her boats would be sent out to scour the ocean in every direction round. "We must lower the sail, and keep ourselves close, or we shall be seen," said Hall. "Now remember my hint!"

The sail was accordingly lowered, and the men, sitting down at the bottom of the boat, peered over the gunwale towards the man-of-war. For some time she stood steadily on, then suddenly altered her course to the northward. They gave themselves up for lost; but she might not yet have seen them. Hall drew his pistols, and examined their priming. Hardy endeavoured, speaking in a low whisper, to deter him from his purpose of not surrendering with life; but in vain. His proposals drove him almost to madness. Hardy himself felt almost resigned to his fate. He wished not to live, but his religion taught him to fear to lift his hand against himself. As the last moment of liberty seemed to approach, all held their breath in an agony of suspense. In an instant there was a revulsion of feeling. The brig of war suddenly altered her course; her sails were braced sharp up on the larboard-tack, and away she stood to the eastward.

VII.

The retreat of the vessel, which, going before a fresh breeze, was soon out of sight, caused the deserters to congratulate themselves on their narrow escape. They now took their morning meal, for they had been too much occupied to think of eating; and then again hoisted their sail, and ran back to the spot where they expected the American brig to pick them up. Their eyes followed the ship as she stood away to the eastward, till she was lost in the distance; but whether she was in search of them or not, it was impossible to say. All day they watched eagerly, scanning the line of the blue sea, which seemed to cut across the peaks of the far-distant rock, but no sail appeared above it to cheer their hearts. Slowly the day dragged on; the deserters attempted to lighten the time by conversation, but a few sentences only were exchanged: they were too anxious to talk. The evening closed like the former one—in bitter disappointment. The night passed in anxious doubts and fears, and another sun rose over the heads of the misguided men. In vain, as soon as light came over the world, they scanned the horizon for the wished-for ship: not a sail dotted the sea. All was blank and dreary. The eyes of the rest were turned towards Hall with reproving glances. He knew their thoughts, and felt the silent and merited reproof. He saw that some strong measure must be taken, or they would remain there till almost starved; and then they would be compelled to return to the island.

"Comrades!" he said, "I can no longer doubt that some accident has prevented the American from sailing. Perhaps some

one has given information to the governor that the captain was to pick us up, and if so, when he does sail, his movements will be watched, and we shall be taken to a certainty if we remain longer here. What say you?"

"What Hall says is very likely to be true," observed some of the men to each other.

"Why, it is likely enough; but where shall we go?" they asked.

"I have already said that I, for one, would never return alive to St Helena: but I have to make a proposition, to which I hope all will agree. Some distance from this there is, to the north-west, an island called Ascension (he was afraid to say how many hundred miles). It is very small, but as it rises high out of the sea, it can be observed at a long distance off. The shores abound with fine turtle, which are very easy to catch, and we shall be able to procure all sorts of food to recover our strength, for we must live on short commons till we get there; and we shall there also be able to lay in a store of provisions to carry us over to America, if we cannot find a ship bound in that direction. Are all agreed?"

The men consulted for some time together, and at last came to the resolution of agreeing to what Hall proposed. It must be remarked that, from the first, both Hall and Hardy had taken that position which their superior education and intelligence claimed, and had been looked on by the rest in the light of officers, though no formal respect was paid to them as such. Before shaping their course for Ascension, they examined into the state of their provisions, when they found that, with the strictest economy, eating merely enough to sustain life, they should have sufficient to last them for a week or ten days, by which time Hall calculated they would reach Ascension.

"Now remember the risk we run should it come on to blow!" said Hall. "I don't want to conceal it from you, but for my part I prefer death to slavery."

"So do we all," exclaimed the rest. "Then on to Ascension!"

The sail was hoisted, Hall took the helm, and shaping their course, the ill-fated boat stood away for Ascension. The weather proved uncommonly fine, and the wind shifted round more to the westward, so they made good way through the water. Besides Hall, Hardy and Jackson were the only ones who could steer by compass, so that they were obliged to relieve each other; and this giving them occupation, prevented them from dwelling so constantly on their condition. The other men passed most of their time asleep at the bottom of the boat; but it was dreary work, and soon they began sensibly to feel the want of their accustomed food and the scarcity of water; for Hall, who well knew that their only chance of living was by maintaining the strictest discipline, kept all the provisions in the after-part of the boat, serving out the daily rations with the greatest

care. Day after day was the same: around them the heaving, sparkling sea; above, the deep blue sky and the hot sun, which, darting his fierce rays on their heads, seemed to scorch up their very life's blood.

Six long days had thus passed. The seventh came, and Hall asserted that on the morrow Ascension would be in sight. The dawn of the eighth day arrived: every eye, bloodshot with the heat and glare of the sun, was strained to the utmost, as the light increased, to catch sight of the wished-for shore; but they looked in vain—no land was to be seen; and with cries of disappointment, they sunk down in their seats.

"We must have come along slower than I thought we had," said Hall, anxious to encourage the rest, though dreadful misgivings crossed his own mind.

"Can we have passed it?" said Hardy to him in a whisper.

He answered with a look which showed that in his own bosom he thought the suspicion correct. "To-morrow we must reach the island," he exclaimed aloud. "We will run on all day, and lay to at night."

They did as Hall proposed, but no appearance of land cheered their sight that day; and the scanty remainder of their provisions would only support their lives three or four days longer. That night passed as many others had done: some of the men lay groaning at the bottom of the boat with hunger; others blamed Hall for leading them into this dreadful predicament; while he, when he closed his weary eyes in slumber, appeared visited by the most appalling dreams. With a terrible shriek he awoke, and starting up in the boat, gazed around with looks of the wildest horror.

"What has alarmed you, my friend?" asked Hardy, taking his hand.

"Nothing—nothing!" he answered unconsciously. "Did I say nothing? Was it a mere sleeping vision, or some dreadful reality? Oh, Hardy! tell me, my friend, did you see no one? Did you hear no words of terrific import? Oh no, you could not, or you would have felt, like me, inclined to leap beneath the dark waves, and so end my ill-fated life and all my woes together! But what am I talking about? I am wandering in my mind—speaking sheer nonsense;" and he broke forth into a wild hysterical laugh.

Hardy endeavoured to calm him, and as the dawn appeared, his spirits became more tranquil; but with the returning light, despondency took possession of the bosoms of the rest, for all around was the boundless sea and the blue vault of heaven. No signs of land appeared on either side. They sailed on till noon, in the faint hope of yet reaching the island, when Hall, after consulting with Hardy, announced to his comrades his conviction that they must have missed it altogether. This information was received with sullen apathy by some, and fierce anger by

others, each throwing the blame of what they had already suffered, and what they might have to undergo, on Hall. He bore their rebukes manfully.

"Of your own free will you came, and nothing have I done without consulting you," he answered. "If you suffer, so shall I; and in no way have I fared better than you; bearing, too, all the care and responsibility on my own shoulders. I will not conceal the perilous condition we are in, but we have still a chance of falling in with a ship from some part of America, or we must endeavour to reach the coast of the new world in the best way we can. I put it to the vote. If anybody can propose a better plan, let him say so."

"I agree with Hall; such is our only chance," said Hardy.

"And I," said Jackson.

"And I—and I—and I," exclaimed the others; and their course was once more altered in the proposed direction.

VIII.

The most indifferent could not but feel the hazard of their position. Were they to the eastward of Ascension, they might still have some hopes of falling in with it; but if not, a run of many hundred miles was before them, with provisions barely sufficient to sustain life for the space of two days longer. Hall assured the rest that they were likely to fall in with some ship which would at all events supply them with provisions; but his tones contradicted his words. The severe privations to which they were subjected had begun to tell upon all the party except Hall, whose bold unflinching spirit seemed to defy their power; his mental energies and physical strength both remained unimpaired. He had provided himself with a small map of the world, by which he found that, steering due west, they should reach near some of the Portuguese settlements, either Pernambuco or Bahia, from whence he proposed that they should find their way to the United States. "Only let us get somewhere," said one of the men, "and then we'll talk of what we will do afterwards."

The men had become fretful and sullen for want of food, and of water they had barely sufficient to wet their parched tongues, for not a drop of rain had fallen to replenish their store of that precious article. What a scene of misery did the boat with its forlorn crew now present! Placed in the midst of the wide Atlantic, a world of unbroken waters all around, provisions and water gone, no friendly hand to save, and perhaps, worst of all, each of the sufferers was less or more oppressed with remorseful feelings. The sophistry which led them to desert, was now seen in all its deformity. They felt that, having undertaken a duty by a solemn engagement, they were bound to have

fulfilled it at all hazards. In short, the greater number wished they had never quitted St Helena. But such wishes came too late.

Another day came, and as the provisions were served out, the men saw that, before many hours more had passed, there would be nothing wherewith to satisfy their gnawing hunger. But why dwell longer on what must have been long foreseen? At last the day arrived when they were *without food*. Slowly, and in silence, they ate their last mouthful; every man shared alike; and then they gazed vacantly into each others' eyes, and thought of *the morrow*. That dreadful morrow came. The sun rose red and hot, scorching up the remnant of moisture which existed in the emaciated frames of the wretched men. There they sat in their places more like spectres than living men, while the boat ran buoyantly and gaily over the dancing waves, conveying them whither they scarcely knew, except yet deeper into the vast expanse of the desert ocean, where food there was none. Yes; they felt that it was conveying them to death —death in its most appalling form—death by famine. What mockery it seemed as the boat bounded onward, as the glorious sun shone from out of the pure blue sky, and the clear sea sparkled brightly in his beams! Hope itself became faint within the breasts of all.

Towards the evening of that day one of the men, with his dim staring eyeballs, observed something dark floating ahead of the boat; they steered towards it. "A turtle—a turtle!" was the cry. Eagerly they hung over the side of the boat to grasp it in their arms, while one attempted to strike it on the head, for they had no other means of catching it; but, like the phantom of a dream, ere they reached the spot it sunk from their sight, and with a cry of bitter disappointment they fell back in the boat. Another and another appeared to tantalise their hopes; while now a troop of porpoises, with curved backs, would leap from the water, to remind them that abundance was on every side, but not for them. Then a flight of tropical birds would pass over their heads, but none approached within their reach. Their eyes were hollow and grim; their tongues were parched; their voices sounded faint; they glared at each other with a strange and terrific expression. What dreadful thoughts were now passing through their minds! Each man looked at his fellow in silence ominous of ill. The day ended with groans, and in tears passed the sad night. Hall's strength seemed unabated; Hardy also bore up, supported by a courage he knew not that he before possessed. Some of the men had been whispering together during the night. It was scarcely day. The cold pale light of dawn threw into deeper shade the hollows of their sunken cheeks and eyes; these gave tokens of their sufferings. They sat upright. A sepulchral voice called Hall by name. He started up from the

slumber into which he had lately fallen while Hardy was steering: he looked wildly around.

"Who calls me?" he asked.

"Food—food!" was uttered by several of the men.

"There is none!" was the disheartening reply. Every one knew that this was the case. Again there was a prolonged silence.

"We must eat!" exclaimed one.

"There is no food!" again answered their leader.

"Then some one must die to feed us!" shrieked forth a soldier with accents almost supernatural. No one answered this dreadful proposal. Each man seemed to be conning it over in his thoughts. Their hearts sunk within them—their breath grew thick. Suddenly an unearthly cry arose of "Lots—lots!" They said no more; each man fully comprehended the resolve of his neighbour. Again they sat staring at each other.

"I protest against it," cried Hardy. "Heaven may yet send us aid."

"And I too," said Jackson.

"The majority are for it," exclaimed the rest.

"Be it so," said Hall in a solemn voice. "We might yet exist another day, but I will not vote."

"Food—food!" cried the others, glaring at those who opposed them. "If we cannot have it by fair means, we will by foul;" and they seemed as if they were about to rush on Hardy.

"You will not consent to wait?" said Hall.

"Food—food!" was the dreadful response.

Without again speaking, Hall cut a piece of rope into eight uneven lengths, and throwing them into a hat together, the dreadful ceremony began. Who could venture to paint the countenances of those wretched men?

"I suppose," said Hall, "he who draws the *shortest* piece of rope must suffer for the rest? Shall it be so?"

"Agreed—agreed!" cried the men.

The lots were accordingly drawn, each man looking away as he dipped his hand in the hat. A loud cry escaped from Hall's lips—he had drawn the shortest length. An awful silence ensued. Then starting up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, Hall broke into a hysterical laugh. The true, the haughty spirit of the man showed itself.

"Fools!" he exclaimed, "do you think I, who am the strongest, with more of life in me than all together possess, will die to save your worthless lives? He who moves, that instant dies!" Then he stood firm and strong in the stern-sheets of the boat, his weapons pointed towards the heads of his comrades. They cowered before him. Suddenly a new temper came over him. Hurling his pistols from him into the deep ocean, he sunk down into the bottom of the boat, and hiding his face in his hands, his bosom heaved convulsively. Oh with what bitter

anguish was his mind racked! No one disturbed him. It might have been a kindness had they then slain him. Perhaps he expected it. He thought of his misspent youth, his wild and vicious career in early manhood, the anguish he had caused his father's heart, the crimes he had committed, the murder which was on his soul. Then the slaying of his captain appeared in its true light. "And must I die with all these follies and crimes unatoned for?" he exclaimed to himself. "Must I leave the bright world I enjoyed so much—to go where? Oh God, I know not! And for what? To enable these men to prolong their dull lives for a few hours. Oh Heaven, give me strength to bear my lot!" He prayed for mercy. "And yet," he continued, "it was I who led them hither: had it not been for me, they would not have embarked; had it not been for me, they would have given themselves up to the ship of war. Then Heaven's retributive justice has overtaken me, and I must bow to his stern decrees. I am the guilty one. It is right that I should suffer; and God's hand was in it when the fatal lot fell to my share."

Earnestly he prayed. Hardy knelt by his side, and petitioned Heaven to send them aid. He offered up prayers for the life of his friend, and registered a vow that, should his be spared, he would deliver himself up into the hands of the authority from whom he had escaped, and undergo the punishment to which he was sentenced.

Hall at length rose. "Hardy," he said, "I have determined to bear my fate as a man. Should you escape, and something tells me you will, visit my father. Tell him I died repentant, and petitioning for Heaven's forgiveness and his. Comfort the old man, but say not how or why I died. This is my last will and testament. Comrades, your pardon for what I have brought on you; and now, Hardy, I will show you how a noble Roman died. I learnt it at school, and little thought I should have to practise it myself. 'Tis all I remember." And he laughed faintly. "Take my hand, Hardy. Farewell! Who would think that, in a few minutes, I shall be the inhabitant of another sphere? It is a dream too frightful to dwell on; and madness will seize me if I dispel it not with the reality."

Tears started from Hardy's dim eyes; and while he was yet vainly intreating the rest to defer the fatal moment till another day, Hall drew forth a nail from one of the seats, and throwing off his coat, he opened the veins of both his arms. Hardy sickened at the sight, and hid his face with terror. Drop by drop the ruddy stream gushed forth, and soon the strength of their youthful leader grew as weak as the rest. Hardy saw not what followed. A convulsive sob struck his ear. It was the departing spirit of his friend.

IX.

The reader must picture the scene which now ensued: no pen could describe its horrors. Jackson had taken the helm. The boat sailed on as before. The sun arose in glorious brightness; and some of those who then lived were never to see it set, for death in other forms was busy with those hapless beings. Madness had seized one, and ere his comrades could save him, with a loud shriek he leaped into the waves, and sank for ever. Another lay down, and never rose again. Their numbers were thinning fearfully. Still the rest clung to life. Never had Hardy or Jackson passed a day and night of more acute suffering and wretchedness: gnawing hunger was tugging at their vitals; anguish of heart; dark forebodings of what the future might produce.

The dawn was approaching, when, as Hardy was seated at the helm steering, his eyes, from weariness, scarcely able to distinguish the compass, he was aroused by a cry from Jackson, who had just then risen from the bottom of the boat, to relieve him from his dreary watch. He looked up, and his eyes piercing the gloom ahead, a dark object rose directly before them.

"Land—land! A high rock directly ahead of us!" shouted Jackson with a hysterical laugh. "Land—land—land!" and he almost leaped into the ocean in his eagerness to reach it. The cry aroused the rest from their brutal lethargy, and lifting up their heads, they gazed at the dark mass which towered above them.

"Stand by to haul aft the sheet, if we should have to bring the boat up in the wind," said Hardy. "Out with your oars, ready to pull her round in case we find ourselves among reefs."

Onward sailed the boat towards the wished-for object, when Hardy, who was keeping his eyes intently fixed on it, exclaimed, "That is no land—it is a ship!"

"A ship! Where are her sails, then?" exclaimed Jackson. "It looks to me like a rock."

"It is the hull of a large ship, but completely dismasted," answered Hardy. "I can see her rising and falling in the waves. We must be careful when we approach her, to avoid the spars and masts probably towing overboard."

"Ay, ay; we shall have time enough for that," said Jackson. But he was deceived in the distance by the uncertain light; for scarcely had he spoken, when the boat passed close under the counter of a large ship, without a mast standing, though free from any of the wreck of spars which Hardy expected to find. He and Jackson, uniting their feeble voices, hailed the ship; but no answer was returned. He then intreated the other men to assist in calling for aid; and all joining in reiterated shouts,

endeavoured to call the attention of any who might be on board, but without eliciting any responsive hail from the crew of the ship. All was silent as death.

"We must get on board without assistance," said Hardy. "Are there no ropes hanging over her sides by which we may clamber on board?"

"I can scarcely make out in this light," answered Jackson; "but if we run close alongside we shall find out."

"We shall be swamped if we attempt it, without great care; we have not strength to fend off as she rolls over," observed Hardy. And this was apparent to a person of any nautical knowledge; for though, with an active crew, there would have been no difficulty in boarding the ship, to persons so completely exhausted as were all in the boat, in the uncertain light of the break of day, it was a hazardous and difficult experiment. The sea, however, was tolerably tranquil. At each return of that long swell which continually agitates the bosom of the Atlantic, the vessel rolled from side to side, till her ports almost reached the water.

"Has she any drink on board, I wonder?" exclaimed one of the men in a voice husky from want of water.

"She may have, probably," answered Hardy; "and if you follow my directions, we may be able to procure some; but if not, I will not venture alongside, for we should all be drowned to a certainty. Now listen to me; get out your oars, boat-hook, and stretchers, to push off as she rolls over. Do you, Jackson, go forward, and endeavour to hook on to the main chains; and remember, let only one at a time attempt to spring on board."

Without further delay, Hardy steered the boat alongside the ship, while Jackson, with a rope ready in his hand, made it fast to the main chains. Climbing up the lofty side, he was not long in finding ropes to assist the rest. Hardy, seizing one, with difficulty hauled himself on board; but one of the other men, in his eagerness to spring forward, missed his hold as the boat receded from the side, and with a shriek of despair, fell head foremost into the dark water. The boat and the ship again met; his late companions looked for him in vain: he rose not again. The remaining two were safely drawn on board, and the boat being allowed to fall off at the end of a long rope, the party, reduced to four, stood on the deck of the ship.

The light of day was appearing in the east, but, exhausted with their exertions, the hapless beings had scarcely strength left to crawl in search of the food they hoped to find. Not a living being appeared on the deck; not a sound broke the solemn silence, except the never-ending splash of the waves as they washed the sides of the ship. Shattered spars, bales of goods, rigging, and sails, lay about the deck, over which it was difficult to find their way in the dark, and with one accord they threw

themselves down amid the confused mass, to wait till daylight should enable them to commence a search for food. At last the light fleecy clouds which floated in the sky became tinged with red, and Hardy, raising himself up, crawled, as well as his strength would allow him, to the after-part of the deck. As he passed on, he saw more than one ghastly human form pressed down beneath the superincumbent wreck, destroyed evidently by the falling spars. Others, then, had been sufferers like themselves on the desert ocean—perhaps guiltless, too, of crime. But hunger urged him to proceed in his search, though it was with a feeling of awe that he descended the companion-ladder leading to the main cabins. What might he there expect to see? Perhaps forms like those on deck dissolving into corruption. The cabin door was closed: he opened it. No one was there. It was large and handsome, richly ornamented with a shrine and the figure of a saint at the after-part, which at once betokened her to be a Spanish or Portuguese ship; but what attracted his eager gaze more than all the signs of wealth which surrounded him, was a red clay jar slung in one corner of the cabin. He eagerly clutched it: it was icy cold to the touch: and tilting it up, he poured a draught of pure cold water down his parched throat. Oh what delicious nectar it seemed! With a cry of joy he called on Jackson to partake of the reviving fluid, as the latter entered the cabin; and then discovering an open locker, he drew forth a basket of broken biscuit and a piece of salt meat, which, dry and mildewed as they were, appeared delicious morsels to the starving wretches. Scarcely had they commenced eating, when the two other survivors found their way below. Hardy pointed to the water-jar; both rushed to it at once, and, maddened by their burning thirst, one struck the other a blow which felled him to the deck, while he, placing his lips to the brim, drank till, with a deep groan, he sank down by the side of his comrade.

Hardy and Jackson seeing what had occurred, without the power of preventing it, dragged themselves to the spot where the two men lay, to render them assistance; but it was useless: the lives of both were ebbing fast away, one senseless from the blow, and his murderer suffering excruciating torment from the quantity of cold water he had swallowed. The two survivors, taking warning from their fate, partook but sparingly of the food; and then, unable to move from the cabin, they lay down, and a deep slumber fell over them. It was towards the close of evening when they awoke, with their burning thirst unassuaged; and on returning to the water-jar to drink, the fate of their two comrades was recalled to their minds by seeing them lying where they had fallen, both with life extinct. They drank and ate again; and then, overcome by excessive drowsiness, threw themselves into berths on either side of the cabin; nor did they again awake till the sun of another day was rising from his

ocean bed. Hardy arose with his mental and bodily faculties strengthened and refreshed, and collecting his thoughts, he felt how ungrateful to Heaven he had been; then kneeling down, he offered up his thanksgiving to that Almighty Power who had thus far preserved him.

Along with Jackson, he again partook of the provisions they had discovered; and then, with renovated strength, set out on a tour of inspection through the ship. They first clambered on deck, where such a scene of havoc and confusion met their eyes as they had rarely witnessed. On further examination, it was evident that the vessel had been dismasted in a gale, either at sea or on a lee-shore, where she had been deserted by her crew. That the last was the case, they discovered afterwards when going forward, from seeing the remains of two cables hanging out of the hawse-holes: so it was clear that after the crew had left her, a strong wind had come off the land, and driven her out to sea.

The individuals whose bodies they saw had been killed by the falling spars, and the condition in which they were in, was another proof of the length of time she had been floating untenanted on the ocean; for not a particle of flesh remained on their bones, and it was their ghastly skulls which had first, in the uncertain twilight, caught Hardy's eye. At first it struck Hardy that they might be able to navigate the ship to shore, or till they fell in with another vessel; but, unaccustomed to a seaman's resources, he soon found that this was beyond their power, and as probably she would scarcely be able to weather another gale, they prepared to resume their voyage in their own frail, but easily-managed craft. The boat, which had fortunately escaped injury by knocking alongside for such a length of time, was now hauled up, and they set to work to prepare her better for sea, by nailing planks round her gunwale, and decking over a considerable part forward, to shelter their stores from the spray, covering it tightly over with canvas. They then fitted fore and aft sails, and filled all the smaller casks and jars they could find with water, of which there was an abundance on board, stowing them at the bottom of the boat. Over this they placed several casks of salt beef and pork, with others of biscuits, covering all up with canvas, filling up the spare room with wood for firing—having discovered some iron work in the caboose, in which a fire could safely be lighted. They also collected a supply of clothes, carpenter's tools, and numerous other things which they thought might be necessary. Having cooked some food, sufficient to supply them as long as it could last good, they shoved off from the ark which had proved their preservation.

Three days had passed since they first stepped on board the ship, for in their weak state all these preparations took up a considerable time; but as the weather gave every promise of con-

tinuing favourable, they felt it was better to complete everything which might be necessary to encounter any heavy gale to which they might be subjected. How fearfully had their numbers decreased! Of the eight who left St Helena, two alone remained alive. Before leaving the ship, they wrapped the bodies of the dead in a torn sail, and with some heavy shot attached, launched them in their common coffin into the deep. What a contrast was there now between their condition four days ago and their present one! A fine breeze carried them onward; they had abundance of all the necessaries of life, and were daily recovering strength; but many days passed before their eyes were gladdened by a sight of land; and when at length their feet once more touched dry ground, they found that their trials were not yet over. After returning thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus far preserved them, they were walking towards a fort which they observed along the coast, when they found themselves surrounded by a party of Portuguese soldiers, who, roughly seizing them, dragged them before the commandant of the fort. Here they were unceremoniously consigned to a miserable dungeon, to await an investigation of their character.

X.

We now shift the scene of our story to St Helena. On the occasion of the desertion which has been narrated, the fate of the unhappy men was not believed to be doubtful. No sooner had the authorities notice of their disappearance, than an embargo was laid on all the ships in the harbour, with the hopes of compelling them to return; and this it was which prevented the American from keeping his promise. As, however, they did not return, they were supposed to have perished miserably. A new governor had been appointed, by whose enlightened, though strict management, a spirit of perfect subordination had been introduced among the troops under his orders. One day, about a year after the dismal events narrated, he was walking on a terrace overlooking the sea, in front of his residence, when a young man, in the costume of a sailor, presented himself before him.

"What is it you want, my good man?" said the governor.

"I come, your excellency, to fulfil a duty I owe to my country, and to accomplish a vow," answered the young man in a deep voice, slightly trembling with agitation.

"What is this? I do not understand you," replied the governor, thinking his visitor was affected in his mind.

"You see a man who has deserted from his colours, and has returned to deliver himself up to justice," said the stranger.

"A heavy offence, young man, and one which must be severely punished," said the governor.

"I am ready to undergo any punishment the laws of the service may inflict," said the stranger.

"You! What are you talking about? There have been no desertions since I came to the island, full ten months ago," answered the governor mildly. "But stay, young man," he continued, regarding him earnestly; "I never forget a countenance I have once seen, and those features of yours I know well. What is your name?"

"Hardy was the name under which I enlisted," answered the stranger.

"But not the one you always bore?" answered the governor, eyeing him still more attentively. "You say that you enlisted: in what corps, then? and how do I see you with the appearance of a seaman?"

"I assumed the dress because I acted as one to work my passage here," answered Hardy; and then, as rapidly as the governor would allow him with his frequent interruptions, he narrated all his adventures. How he had escaped from the Portuguese fort with Jackson; how he had reached Pernambuco; and from thence, with numerous hardships, had arrived at Rio de Janeiro, from whence he worked his passage in an English ship to the Cape of Good Hope, and so back to St Helena.

When he had concluded, the governor, instead of ordering him into instant confinement, calmly addressed him. "Your fault in deserting was a heinous one for a soldier; but in your case there are many extenuating circumstances, and you have already been most severely punished. Your conduct, too, in returning as soon as you had the power, in spite of all difficulties, and with the uncertainty of how you might be treated, is worthy of all commendation. This should be a set-off against all your previous faults, had we not the acknowledgment of that unhappy man, Captain Pieman, on his deathbed, that he had treated you most unjustly. I now remember all the circumstances, for I made full notes of them on my arrival. He even intreated that Hall might be pardoned, for he recovered from the wound inflicted by that unhappy man, and died only a few months ago from another cause. So far, I may congratulate you, young man, on your providential preservation; and now, tell me the name you bore before you enlisted—I have my reasons for wishing to know?"

"I would rather it were never heard till every stain of dishonour had been washed from it," answered Hardy in a faltering tone.

"You are right; and if I mistake not, it is one as noble as any in the land. Your accents betray the station to which you were born. Do I mistake you?"

"Your excellency is, I firmly believe, correct: my name is Hastings."

"I thought so. Your father was my earliest friend, and

often have I seen you during his lifetime. For his sake, as well as for your own, the first commission I can bestow shall be yours."

"Pardon me," exclaimed Hardy, scarcely able to express himself from emotion; "I am not ungrateful for the kind interest you show; but after what has occurred, I cannot accept your offer. I must win my way to the rank you would bestow, and not receive it as an undeserved gift. Then may I be able to lift my head among my equals, and defy the malice of my enemies."

"I applaud your determination, and it shall be as you wish. The eye of those with more power than I have shall be upon you; and if the chances of war allow it, your fortune shall be in your own hands. Farewell, Mr Hardy; my heart is with you, though from henceforth you must assume the station you have chosen. A ship is expected shortly, to convey troops to India. You shall join them. In the meantime enlist again, and do your duty here under the name you have chosen."

The kind governor made a sign to Hardy to leave him; and the latter, with feelings of heartfelt gratitude, and a firm resolve to deserve his good fortune, forthwith went about the duties he had been ordered to perform. Hardy's return, and many of the circumstances connected with the fate of his companions, were well known at the time in St Helena, though his real name never transpired.

XI.

Several years after these events, as Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst were seated one lovely evening in summer in the drawing-room of their beautiful villa on the coast of Devonshire, with their lovely children playing round them as they gazed forth on the moonlit dancing waters of the ocean, the servant announced a visitor.

"Who did you say?" asked Mrs Ravenhurst. But before an answer could be returned, a stranger entered, and bowing to the master and mistress of the house, took the seat which was offered him.

"My intrusion at this hour may appear strange," he observed; "but I am anxious to make inquiries respecting a dear friend, a near relative of yours, I understand—Henry Hastings—Colonel Hastings, I ought to say."

A deep sigh escaped the bosom of the lady. "I once had a brother of that name," she answered; "an affectionate, noble brother. But he, we have too much reason to fear, has long been dead."

"And yet I can scarcely be mistaken," observed the stranger, as if musing. "We were in India together but a few months ago,

and quitted it at the same time. He himself assured me of the relationship."

"Sincerely do I wish you are not mistaken," said Mrs Ravenhurst. "It would indeed be an unspeakable increase to my happiness to have my long-lost brother restored to us."

"Did he tell you the reasons for keeping us so long in ignorance of his existence, sir?" said Mr Ravenhurst, wishing to ascertain the truth of the stranger's statements.

"His adventures were romantic in the extreme, and having already given his sister cause to mourn his death, while every day the reality was so likely to occur in the chances of war, he was unwilling to give her the additional grief should he fall. That she was happily married to the man of her choice, he had heard, and he therefore determined to remain unknown till he had won the station and name for which he panted. You have seen, probably, the name of Colonel Hardy mentioned in the accounts of the late wars in India?"

"Frequently—one of the most gallant and fortunate officers in the service!" exclaimed the husband and wife in the same breath.

"Such was the name your brother assumed," said the stranger in an agitated tone. Just then the servant entered with lights. Both Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst started, and gazed earnestly at the stranger.

"Henry!" exclaimed the husband, hastening towards him.

"My brother!" cried the lady, throwing her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears—but they were tears of joy. It was Colonel Hastings, once the deserter from St Helena—the sole survivor of the misguided party; and few can tell the agony of mind and the physical suffering he endured before he once more trod the pathway to honour.

A PRESENT TO APPRENTICES.

GEORGE MACQUEEN.—A STORY.

A NUMBER of years ago there lived a respectable widow lady in an old-fashioned court in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh. Her name was Mrs Grinton. She was the widow of a magistrate in the town, and her means of subsistence were chiefly drawn from a moderate annuity settled on her for life. Fortunately, her family was not large, consisting of only a son and daughter, who engaged her attentions, and to whom she looked for comfort in her old age. Nothing particular marked the character of young Charles Grinton in his early years; but on his approaching the age at which it is usual to make choice of a profession, it was found that he was disinclined to settle steadily to any line of life. He was fond of trifling away his time on the Castle Hill, gazing at the soldiers on parade, or playing on the streets with any idle lads who were as inconsiderate as himself.

Among his various juvenile acquaintances, there was a boy, George Macqueen by name, whose character was really worthy of serving as an example. George was the son of persons in exceedingly humble circumstances. His father had been a gardener in the employment of a nobleman in Fife, and having been dismissed when past the prime of life, to make room for one who was younger, and more able to endure fatigue, he removed to Edinburgh, and gained a livelihood by dressing the flower-pots and small gardens of gentlemen's houses in the outskirts of the town. His residence was in the cellar floor of the same tenement

in which Mrs Grinton and her family occupied an upper storey; and hence a slight degree of intimacy grew up between their children.

Little George Macqueen, on his first coming to Edinburgh, and being put to the school at which Charles Grinton was already placed, was much laughed at for his country manners and peculiar accent; but, luckily, he did not much regard the shouts or sneers of his companions. He was told frequently by his father and mother that he must soon depend on his own exertions, and that if he were scrupulously careful in acquiring all the useful knowledge he possibly could, both at school and from books, there would be no doubt of his gaining a respectable livelihood, and perhaps of advancing himself in the world. "Remember," would his mother sometimes say, "although we are poor, your grandfather was for seven-and-twenty years a respected elder of the kirk, and you are come of honest people. See that you do nothing to hurt the good name of the family."

Admonitions such as these sunk to the bottom of George's heart. He pursued learning with avidity, and stored his mind with what might afterwards prove useful to him in life. As a humble acquaintance of Charles Grinton, he derived an advantage which could scarcely have been anticipated. Charles's father had left a tolerably good selection of books, and occasionally, by the permission of Mrs Grinton, one of these was lent to George Macqueen, a boon which was repaid by his assisting Charles in mastering his lessons at school. In this way our young hero read through the greater part of a voluminous Encyclopædia before he was fourteen years of age, and treasured up a mass of information on many useful subjects.

Now came the time for George doing something for himself. As the age of fourteen approached, the nature of his future employment was the cause of much cogitation. Applications were made to the heads of divers establishments, mechanical as well as mercantile; and at last an opening was found at Mr Cairnie's, a respectable dyework, where an apprentice was required. George at once prepared himself for entering the situation. The occupation of a dyer was not by any means cleanly, but that he did not mind. He wished to earn a wage, and when he carried home to his mother, at the end of the first week of his engagement, the sum of half-a-crown, the first money he had ever realised by his labour, there was not a happier boy betwixt the Castle Hill and Holyroodhouse.

It was some time before George was of much use to his employer, who, however, esteemed him for his diligence and trustworthiness. When put in charge of anything, he was conscientiously careful of his trust; and when sent on errands, he executed them with despatch and satisfaction; and nothing would tempt him to spend his master's time in his own gratifications. For all such excellent moral qualities, he was greatly indebted to

the advices and hints of his mother, a woman who well knew that her boy's means of living would depend on the manner in which he exerted himself. "If George be honest and steady," she would sometimes observe to her friends, "I do not fear for what may happen to him. He may never be anything else than a workman; but he may be as happy in that condition as in any other, provided he do his duty, and that I hope he always will; at least it shall not be my fault if he do not." Would that every boy in humble life had so good a mother!

Let us now leave George for a while, till we give a view of Charles Grinton's outset in life.

When Charles heard that his late schoolfellow, George Macqueen, was turned dyer, and that he was now seen going to and from his work with a coarse blue woollen apron, and that his hands and nails were as dark as indigo could make them, he thought he had done a low thing; though, as his parents were poor, he considered that hardly anything better could have been expected from him. From this time, therefore, a coolness sprung up between the two acquaintances; and as their walk in life was different, they forthwith had no communication with each other. The choice of a profession formed an exceedingly difficult matter of consideration for Charles. His mother frequently importuned him to settle upon some line of life; and at length he decided on becoming a bookseller, which he was informed was a genteel, easy profession. His mother, therefore, made interest with a gentleman in that business to take her son as a junior apprentice, and with him he was immediately installed behind the counter. A few days, however, saw the termination of Charles's career in this profession. He was disgusted with the duty of sweeping out the shop, a thing he had not calculated on, and so threw up his place, and came home once more to his mother. What was now to be done?

Another kind of shop business was thought of. He took a fancy to be an ironmonger, because ironmongers sold gunpowder, and clasp-knives, and other articles that boys are fond of; and also because ironmongers keep shop-porters, who do all the dirtiest and heaviest work. So he was placed with an ironmonger in the High Street, and here he seemed more inclined to remain. But, alas! here he also foundered on his pride or false shame. One day he was ordered by his master to carry home a frying-pan to the house of a customer in George's Square, an order which he could by no means shift from his shoulders, for the porter had gone to dinner; all the other lads were engaged; and there were strict injunctions given that the frying-pan should be home at the customer's by a certain hour now near at hand. Seeing there was no help for this misfortune, Charles plucked up courage, and tucked the culinary utensil under his arm; and to save the risk of meeting with any of his Lawn-

market acquaintances, slunk away on his errand by one of the least frequented lanes of the city.

By this precaution, and a degree of good luck, he escaped the observation of any one who knew him till he was within a few yards of the house to which he was proceeding; when, oh horror of horrors! out there poured, from an adjacent pleasure-ground, a long string of young ladies composing a boarding-school, to many of whom he and his family were well known. The approach of a wild beast ready to devour him could not have been more appalling to the poor distressed genteel young apprentice than this band of harmless young women. In an agony of pride and confusion, he hastened to conceal the luckless frying-pan, by thrusting the flat part up between his back and his coat, leaving the long handle to project out below, but in a way he hoped would not be observed, especially as he calculated on sidling along with his face to the ladies as they passed him. Had Charles not shuffled in this ineffectual manner to conceal what he had no reason to be ashamed of, he might have escaped detection—for who heeds an apprentice boy whatever he be carrying? As the case was, his gestures caused some of the ladies to look towards him; and one seeing who he was, stopped with her companions to inquire how his mother was in health, as she heard she had been poorly.

While Charles was mumbling out some sort of answer to this interrogatory, the time had elapsed when the utensil he carried should have been home, and the cookmaid, losing all patience, ran to the head of the area steps to see if she could discover any appearance of its approach. What a blow to Charles's gentility! As he was making a stiff bow to the ladies, the enraged cook came up, and seizing the handle of the frying-pan, which stuck out like a tail behind, flourished it aloft with one hand, while with the other she gave the luckless apprentice a shake which almost deprived him of his senses. At the same time a laugh from the ladies, who were amused with the incident, made him ready to die of shame, and taking to his heels, he fairly fled down one of the walks of the Meadows. So ended Charles's experience as an ironmonger.

No persuasions could cause this infatuated youth to return to what was in every respect an eligible employment. It was in vain that his mother added threats to admonition to move him from his purpose; and as she was, like many mothers, foolishly over-indulgent to her children, and wanted firmness to compel obedience, her son was permitted to grow up without any settled pursuit. By the exertions of a friend of the family, he was taken into the employment of an accountant, who gave him some occupation as a clerk; but this was a precarious means of subsistence, and he had to depend in a great measure on his mother for his clothing, board, and lodging.

It is a true saying that idleness is the mother of all mischief.

It was so in the case of young Grinton. He had too much idle time on his hands, and this he spent chiefly in two ways. During the day he frequented stable-yards and repositories for the sale of horses; in the evening he attended clubs and glee-singing societies. It is instructive to mark his declension from this point. He had long been anxious to make the acquaintanceship of the famous Ralph Petersham, a young gentleman of first-rate abilities as a horse-jockey. Ralph was the only son of a wealthy and respectable clergyman, and, we believe, had been bred to the profession of a writer or attorney; but this was a business not at all to his liking. Nature seemed to have intended him for a groom; and he therefore, at an exceedingly early age, showed his love for horses, saddles, whips, spurs, and all the other furniture of the stable-yard. Instead of applying himself to the legal profession, he devoted nearly the whole of his time to shows and sales of horses, and thus became acquainted with many of the nobility and landed gentry in various parts of the country. Being light in weight, he also used to ride a horse at the annual races, and hence was enrolled one of the most celebrated characters in the sporting world.

Charles's career in folly was pretty hurried after he had been initiated into the craft of jockeyship by the well-skilled Mr Petersham. Even now, however, he was not past being saved from the effects of his behaviour, had he made an effort to free himself from the trammels of his idle associates. This effort he never made; and sinking into intemperate habits, was finally lost to all the decencies of life, notwithstanding the prayers and intreaties of his broken-hearted mother. That mother, alas! did not live to witness the concluding scene in her son's career. Her decease shot a pang through his heart which the deceitful glass could not assuage. His sister having some time previously been established in a distant part of the country as a governess, Charles now found himself not only deprived of the means of consolation, but without the means of support; for, as may be supposed, he had already been dismissed from the situation in which he had latterly earned a pittance of wages.

In this condition, and under the loss of Mr Petersham's friendship, which soon followed, we behold the conceited and impoverished Charles Grinton reduced to a state verging on destitution. To procure employment in Edinburgh was impossible, for his character was known to be bad. No one would trust him, notwithstanding his professions of amendment. Nobody would employ a being who had behaved with such heedlessness, when young men of the best character could be procured. As a last resource, therefore, and on the strength of a small subscription, he was compelled to go forth to seek bread as an emigrant beyond the Atlantic. While he is pursuing his voyage on board of a vessel bound from Greenock to New York, let us take up the history of the industrious youth who

had seven or eight years before been his humble and despised acquaintance.

George Macqueen, in the course of his apprenticeship, was not less distinguished for his laborious exertions than his shrewd intelligence on points connected with his profession. He had the tact to perceive that there are two ways of fulfilling the duties of a workman at the employment in which he was engaged: the first, he observed, consisted in pursuing the business by habitual routine, without a single thought as to principles, and which leads to unvarying manual labour through life; the second, he remarked, consisted in a close attention to the principles upon which the craft is founded, and which, when attended to practically, as well as theoretically, will have the tendency to lead the artisan to superior modes of working, and consequently to honour and profit. He therefore devoted a certain portion of his spare time, during the evenings, to the study of different branches of natural philosophy, and particularly chemistry, often practising experiments at home, in order to render himself perfect in the elementary principles of that exceedingly important science. And how much to be commended were these rational pursuits, in comparison with those of the infatuated Grinton! While the one was gaining a knowledge of some of the grandest operations of nature, the other was most likely engaged in the undignified occupation of worming the tongue of a dog, or trimming a horse's tail.

Whatever was the character of George's studies, it is certain they proved advantageous to him in a pecuniary sense. He acquired the regard and confidence of his master, which in itself was a great point gained; and on the expiry of his seven years' apprenticeship, was considered one of the most expert and valuable workmen in the trade. He had not wrought more than twelve months as a journeyman, cheering the declining years of his parents by his filial attentions to their comfort, when an opening occurred for him of a lucrative description at an extensive dyeing and calico-printing establishment in the neighbourhood of one of the large manufacturing towns in the west of Scotland. Here, by the recommendation of his master, he was installed chief superintendent, a situation which he held for about two years, when a still higher promotion awaited him.

His intelligence and professional skill having been noticed by a gentleman from New York, who was proceeding on a tour through the different manufacturing districts, with the view of picking up a knowledge of some of the principal branches of the cotton and silk trade, and of procuring some good hands, in order to improve the manufacture of these fabrics in his own country, George received from him the handsome offer of being made manager in a large concern in New York, which was already set on foot, and in a flourishing condition. "We only require a few skilful individuals, and the knowledge they would

bring," said Mr Vanderlin to George, "in order to rival British fabrics; and to such men as you we do not hesitate to offer the most liberal terms. Name your price, and we shall endeavour to meet your wishes."

To so gracious an offer, other circumstances concurring, George, or, as we should now call him, Mr Macqueen, gave his willing consent. He sailed from Scotland under auspices the most flattering to his feelings; and what was equally pleasing, was conscious of carrying along with him the respect and esteem of all who knew him. How unlike all this was to the expatriation of the wretched Grinton! How different were the prospects of each, on seeing before them the wide-spread world of waters which intervene betwixt the brown hills of their native land and the fertile shores of the states of New England!

We have not now much to tell of our two heroes; but in the little which remains to be mentioned, lies not the least striking part of the moral which the story unfolds. Mr Macqueen could hardly fail in the enterprise in which he had engaged. To a thoughtfulness and activity, which few exhibit in combination at his years, he joined a perfect knowledge of his business, both theoretically and practically. He modelled the establishment in which he was placed on the plan of that of the extensive concern he had formerly superintended in Britain; introduced a number of those extraordinary mechanical processes which formerly were almost entirely confined to some of the great Glasgow and Manchester factories; and finally, as we are told, raised the character of the goods produced to very nearly a level with that of the productions of England and Switzerland. For these great services Mr Macqueen was duly rewarded. From being manager, he was elevated to the condition of master, being given a share in the business; while a liberal allowance was still made to him for his continuing to exercise the functions of director.

Thus, from less to more—from being a poor toiling boy at a wage of no more than half-a-crown a-week—did this persevering young man rise, before he was thirty years of age, to be one of the first and most respected men in New York, now one of the most populous and wealthy cities in the world. And you will perceive there was no witchery, no magic, in the manner of his elevation. His success, under the blessing of God, was undeniably owing to his own conduct. Other young men who had started in life at the same period, in the same profession, and who had had precisely similar opportunities, still remained in almost their original condition. They had neither cultivated their moral nor intellectual faculties, nor resisted the petty temptations which on all sides assail the youth on his entrance into the busy scenes of life.

But where was the luckless Charles Grinton, that he did not appear to congratulate his fellow-townsman upon his good fortune? He had, as we have mentioned, sailed for New York in

quest of employment, however abject it might happen to be. Where, then, was he now?—how had he fared in this new theatre of exertion? A word or two will explain. From New York, where he landed, he had proceeded along with a band of emigrants to Canada. At Montreal, by a singular piece of luck, he had received employment as a clerk in the office of a merchant, one of whose assistants had the previous day met with an accidental death when bathing in the St Lawrence. Charles's appearance was not prepossessing; but there was no choice. Here, then, was he once more in the way of well-doing. But it was useless. He subsided into irregular habits—was dismissed from his situation—wandered into the agricultural settlements, where he occasionally wrought at different kinds of severe manual labour—and at last pushed down to New York, with the hope of procuring employment in that quarter.

By a remarkable coincidence, the house in which Mr Macqueen had become a partner at this time required a person to act as truck-porter, and the advertisement announcing the fact brought Charles Grinton to seek it. The humiliation of feelings which agitated the miserable applicant, when, in one of the masters of this flourishing concern, he recognised his old associate George Macqueen, can be more easily imagined than described. George's heart, however, overflowed with tenderness towards his early companion. He interested himself to the extent of procuring him a situation somewhat superior to that which had been applied for; and we are glad to say that, by the exercise of proper discipline, and now and then a word of advice, he at length produced the happy effect of leading his prodigal friend from thoughts and deeds of folly to those of sober well-doing.

FRIENDLY HINTS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE preceding story, showing the advantage of industry over idleness, cannot but suggest to the minds of youth the necessity for self-exertion and self-dependence, along with a spirit of well-doing. On these, and some other points, we propose offering a few hints.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Limited as your experience may have been, you can hardly have failed to learn the important truth, that nothing is to be obtained, no comfort procured, no luxury or convenience possessed, *without being previously purchased by exertion*. Young as you are, you will have noticed that your parents do not get money wherewith to purchase the necessaries of life, without giving something in return. Your father has fed and clothed

you from infancy, he has given you an education suited to his means, he has bestowed upon you an infinite degree of attention, in order to fit you for the busy scenes of life; and when he has done all this, at a great expense both of his substance and his feelings, he cannot be expected to do more, farther than to give his best advice for your welfare.

Being now nurtured up to that point at which you are able to endure to a certain extent the withdrawal of parental support, you must not think it hard to be obliged to begin to do something for yourself. You only find yourself placed in the condition of every living creature. By a universal law of nature, the young of all animals are thrust forth from the parental nest on attaining sufficient strength to glean their own livelihood. Such, modified by human feelings and human customs, must likewise be the conduct of rational parents in pushing forth their families into the world, and so must young men commence the process of depending on their own faculties for subsistence. Judging from what we see around us, too little regard is paid to the moral lesson demonstrated by nature for our guidance in this respect. We find parents committing the error of allowing their families to hang about them long past the time at which they should have seen them placed out in the world in some honest calling or profession—a course of policy calculated to produce lasting regret even among the tolerably opulent classes of society.

But we much more frequently see the young endeavouring to avoid incurring the responsibility of self-dependence, and inhumanely leaning for support on those parents whose means have already been in a great measure exhausted both by misfortunes and the unavoidable expenses incurred in feeding, educating, and clothing their children. It must always be considered an exceedingly mean thing for a young man to continue exacting support from parents, after he was fully able to think and act for himself. There is, besides, an unfeeling cruelty in such conduct, for it is working on the benevolent affections of those who gave him birth, and committing a robbery, with the knowledge that its perpetration will not be visited either by rebuke or punishment. It seems to be difficult to convince the young of the urgent necessity for dependence on themselves. Long after they are placed in a way of earning a livelihood, they often think it all little enough that they can take from the parental home. As long as a mother or father exists, and retains a dwelling for the junior or female branches of a family, they are apt to suppose that there can be no harm in taking a little of that which is required by others less capable of ministering to their own necessities. Even although the burden of supplying the general wants should have devolved upon an elder brother, who has been prematurely invested with the character of guardian of the family, there are instances in which young men think

lightly of exacting subsidies and assistance, in various ways, from a household so circumstanced, for no other apparent reason than that they happen to be connected with it by birth, or because their demands cannot, without indelicacy, be withstood.

We earnestly and affectionately warn you against lapsing into a line of behaviour so ungenerous and unbecoming as that here hinted at. You are now called upon to exert all your faculties in the noble object of self-dependence. You are endowed with a power to think, hands to work, and a frame to endure labour—why, then, depend on any one but yourselves? You will not suppose that we wish you to be thrown all at once on your own resources. That would most likely be only abandoning you to certain moral destruction and much painful suffering. What we propose is, that you should make up your mind to enter on some trade or profession, and follow up your inclinations by a steady attention to whatever calling you may attach yourselves. You may not be able at first, or for a little time, to do much in the way of supporting yourselves, but then you are in the fair way of well-doing. There is a pleasure in knowing that the money which we spend has been earned by our own exertions. One shilling gained by our own industry is always said to be worth twenty procured from friends. What we get for nothing is thought lightly of; but we know well the value of what has come in the shape of a remuneration for our labour.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Some young persons entertain ridiculous notions as to the choice of a profession. Carried away by the glitter of uniforms and the splendid pageantry of the soldier's life, nothing will please them short of entering the army; or, perhaps, carried away by the narration of maritime adventures, they resolve on following the hazardous profession of the sailor. But a very little experience of the realities of life generally banishes these idle dreams. Others pitch upon the clerical profession as most suitable to their ideas of living an easy and dignified existence, and enjoying the reverence of those around them, without reckoning on whether their parents or guardians are able in the first place to procure them the necessary course of education, or if they would subsequently have the good fortune to find a benefice. Many more equally delude themselves with regard to what are called professions. As a matter of course, they must be something better, though only in appearance, than their father; and so they frequently turn their attention to occupations which to them look remarkably genteel, but which all the world besides know to be superficial and unprofitable. The young in the middle and lower ranks of society should by all means be governed in these matters by their seniors, for they are certainly the best judges with respect to what particular department of industry they should attach themselves.

From our own experience of the world, it does not appear that it is of much consequence what the trade or business is to which the young may be put after leaving school. The main thing to be acquired consists in habits of industry and self-denial; and if these be secured by a certain course of probation, all other advantages follow naturally. It is by diligence and integrity alone that fortune and fame arise, and both can be exerted upon a thousand different objects of pursuit. It is nevertheless certain that many boys have a peculiar turn or genius for particular businesses. One displays a mechanical turn; another is inclined to a mercantile pursuit; and a third is of a studious disposition. These, and other similar tendencies, will of course govern both yourselves and your parents in the choice of professions; all that we can do here is to give you a few hints for your consideration. In the first place, try to attach yourself to a business that is of extensive application, and promises to last long. Avoid professions that will fasten you to a spot, or to a country. Let it be one that will give you support wherever you may chance to proceed. Avoid also sinking professions: catch the tone and tendency of society, and seek to float down the stream of general utility. You can never go far wrong in following a trade, the assistance of which all mankind require; for instance, every branch of business connected with education and literature is at present rising, and will still farther be extended all over the world. All the useful arts are likewise extending themselves; while those of a contrary nature are becoming more limited. The two least promising professions which can now be followed, it will be allowed, are the clerical and legal. It is clear that there will very soon be a complete reformation in the law both of England and Scotland; and what now costs us many pounds, will most likely by and by be executed for a few shillings. We therefore consider the law a very bad profession, and that not only prospectively, but at the present moment; for it is greatly overdone, and too limited in its scope. The profession of a clergyman is still worse. No one can foresee how this profession is in time to be regulated: that is to say, on what footing an aspirant is to stand in relation to his settlement in a charge. But allowing that there will be no change in this respect, please to remember how many probationers are in a state approaching to destitution. It is calculated that in Scotland there are seven or eight hundred young men educated for the church, and ready for situations in it, while the vacancies are somewhere about thirty in the year. In England, there is a similar disparity between the number of church aspirants and livings.

WILLINGNESS.

We shall suppose that at the age of fourteen or fifteen you are at length fixed in some line of business. Your situation is now exceedingly critical. You are the servant of a master; and it is

necessary you should go through this course of servitude, to fit you for being some day a master yourself. You will perhaps be called on to perform some unpleasant, it may be undignified work, not agreeable to your pride. But go through all with alacrity and cheerfulness. Show *willingness* to do what you are bid; for, next to honesty and steadiness, there is nothing which masters like so much as willingness. If ever you show unwillingness, you are undone. If you be honest, steady, and willing, there is no fear of your success. We often hear a great many complaints about people not being able to find employment. A number of these complaints are certainly too well-founded; but rest assured of the fact, that masters have usually greater difficulty in getting trustworthy servants and assistants, than servants and assistants have in getting good masters. Men in business in large towns generally prefer apprentices from the country. The reason for this is, that country boys are considered to be more honest and steady than town boys. They possess at least greater self-denial. They have not the misfortune to be known by genteel people, and therefore they do not "think shame" to be seen doing their masters' work. This gives country boys an immense advantage over town boys; for an acquaintance with the higher ranks is often as dangerous to a boy as association with the dregs of the community. On the critical subject of acquaintances we must say a few words.

ACQUAINTANCES.

One of the most important concerns of young people is the management of themselves in respect of what are called "acquaintances." To have many friends is desirable, in a world where men are generally thrown so much upon their own resources. But there is a distinction between the friendship of a certain number of respectable persons, who are only ready to exert themselves for us when called upon, and the acquaintance of a circle of contemporaries, who are perpetually forcing themselves upon our company for the mere purpose of mutual amusement. Taking the words in their usual signification, a young man ought to wish for many friends, but few acquaintances. There is something in the countenance of a companion that cheers and supports the frailty of human nature. One can speak and act more boldly with a friend by his side than when alone. But it is the good fortune of men of strong character, and it ought to be the object of every one, to act well and boldly by himself. One thing young people may be assured of; almost all the great services which enlightened men have done for their race were performed alone. There was but one man, not two, at the discovery of the compass, of the Copernican system, of the logarithms, and of the principle of vaccination. To descend to lesser things, ask any man who has risen in worldly fortune, from small beginnings to great wealth and honour, how he contrived

to do so, and you will find that he carved it all out for himself with his own hand. He will in all probability inform you that he has reached the honourable station in society which he now maintains, chiefly by narrowing the circle of his "private acquaintances," and extending that of his "public relations;" most likely adding, that had he on all occasions "consulted" the persons with whom he happened to be acquainted as to his designs, he would, by every calculation, have been still in the same obscure insignificant situation he once was. The truth is, it is only when alone that we have the ability to concentrate our minds upon any object; and it is only when things are done with the full force of *one mind* qualified for the purpose, that they are done well.

It is the misfortune of young people, before they become fully engaged in the relations of life and business, that they look too much to "acquaintances" for encouragement, and make the amusement which "acquaintances" can furnish too indispensable. The tender mind of youth is reluctant or unable to stand alone; it needs to be one of a class. Hence, the hours which ought to be spent in the acquisition of that general knowledge which is so useful in after-life, and which can only be acquired in the vacant days of youth, are thrown away in the most inglorious pursuits; for "acquaintances" are seldom the companions of study, or the auxiliaries of business, but most generally the associates of a debauch, the fellow-flutterers upon the Mall, the companion-hounds in the chase of empty pleasure.

There is a possibility, however, that the "acquaintance" may be no worse than his fellow, and yet the two will do that together which they could not do singly. Virtue is, upon the whole, a thing of solitude; vice is a thing of the crowd. The individual will not dare to be wicked, for the responsibility, he knows, must be concentrated upon himself; while the company, feeling that a divided responsibility is hardly any responsibility at all, is under no such constraint. There is much edification to the heart of the thoughtless and wicked in the participation of companions; and even in large associations of honourable men for honourable purposes, there is often wanting that fine tone of feeling which governs the conduct of perhaps each individual in the fraternity. Thus an excessive indulgence in the company of "acquaintances" is to be avoided, even where these "acquaintances" are not inferior in moral worth to ourselves. There is an easy kind of morality much in vogue among a great body of people, that "what others do *we* may do," as if higher standards had not been handed down by God himself from heaven, or constructed in the course of time by the wise and pure among men. This morality comes strongly into play among youth in their intercourse with contemporaries; and as it is always on rather a declining than an advancing scale, it soon leads them a great way down the paths of vice.

It will be found, in general, that a considerable degree of abstinence from this indulgence is required even to secure the most ordinary degree of success in life. But if great things be aimed at, if we wish to surpass our fellows by many degrees, and to render ourselves honourably conspicuous among men, we must abjure "acquaintances" almost entirely. We must, for that purpose, withdraw ourselves from all temptation to idle and futile amusement—we must, in the words of a great poet, "shun delights, and live laborious days."

INTEGRITY.

Another guiding principle is *integrity*. Be perfectly honest, neither abusing your employer's time nor his property, and avoiding everything like deceit. Dishonesty, you must understand, can be practised in various ways besides stealing. The property of others, though not taken by violence, as in the case of theft and robbery, may be taken fully as fraudulently by lying, cheating, or overreaching. To lie or to cheat is therefore as bad as to steal: you may commit as great a sin the one way as the other. We regret to say that many people whom you are likely to come in contact with in society think very lightly of either lying or cheating. Every day we hear persons of respectable exterior, and who are living in good houses, or keeping fine shops, deliberately telling falsehoods to their friends, and servants, and customers, in taking advantage of them by a thousand shabby tricks. Now, all this is highly blameable. Although the people who practise such vices often escape punishment from magistrates, still their crime is not the less heinous on that account. They have a conscience within them which will sooner or later sting them for their unworthy conduct.

Acts of honour and honesty, which add so much grace to life, though not attended with any special reward, are in themselves productive of the highest satisfaction. The way of transgressors is bitter—very bitter. But the life of the virtuous man, who has manfully resisted temptations, is even sweet in adversity. He who habitually squares his actions by the moral and divine law, is rewarded with the delightful glow of self-approbation: he feels he has done his duty; he knows his hands are clean; no one can accuse him of doing wrong; he has cherished no cankering care to gnaw him at the heart, and for ever spoil his efforts at happiness. Surely in these pleasurable sensations there is a reward far transcending mere pecuniary gifts.

SPENDING MONEY.

Study to be economical and self-denying. What money can be spared, let it be deposited in a savings' bank till it has accumulated to a sum sufficiently large for some useful purpose. It

is inconceivable what a deal of money is thrown away by young people in what are called "trifling sums"—in shillings, sixpences, and even pennies. Much more, indeed, is expended by them in this small way than in sums of larger amount; mostly, too, in a way that tends to no real good, generally on mere superfluities, sight-seeing, things which might by the least possible exertion of self-denial be dispensed with, and never missed.

Spending money uselessly is, in some, merely a bad habit; in others it is matter of vanity. In all, however, it originally proceeds chiefly from thoughtlessness and want of calculation as to the amount of all the little items spent when added together; and how deeply, though almost imperceptibly, they eat into the amount of a weekly wage or annual revenue. The sums, viewed separately, appear very insignificant; yet how fast they run up to something of consequence! Truly might Poor Richard say—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

It is very important for all persons in humble circumstances to remember, that if they spend all they earn, laying by nothing, they can scarcely expect to be ever in better circumstances than they now are. Opportunities may occur for their bettering their condition; but if they have nothing, they may not be able to take advantage of these circumstances. For want of a small sum to buy respectable clothing, they may lose a good situation. For want of a few pounds, which they might have saved, they may be fixed to a place where there is little means of improvement, while others possessing more self-denial and foresight are able to embrace that advantage.

ECONOMY OF TIME—SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

There may be economy in employment of time as well as in spending of money. Time, in fact, is money, or money's worth. Few reflect deeply on this truth. Young persons, in particular, throw away a vast deal of leisure time in a way often worse than useless. Much they spend in silly gossip with acquaintances, much on frivolous amusements, much in perfect vacancy of thought. In many country towns, an incalculable amount of time is spent in lounging at doorways or on the street. If all this idle time, exclusive of what should be properly enough devoted to open-air exercise, were spent in the acquisition of some kind of useful knowledge, what a difference there would be in the lot of many young persons!

We say to the young, devote your leisure hours to some useful purpose. And what are your leisure hours? Spare hours in the winter evenings, after the labours of the day are over, and also hours in the morning, particularly during summer. Rising at an early hour—as, for instance, at four or five o'clock—may be made the means of self-culture to a very considerable extent. Science or history may be studied; languages may be learned.

Early rising is perhaps considered by many to be a very vulgar practice. Those who say so have perused the biographies of great men with little attention. It is indisputable that few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and of course get about your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says "that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not have overtaken his business at night." Dean Swift avers "that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning." We believe that, with other degeneracies of our days, history will prove that late rising is a prominent one. There seems to be now a tendency to turn day into night—to breakfast late, dine late, and go to bed late, and consequently to rise late. All this is most pernicious both to health and morals. To a certain extent, people must do as others do: nevertheless, every one is less or more able to act with something like independence of principle; the young —those who have everything to learn and to win—can at least act upon a plan of rising at an early hour.

In order to rise early, we would recommend an early hour for retiring. There are many other reasons for this. Neither your eyes nor your health are so likely to be destroyed. Nature seems to have so fitted things, that we ought to rest in the early part of the night. A professor used to tell his students "that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth more than two hours after that time." Let it be a rule with you, and, if possible, adhered to, that you be home and have your light extinguished by *ten* o'clock in the evening. You may then rise at five, and have seven hours to rest, which is about what nature requires. It may be most confidently affirmed, that he who from his youth is in the habit of rising early, will be much more likely to live to old age, more likely to be a distinguished and useful man, and more likely to pass a life that is peaceful and pleasant. Read the life of Franklin, and see what he accomplished, both as respects economising of time and the cultivation of his own capacious mind.

In connection with self-improvement, let us say a word on the duty of professional diligence. It is a fact which you cannot be too well made aware of, that a man may distinguish himself, or at least attain great respectability, in any profession which is really honourable and socially useful. Whatever you do, learn to do that well. Do not be discouraged by difficulties, nor vex yourselves with what may be the final results of your efforts. Just go on quietly and diligently, seizing hold of every occasion for improvement, and acquiring habits of industry, which will form your character and stick to you through life. The likelihood is, that by this simple but persevering course—a course unmarked by any great effort—you will pass the idle, the dissipated, and the timorous, realising those rewards which usually wait on well-directed enterprise.

GOOD MANNERS.

It is very true that a man may be honest, industrious, and well-meaning, yet will not advance himself in the opinion of the world, if he be not at the same time courteous in his manners, and show a general good-naturedness of disposition. We recommend you, therefore, to cultivate civility or politeness of manner. Speak kindly and considerately to all. Avoid everything like rudeness in addressing any one, even although you have reason to be displeased. Ask respectfully for what you wish; give what you have to offer mildly; make no offensive reply to those who speak harshly to you. Remember that "a smooth word turneth away wrath." Never be afraid to speak the truth, but do not obtrude unpleasant truths when it is not desirable. Be slow in believing ill of any one; and try rather to make friends than enemies. On no account imitate those who use vicious or slang phrases in their discourse. The use of slang, like swearing, is a habit exceedingly easy to be acquired, and most difficult to be eradicted when once fixed and cherished. It is a habit which assuredly endangers moral principle, and at the very least gives a low grovelling turn to the character of those who indulge in it. When spoken by cheats, thieves, robbers, and every other species of livers on plunder, it betokens a mind sunk in vice, and perhaps hopelessly ruined.

In endeavouring to avoid giving offence to those about you, it will be necessary for you to learn to listen with consideration and patience to the person who is addressing you, particularly if the speaker be a female. Let your answers be couched in civil, obliging language; and although you have reason to disbelieve that which you hear, do not contradict the speaker rudely or warmly. Merely observe that what is said "is remarkable;" "that it may be so, but you heard otherwise;" or, "there may be some mistake in the report," and so forth; never, at anyrate, flatly contradict, for that might give serious offence to one who most likely means no harm, and who might be convinced of his error by your politely explaining your reasons for thinking differently from him. When you speak in company, do it with ease and without affectation; do not hum, and ha, and stammer, or appear to be seeking for fine words wherewith to embellish your discourse. A simple straightforward form of speech, using the words you are best acquainted with, and without any desire to show off, is always the most commendable, and will be the most pleasing. Avoid also the use of those vulgar expressions which you hear continually in the mouths of under-bred, clownish persons, such as—"says she," "says he," "you understand," and "you know;" likewise such phrases as—"Mr What-d'ye-call-him," "Mr Thingumbob," and so on.

It is true that all have not the same ability to speak elegantly or well; but all have it in their power to please by simplicity of

manner and purity of verbiage. It is quite possible to render your conversation acceptable, although you use very common words. One of the principal means of pleasing in discourse, consists in not using any terms which can raise disagreeable ideas or recollections in the minds of those whom you are addressing, and this requires the exercise of good taste, as well as a perception of the degree of refinement of the party listening. Moreover, the ideas which it may be legitimate for you to raise in matters of business, or in a particular description of society, must not be brought forward amidst circles or in places entirely inappropriate for their development. Persons in the humbler orders of society are generally too much inclined to sneer at all conventional arrangements of this nature. They say that these ceremonious rules, however much they may be suited to the habits of "fine people," are not for them. We regret that any one should look upon good-breeding in this erroneous light. We regret that any class of persons should think so meanly of themselves, as to say that they are unworthy of enjoying every possible amenity of cultivated society. If there be anything agreeable in good manners, why may not the poor as well as the rich partake of the blessing? Civility and politeness one to another do not cost a great deal. They are the cheapest luxuries which can be purchased; and why not, therefore, let them give dignity and delight to the dwelling of the labourer and artisan, as well as to the drawing-rooms of the titled and wealthy? The truth is, the poor have it in their power to soften greatly the asperities of their situation, by establishing and enforcing rules of civility and politeness among themselves. To what but to the absence of simple, unexpensive courtesies, have we to attribute many of the miseries of the humbler orders?

PREJUDICES—OPINIONS.

Young persons who remain in a state of comparative ignorance from want of proper mental cultivation, usually possess many absurd prejudices and evil propensities. They have the most ridiculous fears, the most narrow-minded notions. Education at school is understood to be beneficial in stripping away the natural or previously-acquired errors of the pupil; but unless the usual routine of school studies be followed up by the perusal of the works of intelligent authors, and unless the young man learn to judge of the actions of mankind by the extensively applicable rule of CHARITY, elementary education does not completely fulfil the end for which it is designed.

One of the first prejudices which a boy acquires, is one of self-love. It is the notion that he is the best, the cleverest, the most knowing, and, if chastised for misconduct, the worst used of all boys whatever. He has an idea that all mankind should bow down and worship him, or at least minister to his desires without regard to either one thing or another. His next prejudice is,

that the place where he was born and dwells is superior in excellence to all other places in the country. His third great leading prejudice is, that the country to which he belongs is the greatest and most-to-be-lauded country in the whole world: he believes that there is no country like it; that it could fight and beat any two nations on the globe; that the people of other countries are a poor, shabby, ignorant race, not nearly so strong or so wise as the people of his country, and are only fit to be despised; and that his country, in short, is the essence of everything that is excellent and admirable. Now, all this is the result of narrow-mindedness and want of knowledge. If the boys who think so foolishly would reflect a little, or read a little, or knew a little more of mankind, they would perceive that such notions are weak and absurd. They would know that there are boys cleverer, and boys much worse used, than themselves. They would know that the place of their birth or residence is not only no better than hundreds of other places, but perhaps very much inferior in many points. They would likewise know that their country is not the best of all possible countries: that there are nations who are as virtuous, as courageous, as wise, as worthy of esteem as their own, if not a great deal more so.

There is another prejudice which young people are apt to acquire: it is the prejudice of class or rank. Country boys affect to despise town boys, because they are ignorant of many things connected with the country; and town boys similarly look down upon country boys, because they are perhaps less neatly dressed, or know less of some kind of public or city amusements. Poor boys also affect a contempt for boys who belong to wealthier parents; a prejudice which is repaid by the contempt which the sons of the rich have for those who are in poverty. All this is exceedingly bad. Every such prejudice has a tendency to increase in virulence, till at length whole classes of grown men are found holding mean and unworthy opinions of each other.

Accustom yourselves to suspend your opinions of anybody or any class, or of the people of any country, till your minds are matured by reading and experience of the world. We remember, while boys, of believing, according to popular prejudice, that the French were a puny race of men, not nearly so strong or well-dressed as the English. A visit in after-life to France dispelled this foolish notion. The people who crowd the streets of Paris are as good-looking and as well-dressed as the people of London or Edinburgh. It is time, therefore, that these aspersions and prejudices should be done away with, both among young and old. Every one among us is also told what a bad class of men the Turks are: they are believed to possess no good qualities whatever. Now, this is likewise an aspersion on national character. A late enlightened traveller, who was not carried away by prejudices, describes the Turks as possessing many excellent qualities. He says they are remarkably charitable, not

greedy of wealth, honest, pious, and innocent in their enjoyments, delighting chiefly in the contemplation of nature and the attributes of the Deity. They have, it seems, no great hospitals for the poor, or for education, as in this country—their rich men preferring to go about relieving the needy with their own hands, rather than leaving money for the erection of splendid edifices. They likewise seek out poor old distressed slaves, whom they purchase, and kindly treat for the remainder of their existence. All this, you see, shows fine traits of feeling; and should convince you, that even among Turks, and what are called heathens, there exist principles of virtue, and a sense of moral responsibility.

By reading the works of travellers and historians, and comparing the facts detailed one with another, you will, we have no doubt, purify your minds from many such prejudices as we have here exemplified. Without reading, you will remain in a hopeless state of ignorance. Make a point of occupying a portion of your leisure hours in reading—not reading frivolous trashy novels, but the productions of respectable travellers, historians, and other writers. Of the various branches of literature which may thus engage your attention, and raise generous emotions in your mind, we consider that you will reap most benefit from the reading of books of history. Unfortunately, most historians dwell too much on descriptions of battles and other military achievements: all such matters, however, you will pass over, in sorrow for the mass of suffering which has from first to last been endured, and devote your attention principally to the causes which conspired to effect the rise and decline of empires, kingdoms, and states—the gradual improvement of the human mind—the origin, progress, and influence of arts and sciences, literature and commerce—the manner in which the privileges you enjoy were established—and how the civilisation and refinement displayed in cities, courts, and senates, rose from small beginnings to their present condition. The reading of these matters will furnish you with a large fund of entertainment and instruction, and will have a wonderful tendency in clearing away those illiberal prejudices which narrow the mind, deaden the feelings, and cloud the understanding.

The leading point in good manners is so to act and speak as not to offend the feelings of others. At first sight, this would seem to be of easy accomplishment; yet it is very difficult. One can give pain, or offend, in so many different ways—for instance, by being boisterous, noisy, talkative, saucy, pert, vain, self-conceited, and opinionative, by speaking on subjects disagreeable to the listener, by speaking too much of one's-self, by staring rudely, and by committing many other absurdities of behaviour in company—that you require not only to be well-grounded in rules for good manners, but continually on your guard, lest you give offence, and by doing so, render yourself hated and despised. In order to render yourself agreeable, you must, as a matter of

course, give up a little of your natural independence. You must not go upon the principle implied by the exclamation—"I shall do as I like—I care for nobody—I will not be trammelled by any set of rules;" for no one has a right to live in society, and enjoy its blessings, unless he is prepared to yield up a small portion of his self-will as the price. If he will not conform to the established rules for governing society, he had better retire to the fields, and live like a wild beast or a savage. The distinguishing feature in the conduct of a well-bred person, is the doing and saying of everything with perfect ease, quietness, and decorum. He allows nothing to ruffle his temper, or to discompose his quietude of behaviour. He enters a room quietly, though by no means stealthily—he sits down or rises up quietly, speaks with suavity and gentleness, and conducts himself in every other particular in a way calculated to please. The point worthy of your notice here is, the quietness of manner, the repose, the decorum, which is associated with the behaviour of the person of good-breeding. You will never fail to remark the reverse in the case of individuals who are heedless of the rules which are observed in cultivated society. Look at the conduct of an ill-bred man. He enters a room with noise, sits down and rises up with noise, speaks with noise, and everything else he does is done with noise. It would seem that he can do nothing quietly. When he sets down a chair, he causes it to knock against the floor; when he sits at table, he makes a noise with his knife and fork; when he blows his nose, the action is accompanied with noise; when he speaks, it is with noise; when he shuts a door, it is with noise; when he walks, every tramp of his foot is productive of noise. Noise is thus the characteristic of the ill-bred, as quietness is that of the well-bred man; and it is scarcely necessary to inform you that this noise is productive of anything but agreeable sensations. Nobody can possibly like it: it mars every one's comfort.

AMBITION.

Though it is proper that young men ought to be stimulated to as great exertions as may be consistent with their health and immediate happiness, in order that both themselves and society may be done justice to by the greatest possible use being made of their talents and acquirements, it must never be overlooked that *all* cannot rise—that this felicity is only destined for the few who are required by society in its more elevated walks, and who possess the requisite qualifications, or stand in the necessary circumstances, for attaining elevation—the rest being confined to exertions which, though tending to the benefit of both the individuals and the community, and in themselves highly praiseworthy, do not tend greatly to alter the situation of those who make them. In most civilised countries, after we make allowance for the exceptions occasioned by certain institu-

tions and by education, society is found to be constituted pretty nearly in accordance with the diversity of faculties given by nature to her children. Some occupy situations of command, of trust, and of dignity, and enjoy the advantages attendant upon such situations. A much greater number act under directions, and in obedience to orders. And it is a fact acknowledged by all who have carefully studied human nature, that in general, intellects have been created in reference to the filling of a variety of situations.

It is not perhaps so difficult to urge young minds to their full utility, as to impress them with the necessity of their squaring their ambition with the means which may exist for its prudent gratification, and with their ability. Far be it from us to endeavour to check those generous and ambitious emotions in the minds of youth, which in all ages have had the effect of raising the poor to wealth, and the humble from obscurity to distinction. We feel it to be our duty, however, to warn those who may be actuated by such feelings, that, to be successful in the object of their pursuit, something more is necessary than mere ambition. Along with this passion, exercised in moderation, there must be, first, ability for the task, whatever it may be; and second, soundness of judgment, or a great degree of prudence and self-denial. Ambition without skill seldom leads to any beneficial result; yet even with skill, even with all the excellences of the mind, the aspiring individual, unaided by favourable circumstances, frequently lives to deplore the entire ruin of his hopes.

Young men of an ambitious turn of mind are exceedingly apt to be heedless of the qualifications which are necessary for their rising to fame or fortune. They err chiefly in miscalculating the nature of the obstacles they have to encounter, and their power of overcoming these obstacles. "Can I submit to contumelies? Can I endure patiently the sneers of my companions, not to speak of absolute privations? Can I forego many indulgences? Can I act on my own judgment throughout, under all the embarrassments that may occur? Am I not liable to go wrong from self-conceit? But, above all, have I, in reality, the necessary qualifications for the adventurous course I design to pursue?" These are a few of the questions which the ambitious youth has to put searchingly to his conscience. It is by abstaining from putting, and satisfactorily answering, this description of inquiries, that so many young men founder in their career. They have the ambition to rise, but they do not possess the measure of qualification necessary for their success; or they possess the qualification—they are clever, ingenious, and well-disposed, but they want judgment, sufficient *balance*, or some such steadying ingredient, and they are wrecked on the first breakers that come in their way. Shakspeare has said that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, bears on to fortune;" but the grand difficulty consists in know-

ing when the tide is at the flood: there are false flowings of the tide as well as true ones; and he is a fortunate, as much as he is a wise man, who takes that which will bear him favourably forward.

Unless with a just knowledge of one's own capabilities, and a power of endurance, painful endurance for years, it is always dangerous for any one not advantageously circumstanced to try to rise out of the sphere in which he has chanced to be placed. Rising by anything like a violent exertion is not to be thought of. It is by a course of perseverance, little by little, and by seizing every convenient and proper means of elevation, that the end is ultimately to be attained. How have the greater proportion of distinguished men raised themselves in the world's estimation? By possessing, in the first place, the necessary qualifications; and in the second, by taking advantage of circumstances favourable to their views. After all, however, for one who has attained distinction, perhaps a thousand have failed. It is like the prizes and blanks in a lottery: we hear only of the prizes and their lucky holders, the blanks are judiciously kept out of sight. Another matter is worthy of attending to. Because certain individuals have attained distinction by following a particular course, it will not do for others to attempt precisely the same mode of advancing. Circumstances are daily differing, tastes are changing, society is ever altering its disposition. For want of attention to these points, we have a host of unfortunates —unfortunate soldiers, unfortunate authors, unfortunate lawyers, unfortunate merchants, and so forth, without end. These unfortunates have stumbled as imitators: they had not the wit to be original in their designs, or to be original to a good purpose. Without originality, no great rise is to be expected. Any dull fellow can follow on a path already beaten and commodious; but he who follows must ever be behind.

From what falls under the eye of a common observer, it appears that not a little of the want of success in many of the ordinary departments of occupation is caused by what has already been adverted to—an incompetency of judgment, or what may be significantly called force of character. We see men who attain the utmost respect within the limits of their circle as long as they remain in the character of subordinates, having then persons to think for and direct them; but no sooner are they emancipated, no sooner are they thrown upon their own resources, and have to think and act for themselves, than they sink into insignificance. They have made a false move. Their ambition prompted them to be their own masters, but it was without calculating the consequences of the step. Formerly, they were invisibly supported all round by the system of which they formed a part, now they stand aloof from all such aids, and, like the wrecked mariner on the desert island, they are astonished at the solitude which prevails, and the energy which

is required to gather the means of their subsistence. It is evident that such persons have not the force of character to think and act boldly on their own responsibility; and if they consult their own comfort, they will be contented with playing an inferior part in the great drama of existence, leaving the chief characters in the piece to be filled up with those who have the ability and fortitude to act a conspicuous part.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Young persons usually form false estimates of the value of personal strength and outward appearance. As they grow up, notions on these points undergo a material change. They discover that a man may be tall, short, bulky, or puny; but it matters not, unless he has to depend on his strength for his daily bread. The standard by which people are measured is not by anything that is seen in outward appearance, but by their skill, their conduct, their behaviour, their private character. Soldiers, footmen, and such-like, who are hired to stand in rows, may perhaps find it advantageous to be a certain height in inches. The soldier who is an inch taller than his companions has the privilege of being put in the front row, and consequently the honour of being shot first; but this is, on the whole, not an object of temptation worthy of your regard. Mere height, then, is of little consequence to people generally; and at anyrate it is not made a standard whereby to judge whether any one is worthy of personal respect. Nearly the same thing may be said of bodily strength. It is useful and convenient, it is agreeable, to be able to execute any labour we may be called on to perform; but beyond this, strength is of no rational value. Remember, we say *rational* value; for by some there is an irrational value placed upon tallness, muscular strength, and even on the ability of jumping, running, and hopping on one leg. You will remark, as you grow up, that skill is always far better remunerated than mere bodily strength—that the artisan who executes an ingenious piece of work receives much higher payment than the man who has muscles of the strongest texture, and whose employment consists in the lifting of large stones, carrying heavy burdens, or any similar labour; and the reason is, that while plenty of men can be got to perform such drudgeries, few are to be obtained who have the skill of the ingenious artisan. While recommending you to study neatness, we would wish to point out the folly of aiming at foppish elegance. Fops are usually weak-minded coxcombs. We have known many instances in which elegance of appearance in men operated seriously against their advancement. There is a general want of confidence in elegant or handsome men, which is to be traced to the number of swindlers and knaves who habitually impose upon people by a specious dashing appearance. Such a feeling, no doubt, also arises from the well-known instability of young men, who seem

to bestow much pains on the cultivation of their animal qualifications, while they are to a corresponding degree heedless of their mental endowments. When such individuals are, for instance, observed to study the nourishing of whiskers, the training of curls, the neatness of cut of trousers and boot-straps, the peculiar fashion of a coat, or the handsomeness of their legs, it is reasonably concluded by rational thinkers that they are unfitted for the serious affairs of life, and are therefore set aside in favour of others who show less of the animal, and more of the reflecting being. In losing the countenance of one class of persons, they most likely gain that of another; that other, however, is of a very inferior stamp: it is not a front-rank class: it is an order composed of the servile, the idle, the silly, and the vicious—a class whose flatteries and whose favour are alike insubstantial and injurious. It is only by young men emancipating themselves from this yoke of animalism and frivolity, that they can expect to win the favour of that portion of society, including individuals of both sexes, whose approbation is alone worthy of being prized. Look around you, and observe who are the persons who are most esteemed in public and private life; who are those that are the managers—the front-rank men—of the world; who are those that are in the enjoyment of wealth, rank, and honours. Are they all "fine-looking men?" By no means. Worth is not testified by the turn of a leg or the fashion of a frill. Many of them are plain in features, few of them are tall, some are deformed, some are puny in figure, some are what might be called ugly. And where, then, you may ask, are the handsome men to be found—those splendid lordly animals, each of whom might serve as a model for a statue? We will tell you where they often are, for we have seen them. Too many of them are to be found lounging in the courtyards of jails. Go to the prison of the Court of Queen's Bench, and there, surrounded by dark brick walls fifty feet in height, you will find them "killing time"—playing at ball—playing for a penny or a pot of porter the game. What a pity it is that men of such elegance of limb and feature cannot carry their handsomeness to a better market! But so it is: their occupation has been one of great gentility—namely, smoking cigars, wearing spurs upon their boots, cultivating a mustache, and attending horse-races, while their means of support have consisted in defrauding tradesmen, and in drawing upon the resources of fathers, brothers, uncles—in short, every one they could induce to minister to their vile wants.

If the youths who read this happen to be handsome in person, do not let them presume on such an unimportant, though it be pleasing, qualification. It is a qualification which in all probability will not do them the smallest good when they come to depend upon themselves for support. Rather try to counteract the general bad impression regarding handsome young men by gentle courteous behaviour, along with the manifestation of a

spirit of regular industry. At the same time study to be neat and cleanly, taking such exercise as will conduce to health, and avoiding all approach to slovenliness, for that would be to exceed in a way almost as reprehensible as we have described the reverse to be. On the other hand, if this meet the eye of any boys who are either deformed or plain in appearance, we beg them to understand, that though perhaps scoffed at by their playmates in youth, they need be under no apprehension whatever of receiving insult when they become men, or of being in anyway looked down upon on account of their personal inferiority. If deformed to such an extent as to prevent them earning a livelihood, that is truly a misfortune, and will call forth a lively sympathy in their favour: if simply plain in appearance, they will find that not only not an obstacle to their advancement, but something in their favour, provided their behaviour will stand the test of examination, and their manners be agreeable. Affability is the true passport to favour both in man and woman. If you be affable, you will be liked wherever you go; if a lady be affable, though ever so plain in features, she will gain all hearts, while the merely beautiful or the handsome may fail to make a favourable impression. Affability, therefore, whether in man or woman, along with moral and intellectual worth, ought to be the great object of cultivation. Alexander Pope, an English poet of last century, has pithily said, that 'tis

> "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
> The rest is all but leather or prunello."

By which he means, that a man without moral and intellectual worth is a mere animal—a *fellow;* and that external appearance is as valueless as a piece of leather or worsted stuff, or, as you may hear people say, a toy of gilt gingerbread.

RELIGION.

The last, but not the least subject to which we would draw your attention, is that of religion. Without ostentation, but in all sincerity of heart, be regular in the performance of those religious duties to which parents or clerical advisers may direct your attention; and seeking in all things the blessing of God, without which neither success nor happiness can be expected to be realised.

JAMES WALLACE.—A STORY.*

"How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light rail-

* We extract the above tale from an American newspaper, in which it purports to be written by T. S. Arthur.

lery, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and after regarding him for a moment, he replied, "I don't know, Harman. How far is it?"

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!" James did not retort, but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the flight of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sudden sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman had told him that the hours had flown, until it was past ten o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he lay down upon his hard bed, and gave full play to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the new and wonderful things he had read. At last wearied nature gave way, and he fell into a slumber filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

The next morning the apprentice boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was mingled one of regret, that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night while he is asleep," he said to himself.

Just then Harman Lee came into the shop, and approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him, "How big round is the earth, Jim?"

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the unhesitating answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded, with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to injure rather than do good to others—"Oh dear! How wonderfully wise you are! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has? Come, let's hear."

"Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something of exultation in his tone.

"And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has?"

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," James replied in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his, and on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen. "I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderfully wise," Harman at length said with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied calmly. "I have been reading one of your books on astronomy."

"Well, you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you! Anyhow, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them! Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work."

"But I didn't neglect my work, Harman; I read at night after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book."

"I don't care if you didn't hurt it. You're not going to have my books, I can tell you. So do you just let them alone."

Poor James's heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness. "Do, Harman," he said appealingly, "lend me the book; I will take good care of it."

"No I wont. And don't you dare to touch it," was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he two or three years, to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth; and from that his natural open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that he had created in his mind. And night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to his earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone after he had finished his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. But in what manner to obtain work he

knew not. It finally occurred to him that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window-blinds with faded hangings and soiled colours. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "if I could do it cheap, they would let me paint and put new hangings to their blinds."

The thought was scarcely suggested when he was on his feet moving towards the street. In a few minutes he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened. "Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James felt confused, and stammered out, "The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply, made in an encouraging tone.

"And they very much want painting."

"Also very true," said the man, with a good-humoured smile; for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them much."

"Oh yes, sir; they would look just like new. And if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice for you, cheap."

"Will you indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr Lee the blind-maker."

"Do you indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them and putting on new hangings?"

"I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three-quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more. And it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir; but I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man. If Mr Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight his request was granted. Four days from that he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up and reading.

Of course there was much in it that he could not understand, and many terms the meaning of which was hidden from him. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half dollar, at a second-hand book-stall, a dictionary. By the aid

of this he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the labour assigned him.

It occurred just at this time that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an Apprentices' Library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed. And thus—none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge—did this poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade; and what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific information. He was well read in history; had studied thoroughly the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems; his geographical knowledge was minute; and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew comparatively but little.

Let us now turn for a few moments to mark the progress of the young student in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college. Like too many tradesmen whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end he sent him to school early, and provided for him the best instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys who were merely designed for trades or storekeeping.

Like too many others, he had no love for learning, nor any right appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer he thought would be much more honourable than to be a mere mechanic; and for this reason alone, as far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of his father,

was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained—except during the semi-annual vacations—until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of A.B. At this time James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body—although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labour, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honourable estimation from his master's son. He despised these patient persevering efforts as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although, on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education—as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned—when he left college. The other became more really the student when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well disciplined, active, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

[Young Wallace passed his examinations with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill; the lawyer on the opposite side was Harman Lee, who entertained for his father's old apprentice the most profound contempt.]

The cause came on within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence and a marked attention and interest when the young stranger arose in the court-room to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee, but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in plain but concise language to the court; and a few remarks bearing upon the merits being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his "very learned brother" in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters as that which his "learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away when he resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile as Wallace again slowly rose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favour of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from that day Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of the one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue *ever after* a student, or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means and fewer opportunities; the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after-time.

LIFE OF A NEGRO SLAVE.

I.

I AM the son of a negro, and was born in Maryland in the year 1781. My grandfather, father, and mother were slaves, and I was born in the same hopeless condition. While still a child of four years old, I was separated from the other members of my family, and sold to a planter in a distant part of the country. Being the youngest child of my mother, my forcible separation from her produced a scene of lamentation and distress. Her cry of agony as she got the last look of me has ever since rung in my ears. I was informed that my name was Charles Ball. It is all a chance who a slave is sold to; he may be cruel and avaricious, or he may possess a share of benevolent feelings. Fortunately, I fell into the hands of a humane man, by whom I was designed for a house slave when I should be old enough; but this was frustrated by the death of my proprietor, and I passed into less considerate hands. I was sent to the city of Washington, where I spent about two years as cook on board the Congress frigate, having sufficient to eat, and being pretty well clothed. Still, a spirit of freedom frequently arose within me at the sight of long trains of fellow-negroes, chained together, who were driven through Washington on their way to the southern states; and even at that early age I determined to attempt an escape to Philadelphia, the haven of runaway slaves. A fresh sale of me prevented this, and I next resided with a farmer for three years. While in this man's possession,

I married a girl of colour, house slave to a lady in the neighbourhood. The lot of my wife was easier than my own; for my master was a discontented, ill-tempered man, always ready to find fault, and did not afford his slaves proper clothing or sufficient food. This was bad enough; but there was worse treatment in store for me, for I was told one day that I was sold to a Georgian slave-dealer, and that I was to be marched immediately to the south.

At these words the thoughts of my wife and children rushed across my mind, and my heart sank within me. I saw at once that resistance was vain, as there were upwards of twenty persons present, all of whom were ready to assist the wretch who had seized me. My hands were bound strongly behind me, and I was told that we were to set out that same day for the south. I asked if I could not be allowed to see my wife and children, but I was refused. My new master took me across the Patuxent river, where I joined fifty-one other slaves, whom he had bought in Maryland; thirty-two were men, the rest women. The women were merely tied together by a rope, which was passed like a halter round the neck of each; but the men, of whom I was the stoutest and strongest, were very differently caparisoned. A strong iron collar was closely fastened, by means of a padlock, round each of our necks. A chain of iron, about a hundred feet in length, was passed through the hasp of each padlock, except at the two ends, where the hasps passed through a link of the chain. In addition to this, we were handcuffed in pairs, with iron staples and bolts, with a short chain about a foot long, uniting the handcuffs and their wearers in pairs. In this manner we were chained alternately by the right and left hand; and the poor man to whom I was thus ironed cried like a child when the blacksmith, with his heavy hammer, fastened the ends of the bolts that kept the staples from slipping from our arms. As for myself, I felt indifferent to my fate; it appeared to me that the worst had come that could come, and that no change of fortune could harm me.

Thus was our miserable gang marched away from our home country, the master riding by our side, and hastening our march, sometimes by encouragement, and sometimes with threats. Our food was corn bread, sour milk, and mush, which is Indian meal boiled with water. We were clothed in rags, and slept all together on the floors of such houses as we chanced to stop at. Occasionally we received a salt herring, and on Sunday a quarter of a pound of bacon was allowed to each. We crossed successively the Potomac, the Matepony, and the Anna rivers; and having traversed Virginia, we entered North Carolina, where I first saw a field of cotton in bloom. I was at this time about twenty-five years old, strong and healthy; and the first feeling of despair at having been driven away from my wife and children, gave way to a sense of the necessity of

making the best of my present situation. I had endeavoured through the whole journey to make such observations upon the country and the towns we passed through, as would enable me at some future period to find my way back to Maryland. By repeatedly naming the rivers we came to in the order in which we had reached them, I was able, on my arrival in Georgia, to repeat the name of every considerable stream from the Potomac to the Savannah, and to tell the position and bearing of the ferries by which we had crossed them.

From North Carolina our party passed to South Carolina, where, remembering all I had heard of the dreadful treatment of slaves in that state, I lost all courage, and for the first time felt weary of life. I had now no hope of ever again seeing my wife and children, or the scenes of my youth; and I apprehended long pains from hunger, for I had often heard that in South Carolina the slaves were compelled in times of scarcity to live on cotton seeds. Self-destruction is more frequent among slaves in the cotton region than is generally supposed; but as a certain degree of disgrace falls upon the master whose slave has committed suicide, and as it is a dangerous example, all means are taken to deter the negroes from it; not allowing the suicide the small portion of Christian rites which is awarded to the corpses of other slaves.

It was long after midnight before I fell asleep; but the most pleasant dreams succeeded to these sorrowful forebodings. I thought that, after dreadful sufferings, I had made my way back to Maryland, and was again in my wife's cabin, with two of my little children on my lap, while their mother prepared supper. This dream was so vivid, that I awoke, convinced that it would one day be realised; although at starting the next morning the master addressed us, telling us that we might now give up all hope of returning to our native places, as escape through North Carolina and Virginia was quite impossible; that we had better be contented, as he would take us to Georgia, a fine country, where we might live in the greatest abundance. He also sold two of the women for a thousand dollars, with the condition that the purchaser should pay a blacksmith for taking the chains off the rest of us. Before this could be done, a dispute arose, and the stranger declared that all the "niggers in the drove were Yankee niggers;" adding, that he once had two Yankee niggers, who were running away every day. He gave them a hundred lashes, he said, more than a dozen times, but they never quitted running away till he fastened them together with iron collars round their necks, and chained them to spades, and made them do nothing but dig ditches to drain the rice swamps. They could not run away then, unless they went together, and carried their chains and spades with them. In this dreadful state he kept them two years, and said he never had better niggers; but one of them died, and the other

was never good for anything after he lost his mate. He never ran away afterwards, but he also died after a while. The man then told the two women he had bought, that if ever they ran away, he would serve them the same. Our irons were taken off; the women parted from us in tears and despair; and we proceeded on our way, having ten miles more to go that evening. When first relieved from my iron collar and chains, which I had worn for four weeks and five days, I felt a kind of giddiness in my head, from which I recovered after the first night. The next day we passed by cotton and rice fields, and crossed the Catawba river. The rice swamps were covered with water, having causeways raised through them; and they swarmed with frogs and thousands of snakes. The day before we arrived at Columbia we had for breakfast corn meal boiled in water, with a small piece of bacon to give the soup a taste of meat. For dinner we had boiled Indian peas, with a small allowance of bacon; which unusual liberality was no doubt to make us look fat and hearty, as we were to be sold at Columbia.

About three miles from the town, we stopped at the house of a kind of tavern-keeper, who invited my master to remain a few days with him, in order to be introduced to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood as a merchant of respectability. In Maryland my master had been called a negro buyer or Georgia trader, sometimes a negro driver; but here I found that he was elevated to the rank of a merchant of the first order—no branch of trade being more honourable than the traffic in us poor slaves—or *servants*, as the negroes are called by people of fashion in the slaveholding states. We remained here two weeks, and I saw a great deal of the customs of South Carolina. We also washed our skins and our clothes; and soap not being allowed us, we used a kind of oily clay resembling fullers' earth, which entirely cleaned us. We lived and slept all together in an old decayed building about forty feet square, without either doors or windows, and with no other floor than the earth. Our provisions were regularly distributed—a pint of corn and a pint of rice to each, and about three or four pounds of rancid butter divided amongst us. The rice we boiled, the corn we ground, and made the meal into bread. The butter was to recruit us after our long march, and give us a healthy appearance at our sale. We did no work; but gentlemen and ladies came every day to look at us, with a view to our purchase. We were minutely examined as to ages and capacity for labour, and our persons were inspected, especially the hands, to see if all the fingers were perfect, and capable of the quick motions necessary in picking cotton. Our master visited us once a-day, and declared to all visitors that he had purchased us in Virginia, either of ruined masters, or at public auctions, assuring them that not one had been known to steal or run away—the highest crimes of which a slave can be guilty.

II.

It was about the middle of June, the weather excessively warm, and from eleven o'clock A.M. till late in the afternoon, the sand about our residence was so hot, that we could not stand on it with our bare feet in one posture more than one or two minutes. I went into the cotton field, to see the labour in which I was to pass the remainder of my life; but I found that the slaves were not allowed to speak to me, as the master was present. After having been at this place between two or three weeks, we were marched to Columbia one morning before sunrise, and drawn up in a long line in a street opposite the court-house. After having been kept here about an hour to be looked at, we were removed into the jail-yard, where we were fed, and slept in the jail that night. The next day the town was extremely full; and about ten o'clock the jailor came to us, and after a long address to the crowd, he announced the most valuable lot of slaves that had ever been offered in Columbia—young, of good habits, healthy, and all purchased of tobacco planters in Virginia. A young lad was first sold for three hundred and fifty dollars, and he was led away, weeping bitterly. A young girl was the next sold, to a lady who attended the sales in her carriage, and made the biddings out of the window. In this manner the sales were continued throughout the day. The next was the 4th of July, and a day of general rejoicing. Cannon were fired, drums and fifes were played in the streets, and a great crowd of people gathered round the jail, many of whom were intoxicated, and sang and shouted in honour of free government and the rights of man. A table was spread in the street, at which several hundred people sat down to dinner at noon, and continued to eat, drink, and sing songs in honour of liberty for more than two hours. Gentlemen made speeches, in which they said it was an acknowledged principle of our free government that all men were born free and equal. About five o'clock the jailor proclaimed the sale of the slaves; and in a few minutes the whole dinner party, and hundreds of others, being assembled round the jail door, the jailor proceeded with his auction. The best of us had been kept back till the last, and the prices were higher this day. In three hours all were sold except three, of whom I was one. An old gentleman bought me, and desired me to follow him to a tavern, where I was left standing before the door, or sitting upon a log of wood, till ten o'clock at night, while my master and his companions were drinking toasts in honour of liberty and independence. Having sat down on a bench, I was driven from it by a gentleman in military clothes, who imperiously demanded how I dared to sit there. "Did you not see white people sit upon that bench, you saucy rascal?" said he. I excused myself

by saying it was near night when I came to the house, and I had not seen any white gentleman sit on the bench.

I remained on the log till the termination of the festival in honour of liberty and equality, when my master ordered me into the kitchen to sleep. He gave me no supper; but the people gave me a piece of meat and wheaten bread—the first I had tasted since I left Maryland. The next morning I ran by the side of my master's gig to his plantation, twenty miles from Columbia, through a region which had been pine forest, but was now partially cleared, and where I first saw the most beautiful of all trees—the southern magnolia. The foliage is splendid, the flower magnificent, and so fragrant, that the scent of a grove may be perceived at sixty miles' distance. My master was a wealthy planter, and had two hundred and sixty slaves. The house was of brick (an uncommon thing), and the gardens and hothouses were beautiful. The huts of the slaves were a quarter of a mile distant, in rows, and built of hewn logs, roofed with shingles, and floored with pine boards; these houses had chimneys, and were dry and comfortable. I was put to live with a middle-aged man, who had a wife and five children. The only furniture of the cabin was a few blocks of wood for seats, a short pine-wood bench for a table, and a small bed in one corner, composed of a mat made of common rushes, spread upon corn husks, and confined by a narrow slip of wood fastened to the floor by wooden pins. A common iron pot stood by the side of the chimney, and several wooden spoons and dishes hung against the wall. Several blankets also hung on wooden pins, and an old pine box stood in a corner. As I entered, a naked child, of four years old, ran from the corner, where it was watching a naked infant, to its father, and clasping him round the knees, said, "Now we shall get good supper." The father laid his hand upon the head of his naked child, and stood silently looking in its face, which was turned towards his own for a moment, and then turning to me, said, "Did you leave any children at home?" The scene before me, the question, and the manner of this poor man and his child, caused my heart to swell; and my thoughts returned to my wife's lowly dwelling in Maryland, where I had so often been on a Saturday evening when I paid them my weekly visit, and to my own little ones, who clung to my knees for protection and support, even as the poor little wretch now before me seized upon the weary limb of its hapless and destitute father, hoping that, naked as he was (for he had only the tattered remains of a pair of old trousers), he would bring with his return at evening its customary scanty supper. I was unable to reply, but stood leaning by the wall of the cabin, while my children seemed to flit by me in the dim twilight. My reverie was broken by the entrance of the mother with her three eldest children. She wore an old ragged shift; but the children, the eldest of whom appeared to be about twelve,

and the youngest about six years old, were quite naked. Her husband told her that the overseer had sent me to live with them; and she immediately began to prepare supper, which was corn bread, and the leaves of a plant called lambs'-quarter, boiled. The overseer sent me about half a pound of bread, and they gave me some of their greens; after which I went to sleep in the loft of the cabin, with only the blanket I had brought from Maryland for a bed.

The next morning I went to work with the rest at hoeing and weeding cotton. There were about a hundred and sixty-eight slaves. There was not an entire garment among us, nor a bonnet, cap, or head-dress of any kind, except my old straw-bonnet, which my wife had made for me; and this I soon laid aside, to avoid singularity. Some of the men had shirts, some ragged trousers; but no one wore both. Several of the women had petticoats, many shifts; but not one had both these garments. The overseer had a horn in one hand, and a whip in the other; under him were captains, who overlooked the other slaves. About seven in the morning, the overseer had his breakfast of bread, butter, cold ham, and coffee; and we had ours of corn-cake and water. Our dinner was the same, with a little salt and a radish. At night we returned home; and on Sunday evening each person received a peck of corn, which he might grind and bake as he chose. The women who had young children laid them by a fence, or under shade of the cotton plants, while they were at work, occasionally going to feed them. One poor woman loitered behind, to speak to me while we were returning from work; and not being present when her name was called, although but a few steps behind, the overseer called her, and me, and two others into the yard. Lydia (that was the woman's name) fell on her knees before him, begging forgiveness. "Where have you been?" said he. "Lie down." She was compelled to do so, and to remove her old tow-linen shift, so as indelicately to expose her, when he gave her ten lashes with his long whip, every touch of which brought blood and a shriek from the sufferer. The other culprits were then flogged; and the overseer, calling me to him, said, "Boy, you see how things are done here; I never whip a new negro unless he be an outrageous villain, when I anoint him a little at first. I settle every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for the conduct of the last few days. Do not repeat this offence."

This method of flogging is much practised in the south; and I have seen men and women nearly cut to pieces by it, though it does not sprain the thumbs and wrists like tying up. The staff of the whip is about twenty inches in length, with a large heavy head, loaded with about half a pound of lead. The lash is ten feet long, of strips of buckskin, tanned hard and dry, and plaited closely together, about the size of a man's little finger, tapering to the end, to which is fastened a cracker, nine inches

long, of stout sewing silk, twisted and knotted till it is as firm as the hardest twine. This whip, when adroitly used, is one of the keenest instruments of torture ever invented by man; it has superseded the cowhide and hickory, which bruise and mangle the flesh; while this cuts as sharply as a knife, and does not injure the bones.

Sunday came. We were not called out to work; but here, as everywhere in the south, the slaves are discouraged by all possible means from going to any place of public worship on a Sunday. This is to prevent their associating together, and plotting mischief. No slave can leave a plantation without a written order from the master or overseer; and any white man who meets a slave off the plantation without a pass, has a right to take him up and flog him. Passes are granted only on the most urgent occasions; and a cotton planter has no more idea of permitting his slaves to go at will about the neighbourhood on a Sunday, than a farmer in Pennsylvania has of letting his horses out of the field on that day. The planters also fear lest, by listening to preachers, and attending religious meetings, their slaves should imbibe the notions of morality and liberty contained in the gospel. For the same reason the cotton planters prevent the slaves from learning to read; and most of them are, in consequence, extremely ignorant and superstitious. Not the slightest religious regard is paid to Sunday; but the slaves are allowed to work for wages, and by this means the overseers who have no slaves get their field-work done. Many slaves work for other planters on a Sunday, and others work at their *patches*—little bits of unprofitable ground given them in some remote part of the estate, generally in the woods, where they plant corn, potatoes, pumpkins, &c. for themselves: this must be done on a Sunday. I must remark, that when slaves go out to work on a Sunday, they are never flogged, and they are honestly paid. Sunday is also the customary washing-day on cotton plantations; and the few clean garments among us were reserved for Monday morning. The earnings are spent in clothing, sugar, molasses, coffee, or tobacco; and some money may also be made in the rainy days, when the slaves do not work, by making baskets, brooms, horse-collars, and other things, which are sold among the planters. I could make wooden bowls and ladles, and I added my earnings to those of the slave Nero and his wife, with whom I lived, on condition that I should be allowed to partake of the proceeds of their garden. Before Christmas I had enabled Nero to buy blankets for us all, which Dinah made up into coats.

III.

About ten days after my arrival, we had a great feast at the *quarter*. I was sent with a boy into a swamp to find a bullock.

This was killed and cut up into quarters, the hindquarters being kept for the family, and the rest cut into small bits, and salted for the slaves. At night each family took a bowl to the house and received two gallons of soup, made of the tripe and offal, with bacon, green corn, onions, tomatos, and squashes boiled in it; this, with our bread, and peas from our garden, gave us an ample meal. It was Saturday evening; we had finished one grand division of the labours on a cotton plantation—the laying by the corn and cotton—and we had a good dinner, for which the slaves were extremely grateful to their master. We were also to spend the whole of Sunday in rest and banqueting, as the two forequarters were to be dressed for dinner; and we were permitted to send to the orchard for some early peaches, which were now ripe. At one o'clock we received two gallons of soup, about a pound of beef, a small piece of bacon, and nearly two pounds of corn-pudding, mixed with lard. This, with some molasses which we had at home, made a good second course to our meat and vegetables. On Sunday afternoon we had a meeting, at which a man from Virginia sang and prayed. This was a day of uninterrupted happiness; and seeing all about me immersed in pleasure, I forgot for the time all the wrongs I had endured, and enjoyed the happiness of our community.

At this time the rice was ripe, and we proceeded to gather it, which is a healthy employment compared with the weeding it. The latter operation is performed while the fields are laid under water, and the people live for several months in the mud and water, subject to unwholesome vapours, under the rays of a summer sun, as well as the chilly dews of an autumnal night. At the time of cutting the grain the field is dry. After getting in the rice, we were employed in making cider, and were allowed a good share of the apples. After our feast, we had no meat for several weeks. In August we had to store the fodder—next to working in the rice swamps, the most unhealthy labour of the whole year. The tops are cut from the corn, as in Pennsylvania, but the blades below the ear are pulled off by the hand, dried, and bound into sheaves; all which must be done before the morning dew is dried up, or in the night, at the most unhealthy season of the year. Hence arise agues and fevers; which, however, might be mitigated by giving the slaves proper provisions at this period. Early in August disease made its appearance among us. Several were attacked with ague; a complaint so much disregarded, that I have seen our poor people compelled to pick cotton when they were so shaken by ague that they could scarcely hold it; and many slaves are thus lost by dropsy and consumption who might have been cured at first. The sick slaves were well attended to in the sick-room—a large airy apartment, with straw-beds, and everything necessary for their situation. If a part of the attention shown here were bestowed upon the slaves in health, they would never be ill.

We had scarcely completed the securing of the fodder, and working up apples and peaches, when the cotton was ready for picking; a business which forms about half the labour of the year on a large plantation. In Carolina it commences about the 1st of September. The manner is this. The cotton having been planted in straight rows, each picker, provided with a bag tied round his neck, proceeds from one side of the field to the other, picking all the cotton from the open burs, on the right and left, as he goes; thus he takes half the cotton from each of the two rows. Others do the same, and thus the field is picked. A day's work is not estimated by the rows picked, but by the weight of cotton brought into the house at night; this, from a good field fully ripe, should be sixty pounds; but of an inferior quality, or not in full blow, fifty pounds is a day's work, and often much less. The work continues from August till January. On all estates the standard of a day's work is fixed by the overseer: if more be gathered, the picker is paid for it; if less, he is sure to be whipped.

I now entered upon a new scene of my life, in which my true value would be determined by my ability to pick cotton; an art which it requires some time to acquire. I soon found that, though a match for the best hands on the plantation at the hoe, the axe, or the flail, I was excelled in picking cotton by a boy of fifteen; and besides my shame at this, I well knew that the lash of the overseer would soon make itself familiar with my back if I did not perform as much work as other young men. But the overseer said, that from the appearance of my hands, I should make a good picker; and in fact, before the end of a week, there were but three slaves who could pick more than I could. At the end of a month I was able to return every evening a few pounds over the daily rate, for which I received my pay; but it was irksome labour, to which I never became reconciled.

As the Christmas of 1805 approached, we hoped for a holiday of three or four days, as in Maryland; but the overseer declared, with accusations of idleness and bad conduct, that we should have but one day, with a meat dinner and a dram. Accordingly, we each received a dram of peach brandy, and two hogs were cut up amongst us. I went and picked cotton all day, for which the overseer paid me. Such was my first Christmas on a cotton plantation. On the 1st of January we received our winter clothes. A new blanket was given to every one above seven years of age; shoes to those who picked cotton; and woollen stuff for a petticoat and short-gown to each of the mothers of small children. During this winter our family enjoyed roast meat twice a-week—racoons, opossums, or other game of my trapping. In the spring I made a small net of twine, and proceeded to the river to fish. I made a weir, and caught a half-bushel measure of fish, which I gave to my master and the overseer. My skill and success were praised, but I did not even get

a dram. However, on the next Sunday my master sent for me, and after inquiring about my knowledge of fishing, said that he intended to put me at the head of a fishing party. I was sent to clear the river of all the old trees and brush; and with the assistance of five other hands, I built two canoes, hoping that I should make some advantage of being head-man at the fishery. But on the day we launched the canoes, an ill-looking stranger came to take charge of the business, with the same authority over us as an overseer in the cotton field. We caught common river fish, of which we might keep as many as we could eat; but all the shad we caught were taken away by a black man, who came three times a-day for that purpose. The fish-master was to have a tenth part of all the fish we caught, and for a few days he did very well for his employer; but after a week, he began to relax in his discipline, as, to compel us to work all night, he must sit up and watch us. To this he could not submit; and one night he told me I was to be overseer that night, and he had no doubt I should keep the hands well at work. He then went to bed, and we worked hard all night. At sunrise I called him to divide the fish, but he did not come, and therefore I did it; at which he was so well satisfied, that the next night he again went to bed, leaving all to me. He had been very severe to us, making free use of a hickory gad which he carried; and we were all well pleased when he proposed leaving the night management of the fishery entirely to us, as we knew then that he was as much in our power as we were in his.

One evening a merchant-boat moored opposite our landing, and I rowed over to it, having a great desire for some bacon, of which I had never enjoyed a full meal since I came to Carolina. Upon inquiring of the captain if he had any in exchange for shad, he said he had a little; but that, as there was great risk in dealing with a slave, I must pay above the usual price. He offered me a hundred pounds of bacon for three hundred shad, which was twice as much as the bacon was worth; but he ran the hazard of being prosecuted for dealing with slaves—a high offence in Carolina. We delivered the fish, and received the bacon, the captain telling me that he should be down the river again in two weeks, when he would buy anything I had for sale, and give me half as much for cotton as it was worth in Charleston. We now lived sumptuously on our bacon, which we boiled, lest our master should find it out—as he would have done had we fried it. We spent two weeks thus, and were expecting the return of the boat, when the man who was with me when I received the bacon told me that he had laid a plan by which we could get thirty or forty dollars, if I would join him. He then reminded me of the captain's offer about cotton, and said that he intended to go one night to the cotton-house and fetch two bags: all he asked of me was, to make an excuse for his absence to the other hands, and help him to get the cotton into the

canoe when the boat came. I disliked the scheme; but my companion was not to be discouraged by anything I said, answering, that if I would not help him, he would do it alone. The next night Nero was missing. To the inquiries of the other people I said nothing, and it passed over. A few nights after, the boat came, and Nero was again absent for a short time; saying, on his return, that he had been to collect pine wood. When the man came in the morning to take away the fish, he said there was great trouble on the plantation; for that two bags of cotton had been stolen in the night, and the overseer had threatened to flog all the slaves on the plantation, in order to discover the thief, who he suspected had sold the cotton to a poor white man who lived in the pine woods, and was believed to be a receiver of stolen goods. As I was known to be well acquainted with these woods, I was sent for to assist in the search for the cotton; and before I left the fishery, I advised the master to be very careful not to let the overseer or master know that he had left the fishing to us at night. I said this, remembering that I was guilty as to the bacon, though innocent of the cotton business.

When I arrived at the *quarter*, as the slaves' huts were called, I observed that the overseer looked at me attentively, and then whispered my young master. We went to the white man's hut in the pine woods, where we found him and his wife, with two little children, eating roasted potatoes. They denied all knowledge of the cotton; and after having searched the cabin, the gentlemen and myself set out to scour the woods. Finding nothing, we returned to the cabin, which we found deserted, this lonely family having fled in haste. My young master forced open the door. The few articles of miserable furniture were thrown into a corner, and the dwelling was set fire to by the overseer—my young master boasting how he had routed one receiver of stolen goods out of the country. When we returned home, a strange gentleman, looking hard at me, said, "Boy, you appear to live well; how much meat does your master allow you in a week?" I was confounded at this, but replied that we had plenty of river-fish; but that, if our master would give us a little meat now and then, we should be very grateful for it. The gentleman said no more; but the overseer, declaring that I looked fat and greasy, and unlike the other slaves who lived upon river-fish, said if I told where I got the meat, I should not be whipped. Many words ensued. One gentleman advised a flogging; and it might have been done, but I proposed their taking me to the landing, and if the people there did not look like me, he might flog me. When we got to the landing, I appealed to the fish-master whether we had any meat; and he answering in the negative, and praising us as excellent hands, the gentlemen were satisfied; but the overseer ran about swearing at our being so fat, while the hands on the plantation were as lean as sand-hill cranes. Fortunately, the bags of cotton were not mentioned; but Nero

was so much alarmed, that I believe the least inquiry would have led him to confess the whole.

We left the fishery about the middle of April, when we found the corn and cotton had all been planted, and the latter transplanted. I had been a loser at the fishery, having been compelled to work for my master on Sundays, and thus losing all I could have earned on that day at the plantation.

IV.

After the first ploughing and hoeing of the cotton, thirty acres of rice swamp were to be hoed and weeded. No stranger can work for a week in a rice swamp at this season of the year without being ill; and the three new hands, with myself, were taken ill within the first five days. Bleeding and cooling medicine recovered me in about a week. Copperas was a part of my medicine: it is usually given to deter the people from complaining, until they can work no longer; but skill is required in administering it.

We had this year ten acres of indigo, which plant is worked nearly like rice, except that it is planted on high ground. The culture is disagreeable, as it requires constant weeding; and it impoverishes the land more than any other crop. The plants are steeped in water, and pounded; and the water having then been let off, the sediment which remains at the bottom is gathered into bags and hung up to drain. It is afterwards pressed, dried in cakes, and packed in chests for market. Washing and pounding is extremely unpleasant, on account of the filth and the stench arising from the decomposition of the plants. In the early part of June, the salted shad which we had received every Sunday was discontinued, and we received only a peck of corn and a pint of vinegar. I therefore resorted to my own expedients to procure animal food. This was considered a fortunate season, as no exemplary punishment had been inflicted for several months: there was some whipping every week, but not more than twenty lashes.

One Sunday, as I was seeking for turtles, this being the time of year at which they lay their eggs, I heard, in a very solitary part of the swamp, the sound of small bells. At first I was alarmed, and crouching down, I presently heard footsteps among the leaves, while the noise of the bells approached nearer. I was seized with horror, as I knew that a murder had been committed near the spot, and my horror was not abated by the sight of a famished-looking black man, entirely naked, his hair shaggy, and his eyes wild, bearing over his head something in the form of an arch, on which three bells were suspended. Upon a closer examination of this frightful figure, I saw an iron collar about his neck, with a large padlock hanging behind; he carried a

stout staff, with an iron spear at one end. I gave myself up for lost, and began to pray aloud, when the figure rushed into the water, beseeching me, in a piteous tone, to have mercy upon him, and not carry him back to his master. All my fears vanished at the sound of a human voice, and I perceived that he was only a poor African negro, and more wretched than myself. I persuaded him to come out of the water, offering him all the aid I could give; and we went to an open part of the wood, where he desired me to look at his back, which was seamed with the scars of the whip and hickory, from his neck to the lower extremity of his spine. The natural colour of the skin had disappeared, and was succeeded by a streaked and speckled appearance of dusky-white and pale flesh colour. He said his name was Paul; that he was a native of Congo in Africa, and had been a slave five years; that his master was often drunk, and that his chief delight was in whipping his slaves; that he had run away two years ago, after having been whipped with hickory switches till he fainted; that he concealed himself in a swamp for six months, but at last was betrayed by a woman who saw him. When taken, he was again whipped till he was unable to stand, and a heavy block of wood was chained to one foot, which he was obliged to drag after him at his daily labour for more than three months, when, having found an old file, he cut the irons, and again fled. He was again retaken a week after, and again whipped; and then the iron collar he now wore, with the iron rod extending from one shoulder to the other over his head, were put upon him. I had no implements to release him with, and all I could do was to give him some terrapius (a kind of small turtle), which I had found, and all the eggs I had gathered during the day. I lighted a fire for him; and having promised to bring a file and remove his fetters on the following Sunday, I returned home, terrified at the adventure. I often thought of the forlorn African during the week; and on the next Sunday, having procured a large file from a blacksmith's shop, I repaired to the swamp, but he was not there. The ashes of the fire showed that it had been kept up for several days, and the bones of the terrapius and of several frogs were scattered about; but no one had been on the spot since the rain which had fallen on the previous Thursday. While standing on the spot, I heard the croaking of ravens, and saw a turkey-buzzard, pursued by an eagle, come from the quarter in which I heard the ravens. I knew that the eagle never pursued the buzzard for the purpose of preying upon him, but only to compel him to disgorge himself of his own prey, for the benefit of the king of birds. I therefore concluded that some dead animal was near me, and thought that Paul might have killed a cow with a pine knot, and removed himself to where she lay. My curiosity was roused; but I had not advanced many yards when I felt a sickening stench. The trees swarmed with birds of prey, and clouds of carrion crows were flitting

about after their manner when they perceive some object of prey. I presently beheld the cause of all this in the putrid body of the unhappy Paul, suspended from a tree by a cord made of twisted hickory bark. It was plain that he had climbed the tree, fastened the cord to the branch, and sprung off. The bells had preserved the corpse from being devoured, the birds being alarmed as soon as they touched it. The body was never taken down, and I saw the bones on the tree several months afterwards.

About this time my master's eldest daughter was married to a planter of great wealth near Columbia; and the second, after some difficulties, was also married to a young gentleman, her inferior in rank and wealth. As he had no slaves or land of his own, he was to reside with his wife on a large tract of land belonging to my master in Georgia; and in September 1806, I was told that I, with eight other men and two or three women, must set out the next Sunday with our new master for Georgia, to make the place ready to receive our new mistress in the spring. I was much pleased with the manners and appearance of the young man, who appeared about twenty-eight years old. I was to drive the six mules which were to draw the wagon. Before we set off, my young mistress gave each of us two full suits of clothes, one of woollen, the other of hemp; a hat, and two pairs of shoes, with a trifle in money, enjoining us to do our duty. This conduct was so different to that I had been accustomed to witness, that I thought myself very fortunate in being her slave.

We departed: when we reached Augusta, my master pushed forward with the men, leaving me with the team to bring on the women, children, and goods; and on the sixth day I reached the settlement in a heavy forest. My master gave me three dollars and twenty-five cents for my good conduct, and I hoped now that all my troubles were ended, as I did not consider labour any hardship, if I was well treated and cared for. We made two cabins, with glass windows, which I had brought; two other cabins, and a stable; and then began to clear the land. After a few days my master took the wagon and two boys to the settlements to buy provisions, leaving me to superintend the work. We all worked very hard; and at the end of a week our master returned, bringing meal, bacon, salt, and other things; and the day following, a white man drove to our station several cows, and above twenty hogs; all which required no feeding at this time of the year, when nuts and grass are abundant. We now lived very differently from what we had done, having plenty of bacon, with bread and sweet potatoes. But a few days before Christmas, a messenger came with news of the death of my old master, and that difficulties required the presence of our young one. We had in these two months cleared forty acres of land; and my master, taking an account of everything, placed the whole under my charge, and departed, promising to return in a month. We heard nothing of him till late in January, when the eldest son of

my old master came to the settlement with a strange gentleman, and we heard, to our surprise and sorrow, that our young master had been killed in a duel by one of the suitors my young mistress had refused, who had combined together to revenge themselves on both husband and wife.

In all parts of the cotton country there are taverns for gambling and drinking, frequented by all classes of planters, and kept for gain by men utterly without character. In these sinks of iniquity are assembled all the profligate, the drunken, and the idle. In a country where the white man never works, not even to oversee the labour done on his own plantation, the number of those who frequent these gaming-houses may be imagined. My young master kept aloof from the tavern; but the conspirators invited him there on some pretence about his property, and having succeeded in quarrelling with him, challenged him to fight over the table at which they sat. He had no pistols, but a pair was offered to him; and the result was as might have been expected—he was killed at the first fire, while his antagonist escaped unhurt. My mistress became immediately delirious; she recovered her reason at times, but died in the summer following of fever, leaving an infant a few days old.

The estate on which I now resided was let immediately to a man from Savannah, who would not have been a bad master, had he not been as much a slave as I was. I saw many families in the south; but my new mistress was the worst woman I ever saw there. Her temper was as bad as that of a speckled viper; and her language, when she was enraged, was a mere vocabulary of profanity and virulence. When left to himself, my master was kind and humane towards his people; and if he had possessed courage to whip his wife two or three times as he whipped his slaves, to compel her to conduct herself in a manner befitting her sex, I should have had a tolerable time of servitude with him, and should probably have remained a slave in Georgia till this day. Before my mistress came, we had plenty of meat; but after her arrival, we had no meat, a very short supply of bread, with badly-cooked sweet potatoes, and a very small quantity of sour milk; while my mistress gave the slaves she brought with her both meat and milk. However, my master sometimes gave us a flitch of bacon, which he stole from his own storehouse, telling us not to let his wife know it. This woman hated me, because my master placed confidence in me, and treated me as the foreman of his people. Wages were high in this country, and I could sometimes earn a dollar and a half on a Sunday. My master gave me an old gun, which I got repaired, and became a hunter, in which I soon was expert, shooting the deer at salt-licks* which I made in the woods, and thus living well. Serpents of various kinds swarmed in this country; and I have

* Salt-licks—spots of natural salt, to which wild animals instinctively resort in herds.

killed more than twenty rattlesnakes in a day. Copper-heads were innumerable; but the worst snake is the moccason, which is quite as venomous as the copper-head or rattlesnake, and much more active and malicious. Vipers, and other poisonous reptiles, were also very numerous. In the swamps was a monstrous serpent; it is brown, with ashy-white spots, and lives by catching rabbits and other animals, and I have no doubt would attack and swallow children several years old. I once shot one more than eight feet long, and as thick as a man's leg; when coiled up, it was as large as a small calf lying in its resting-place. Panthers, wolves, and other beasts of prey were common in the woods. Snakes congregate either in groups or pairs; and if one be killed, another soon appears near the place. I one day killed a rattlesnake full six feet in length, of a corresponding thickness, and with fangs an inch and three-quarters long. A few days after, in jumping from the top of a fence near the spot where I had killed this one, I alighted close to another rattlesnake, quite as large, lying at full length. To my surprise it did not attempt to bite me, nor even to throw itself into a coil: it only sounded its rattles, loud enough to be heard a hundred yards off. I killed this also, and found the body so stuffed with corn meal, that it could not coil itself, and thus my life was saved; for the bite of such a snake is almost certain death.

Being in the woods one Sunday, my dog showed fear at something he saw in the cane-brake. I had my axe with me, but not my gun, and after vainly endeavouring to induce my dog to enter the cane-brake, I started on my way home, my dog keeping a little in advance of me, but frequently looking back. I had not proceeded far, when the cause of the dog's alarm became manifest; for, looking round, I saw a huge panther creeping along the path after me, like a cat stealing on its prey. I endeavoured to urge my dog to attack him; but in vain. When I stood still, the beast lay down, his eyes fixed upon me; when I moved forward, it moved also: in this way I proceeded, the panther sometimes within twenty paces of me, until I came within view of my master's clearing, when it turned off into the woods. When I told my master of my adventure, he sent for some dogs, and immediately started off in pursuit of the animal, which, near daybreak the next morning, they shot in a tree, having hunted it nearly ten miles. It measured eleven feet ten inches from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail.

In the autumn, I accompanied my master into the Indian country to purchase horses: an expedition which, I believe, yielded him a handsome profit. He now fell into bad health, and the temper of my mistress became daily worse. I went to Savannah with my master to purchase groceries, and on a plantation where we rested I saw a slave punished by *cat-hauling*. The cat was placed on the bare shoulders, and forcibly dragged by the tail down the back and along the thighs of the prostrate

slave, tearing the skin and flesh with its claws and teeth. It is the most excruciating punishment I ever saw inflicted, and very dangerous: the claws of the cat being poisonous. The cat was drawn thus twice down the backs of three slaves. Soon after my return from Savannah, two slaves on a neighbouring plantation were hanged for murdering their master; and another slave was whipped nearly to death, only for having been in the house when the murder was committed, and not having given immediate information of it: the guilty couple themselves declaring his ignorance of their intention. All the slaves were ordered to attend this execution; and it was estimated that fifteen thousand persons were present, half of whom were blacks. After the bodies were cut down, drinking, gambling, horse-racing, dancing, and fighting took place. Booths and tents had been erected; and every species of amusement and excess to which the southern people are addicted, was carried on from the day of execution (Thursday) till the following Monday. My master became worse; and in March two brothers of my mistress came to reside with her. About three weeks after their arrival, they told me they were going to whip me, as they thought it would be good for me. Resistance was vain; I was tied to a tree in the yard, and drawn up by my hands till my feet no longer touched the ground. The first strokes of the hickory were like scalding water running along my back; but after a hundred or more lashes, a dead, painful aching seemed to penetrate my very bones. As I hung by the rope, I swung round, and saw my master, as pale as death, standing by the door, and commanding his brothers-in-law to desist. Finding his words disregarded, he made his way to me, leaning on his stick, and placing his skeleton form beside me as I hung, threatened to send for a lawyer if they struck another blow. This stopped my punishment: they cut me down, and carried my poor master into the house. My mistress compelled me to have my back washed with brine, and I was then permitted to go to bed. The next day I could not turn myself; my shirt adhered to my back, and could not be removed till after my mistress had me washed in warm water, and warm grease rubbed over me. She was afraid I should die; as it was, she lost a month of my labour, and me in the end. As soon as I could walk, my master sent for me, and with tears beseeched me to remain faithful during his short life; which I promised, though I determined to attempt my escape as soon as he should be in his grave. My master had an old sword, which I thought would be useful to me; I therefore secreted it. I was uneasy at robbing so good a man, but I knew he would never want it again.

My master died in May, and I followed him to the grave with a heavy heart, for I felt that I had lost the only friend who could protect me against the tyranny and oppression to which slaves on a cotton plantation are subject. Had he lived, I should never have left him, for he had promised to purchase

me of my owners in Carolina; but when he was gone, I felt the parting of the last tie that bound me to the place where I then was, and my heart yearned for my wife and children, from whom I had now been separated more than four years.

I held my life in small estimation, if it was to be worn out under the dominion of my mistress and her brothers; though, since the death of my master, she had greatly ameliorated my condition, by giving me frequent allowances of meat and other necessaries. I believe she entertained some vague apprehensions that I might run away, and betake myself to the woods for a living—perhaps go to the Indians; but I do not think she ever suspected that I should make the hitherto untried and hazardous attempt to find my way back to Maryland. My purpose was fixed, and now nothing could shake it. I only waited for a proper season of the year to commence my toilsome and dangerous journey, as I must procure my own subsistence on my march.

I furnished myself with a tin case containing flint, steel, and tinder. In one side of the greatcoat which my master had given me I quilted a scabbard of old cloth, in which I could safely carry my sword. I also procured a small linen bag, which held more than a peck, and filled it with the meal of the parched corn, which I ground at night. I had the boots repaired which my master had given me; and before the 1st of August, I had completed all my preparations with such secrecy, that no one suspected my design. I only waited the ripening of the corn. On the 8th of August, I perceived that nearly half of the ears were so far grown, that, on being roasted, they would afford a food on which a man could live pretty well; and I resolved that the next day I would take leave of this plantation for ever.

After having taken an affectionate leave of my poor dog, whom I was obliged to leave behind me, as the success of my attempt depended on secrecy and silence, I went to work as usual, and worked till one o'clock, when, having tied my knapsack with my bag of meal on my shoulders, I went off towards the forest, keeping as nearly as I could a northern course all the afternoon. At night I lay down and slept soundly, without kindling a fire or eating anything. When I awoke, and could see my way, I walked on until about eight o'clock, when I came to a river that I knew must be the Appalachie. I sat down on the bank and made my breakfast, using my meal very sparingly, as my most valuable treasure, and though I had in my pocket three Spanish dollars, which, however, could not avail me anything. The morning was sultry, and the thickets along the margin of the river teemed with insects and reptiles. After taking my breakfast, I prepared to cross the river, which was here about a hundred yards wide, with a sluggish and deep current, too deep to be waded; so I prepared to cross it by swimming, which in my youth I had learned in the Patuxent.

I stripped myself, bound my clothes on the top of my knapsack, with my bag of meal above my clothes, then drawing the knapsack close up to my head, I threw myself into the river. I kept in a straight line to the opposite bank, and when I had reached it, I turned round to view the place from which I had set out on my aquatic passage; but my eye was arrested by an object nearer than the opposite shore. Within twenty feet of me, in the very line I had pursued, was a large alligator moving in full pursuit of me, with his nose just above the surface, in the position which that creature takes when chasing his prey. The alligator can swim more than twice as fast as a man, and had I remained ten seconds longer in the water, I should have been drawn to the bottom. After adjusting my clothes, I again took to the woods, and bore a little to the north-east, having determined to turn down the country, so as to gain the line of roads by which I had come to the south. I travelled all day in the woods, but a short time before sunset came within view of an opening in the forest, which I supposed to be cleared fields; but on a closer examination, finding no fences or other enclosures round it, I advanced into it, and found it to be an open savannah, with a small stream of water creeping slowly through it. At the lower side of an open space were the remains of an old beaver dam, the central part of which had been broken away by the stream. Around the margin of this former pond I observed several decayed beaver lodges, and many stumps of small trees; these had been cut down by this industrious little nation, which had fled at the approach of white people, and had gone to seek refuge in the deepest solitudes of the forest from the glance of every human eye. As it was growing late, and I thought I must be drawing towards a settlement, I determined to encamp near the beaver dam. I again took my supper from my bag of meal, and made my bed among the canes which grew in the place. I slept but little, for it seemed as if all the owls in the country had assembled: their hooting and chattering commenced soon after dark, and continued till dawn. Owls are very numerous in all parts of the south, especially in the low grounds with which the waters are bordered. Although I had passed many nights in the woods at all seasons, I had never before heard so deafening a chorus of nocturnal music.

In the morning I arose from my couch, and proceeded cautiously along the woods, keeping a continual look-out for plantations, and listening attentively to every noise I heard among the trees. When the sun had been up two or three hours, I saw an appearance of blue sky before me, which showed that the trees had been cleared from a spot at no great distance; and as I advanced, I heard the voices of people in conversation. Sitting down among the palmetto plants, I soon perceived that they were coming nearer to me. I now heard the tramp of horses, and soon saw two men on horseback, with rifles on their shoul-

ders, riding through the wood at the distance of about fifty or sixty yards from me. Perceiving that these men were hunters, I remained perfectly silent, listening to their conversation. When I could distinguish their words, they were talking of the best place to take their stand for the purpose of seeing the deer; from which I inferred that they had sent men with dogs to some other point to rouse the game. After they had passed near me, and were beginning to recede, one of them asked the other if he had heard that a negro had run away the day before yesterday from Morgan county, to which his companion answered in the negative. The first then said he had seen an advertisement offering a hundred dollars reward for his recovery, and that his name was Charles. The conversation was interrupted by a cry of hounds, and the horsemen soon rode out of my hearing.

It was necessary now to be doubly vigilant. I resolved to travel no more in the day-time, as I was very likely to be discovered by the hunters in the forest. I was extremely hungry; but being unwilling to encroach further on my bag of meal, I crept through the low ground to a fence, beyond which I saw a plantation of cotton, and at the distance of half a mile tassels of corn in a field. Being sleepy, I crept into the bushes, and hungry as I was, fell asleep. From the position of the sun when I awoke, I thought it might be one or two o'clock. At this time of the day the heat drives every one from the forest; therefore I cautiously approached the fence opposite the corn field, and after a careful examination, I ventured to cross it, and pluck about a dozen good ears of corn, with which I crept back to the thicket in safety. Not daring to kindle a fire in the forest, lest the smoke should betray me, I ventured to a swamp which I knew to be near by the appearance of the timber; and when a quarter of a mile within it, I collected some dry wood, and kindled a fire for the first time on my journey. After I had roasted and eaten as much of my corn as I could, I lay down and slept for three or four hours, when, it being evening, I thought it prudent to leave the swamp.

I had learned to distinguish the north star and the seven pointers, and as soon as these were visible, I began my march through the woods as nearly due east as I could, in order to gain the road leading from Augusta to Morgan county, deeming it more safe to travel the high road than the open country by night. With the north star on my left hand, and taking care to keep at a great distance from the houses belonging to the plantations which I passed, I travelled at least twenty-five miles that night, passing through a peach orchard, with the fine ripe fruit of which I filled my pockets and hat, and in crossing a corn field I pulled a supply of roasting ears, with which, and my peaches, I retired at daybreak into a large wood, where, in a thicket of high whortle bushes, I breakfasted, and lay down to sleep.

In the evening I commenced my march, and travelled till

about one o'clock in the morning, when I came upon a beaten road, which I determined to pursue, supposing it led to Augusta. At daylight I turned into the woods, and concealing myself in a thicket of young pines, I remained undisturbed during the day. At dark I again returned to the road, travelling as silently as possible, and listening to every sound that I heard. After about an hour, I heard the approach of horsemen, to avoid whom I concealed myself behind the trunk of a large tree. As they passed, I heard one of them ask another if it was not about five miles to the Oconee, which satisfied me that I was on the high road leading down the country.

I waited until these horsemen were out of hearing, and then followed them at a brisk walk. In less than an hour I came to a river, which I supposed to be the Oconee; and having previously found that river fordable with a wagon and team, I prepared to ford it now. I procured a long stick from the shore, and entered the river with all my clothes on except my greatcoat and pantaloons, which I carried on my back. The river was not more than four feet in depth; and I had proceeded beyond the middle of it, when I heard horses in front of me, and presently several horsemen advanced into the stream towards me. I stooped down, leaving only my head and the top of my pack above the surface, and waited while the strangers had given their horses water. They then entered into conversation together; and one said it was his opinion "that that fellow had not come this way at all." The other then asked what his name was, and the first replied "that he was called Charles in the advertisements, but that runaway negroes always took a false name." I now knew that I was within a few feet of a party patrolling the country in search of me, and that the obscurity caused by the fog alone saved me from them. After a pause of a few minutes, the gentlemen rode on, and were soon out of hearing.

I remained in the water a quarter of an hour; then, after wringing the wet from my clothes, I left the road, and ascended an eminence which was clear from fog, and from which the stars were visible. It was now certain that the whole country had been advised of my flight; but it was equally certain that no one knew the course I had taken, as these were the same men who had passed me early in the night, and from whom I learned the distance to the river. From the hill I saw that the road which I had left led through a plantation, the house and other buildings on which appeared to be such as I had before seen; and from an open space in the thicket, I became satisfied, after the sun had risen, that this was the residence of the gentleman who had so kindly entertained my master and me as we went to and returned from Savannah with the wagon. Although this gentleman had told me to come and see him if I passed this way again, I knew, notwithstanding the benevolence of his character, that to see a runaway slave on his premises, and not cause him to be appre-

hended and sent home, was held to be one of the most dishonourable acts to which a southern planter could subject himself.

I stood and looked at the house of this good planter for more than an hour after the sun had risen. I saw the overseer and hands proceed to the field, the black women go to the cow-pen with their pails, and the smoke rise from the kitchen chimney. I saw two young ladies and a brother come to the door; and at last I saw the gentleman himself leave the house and walk towards the stables. It was like throwing one's-self in the way of a lion, who is known sometimes to spare those whom he might destroy; yet I resolved to approach this planter and tell him my story. I did so, meeting him in one of the yards. At first he did not know me; but I reminded him of having been at his house. I told him I was a runaway; that my master was dead; that my mistress was so cruel I could not live with her, showing him at the same time the scars on my back. After a short silence, the gentleman said, "Charles, I will not betray you; but you must not stay here. It must not be known that you were on this plantation, and that I saw and conversed with you. However, as I suppose you are hungry, you may go to the kitchen and get your breakfast with my house-servants."

Going into the kitchen as he ordered, I was soon supplied with a good breakfast of cold meat, warm bread, and as much butter-milk as I chose to drink. The lady of the house, with her two daughters, came in and gave me a dram of peach brandy, which did me more harm than good, though I drank it thankfully; and a black man brought me a dollar and a package containing at least ten pounds of bread and meat, saying that his master desired me to quit his premises as soon as I had finished my breakfast. I obeyed, and left this truly hospitable house with my most fervent blessings upon the head of its inhabitants. It was yet early in the morning when I regained the woods on the opposite side of the plantation.

I could not believe it possible that the white people whom I had just left would give information against me; but still I thought it prudent to travel some distance in the woods before I stopped for the day. I also resolved to quit the road, and travel by woods and fields for two or three nights. In the afternoon it rained, but I was kept tolerably dry by a large magnolia. It cleared in the evening, and I continued my journey on that and the two following nights: on the third night I encountered a danger that had nearly proved fatal to me.

I had been on my road two or three hours, when I entered a plantation that lay quite across my way. All seemed to be quiet, and I went into a peach orchard, the fruit of which was of a fine large kind, called the Indian peach, one of them being often as large as the common quince. I had filled all my pockets with this delicious fruit—which is of a deep red—when I heard the loud growl of a dog near the house. I stood still, but he

growled on; at length he approached me, and barked out. I started off for the woods; but he barked louder, and was followed by another dog, also barking. Being light of foot, I was able to escape into the woods, by keeping the dogs at bay with my stick; but now I heard the shouts of men encouraging them, and it was clear that I must be taken in a few minutes. I thought of my master's sword; and snatching it from the sheath, I cut at the head of the largest and fiercest of the dogs, laying it open from the neck to the nose. He gave a loud yell, and fell dead upon the ground. The other escaped over a fence into the field, where he set up a clamorous barking. I made the best of my way through the woods for an hour without stopping. I had lost almost all my peaches in this affray, and tore my clothes sadly in running through the woods—a disaster not easily repaired; but I had proved my judgment in putting up the sword as the best part of my travelling equipage.

It was now necessary to travel as fast as possible, and I certainly lost no time; but I believe I went in a zig-zag or circular route; though, when daylight appeared, I was moving towards the south, as I intended. I lay down to rest in a thicket of low white oak bushes, and slept till ten or eleven o'clock, when, having eaten my breakfast, I again lay down, but felt an unusual sense of disquietude and alarm. I arose and looked for a more secure retreat, but not seeing any, I lay down a third time, still uneasy. Finally, I removed to the side of a large black log, intending to go to sleep; but before I had been here more than twenty minutes, I heard the voices of men and the trampling of horses. I lay with my back to the log in such a position that I could see the place where I had been in the bushes. Two dogs went into this little thicket, and three horsemen rode over the very spot—seventy or eighty yards from me—where I had lain in the morning. Horses and voices were immediately at my back, around me, and over me. Two horses jumped over the log by the side of which I lay—one a short distance from my feet, and the other within two yards of my head. The horses saw me, took fright, and started off; but fortunately their riders—who were probably looking for me in the tops of the trees, or expecting to see me start before them in the woods, running for my life—did not perceive me, and attributed the alarm of their horses to the black appearance of the log; for I heard one of them say, "Our horses are afraid of black logs: I wonder how they would stand the sight of the negro if we should meet him." There must have been twenty horsemen; and there were more dogs than I could count; but, fortunately for me, they had not been trained to hunt negroes in the woods. If some of the kept dogs, as they are called, had happened to go into that thicket instead of these, my race would soon have been run.

Long after the enemy was gone, I lay still, trembling in

every joint; and when I arose, I found myself so completely bereft of understanding, that I could not tell north from south, east from west. I could not even distinguish the thicket; the sun, moon, and stars seemed out of their places. I had sense enough not to leave the spot; and I remained here three wretched days, oppressed with alienation of mind, and conscious of the infliction. My joy on the third morning at seeing the sun rise in his proper place cannot be described. When I recovered, I proceeded along a broad road, and crossed the Savannah river into South Carolina. In the afternoon of the next day rain came on, with a high wind, and continued through the night. I took shelter in a hollow tree, whence I perceived that the country around was well inhabited, and that the wood was surrounded by plantations. I therefore made my way at night to a large forest, where, not being able to kindle a fire, on account of the wet weather, I passed the night wretchedly. Next day I penetrated the forest, and choosing a spot of high ground, I erected a sort of rude booth by cutting the bushes with my knife. Here I remained for eleven days, during which time the sun scarcely showed himself. I procured corn from a field about a mile and a half from my camp; but my patience was worn out at being thus weather-bound. At length the wind arose, the sun shone, and the fleecy clouds assured me that the rains were over. At nightfall I returned to the road, keeping the north star always on my left hand. This road must have been that leading to Charleston; and as many people travelled it by night as well as by day, my progress was very slow. At the end of a week I found myself in a flat sandy country, and concluded I was approaching the sea instead of Columbia; in order to be certain of which, I passed several nights secreted by the roadside, to listen to the conversation of travellers. At length, from the drivers of some wagons, I found that it was as I feared; that it was sixty miles to Charleston, and that I had completely mistaken my course.

Not knowing what to do, I retraced the road for several nights, and then determined to travel due north, trusting to Providence to guide me to some road which might lead me to Maryland. I made my way pretty well the first night; but then a dense fog came on, and I was compelled to remain for a week in a swamp, during which time I was exposed to the equinoctial gales, which raged for four days with a fury that I had never witnessed before. When the weather had become clear again, I set forth, and came to a broad road, which I pursued cautiously, crossing many small streams, and one narrow, but deep river.

I had as yet fallen in with no considerable towns, and going round by the woods, I had avoided small hamlets; but on the fourth night, after crossing the river, I came to a considerable village, with lights burning in many of the houses. I knew the

danger I was in from the patrols, with which all southern towns are provided, and endeavoured to avoid the place by going round it; but I was prevented by a broad river, and after wandering a long time in swamps and pine woods, I found I could not pass the village that night. I was therefore obliged to remain in a swamp during the day. On the following night I soon found myself in an open country of cotton and corn fields, with numerous houses, from which the barking of dogs was incessant. I felt that I was in the midst of dangers, and that I was entering a region very different from the wilderness through which I had lately passed. At length I perceived a large town, which, the country being open, I despaired of passing at a distance, and of finding the road again. I therefore determined to run all risks, and attempt to pass it in the dark. I came to a broad river between me and the town, and finding several small boats, I seized one, and was quickly on the opposite shore. I entered the silent town, and reached its centre without seeing even a rat in motion. Finding myself in an open space, I stopped to examine the streets, and recognised the jail of Columbia, and the tavern in which I was lodged the night after I was sold.

This discovery made me feel almost at home with my wife and children. Hastening to the extremity of the town, running rather than walking, I took shelter in the pine woods at dawn. I had now been travelling two months, and was still so near the place whence I had departed, that I could have walked to it in a week by daylight; but as I knew the customs of South Carolina, and the usual movements of the night patrol, and as I had travelled the country before, I now hoped my progress would be more rapid. I once narrowly escaped a band of patrollers; but knowing that they never remain out all night, except in times of apprehended danger, and the country appearing to be quiet, I felt little fear of them. There was plenty of corn in the fields, and the sweet potatoes had not yet been dug, so there was no scarcity of provisions, and my health and strength were good.

Thus did I persevere in my almost hopeless attempts to regain that liberty of which I had been so unjustly deprived. At length my bag of meal was exhausted. I could not always procure fresh corn, and when I did, I dared not make a fire to roast it. I was therefore often in great misery from want of food; besides which, my clothes were torn by the thickets through which I was obliged to pass, and my strength began to give way under the violent extremes of wet and cold. Once I was entangled in a swamp, from which I had just extricated myself with great difficulty, when I saw a large alligator crawling through the mud towards me, ready to devour me. Had it been in the night, I could not have escaped. At another time hunger made me venture into a barn stored with corn; here I sheltered myself for several nights under the husks, leaving it

in the morning when the men came to work. Occasionally I was able to kill an opossum or a wild hog; but I dared scarcely make a fire to dress them, lest the smoke should be seen. The weather was becoming cold; snow fell for days together, and my clothes did not protect me; besides which, I was twice nearly drowned in crossing the rivers, being too much benumbed to swim. In such dangers the winter passed away. March came, and I calculated that I had entered Virginia. I passed through Richmond, the capital, in the night, and I may call this my boldest exploit; for it must be remembered that any one might take up and whip a slave who could not show his master's passport. Near Richmond I had a narrow escape from a mulatto, who endeavoured to knock me down. I had no doubt this man was one of those wretches employed to kidnap people of colour, to sell them in the southern states. I reached the Matapony river; and knowing that I was near Maryland, I travelled till daybreak, when I found no shelter near, and was compelled to pass a house by the roadside, in order to reach a wood. I was seen, and a white man called to me to stop; which order being disregarded, the dog was set upon me, and a gun fired. I was wounded in the legs, taken, ironed, and carried to prison, after having been so beaten with sticks and stones as to be almost senseless. In the jail my wounds were dressed, food given me, and I remained there a month, recovering health and strength, but seeing no means of escape. At length, by accident, I discovered one of the door-posts of my cell to be unsound, and at night I contrived to wrench away my irons, to force the hasp out of the door-post, and thus to get into the jail-yard, whence I easily escaped to the road, and by great haste and caution crossed the Patuxent into Maryland.

About one in the morning I reached my wife's cabin, and rapping lightly, was asked "Who is there?" I replied, "Charles;" but even when she saw me, she could scarcely believe it was her long-lost husband. The children had forgotten me, though they knew they once had a father: however, we were soon very happy. I felt no longer hunger or fatigue, and my wife seemed to forget all except that I was at home again. But when the first happiness was over, I began to dread the future, as I was a runaway slave. I went to my wife's master, who advised me to conceal myself for a time, which I did; and the war breaking out soon after, I went on board one of Commodore Barney's barges in the Patuxent river as cook. I was present at the blowing up of the British vessels in the Patuxent, and afterwards marched with the troops to Bladensburg. I could not but admire the handsome manner in which the British officers led on their worn-out soldiers. General Ross was one of the finest-looking men I ever saw on horseback. I took part in the war on the shores of the Chesapeake and Patuxent. In this and the following summer, several thousand slaves deserted to the British men-of-

war which came up the river. A Mrs Wilson, who owned more than a hundred slaves, lost them all in one night. Ransom was offered for them; and I went on board the English frigate as servant to one of the gentlemen. The black people were promised freedom and lands in Trinidad, and I was offered this also, but I refused, and a sloop took away the fugitives to sea, while I found myself in the enemy's hands without a chance of getting home; for we had sailed out of the river, and they dared not land me and my master on the coast just yet. While I was on board, two prisoners made their escape, which enraged the captain very much; and he repaid it by landing on the shore, burning three houses, killing cattle, and carrying away a great deal of plate. I saw many such atrocities in the summer and fall of 1813. I continued with the army after the sack of Washington and defence of Baltimore; but in 1814 I quitted the army, and went to work at the latter place as a free man. My wife died in 1816. I enjoyed good health, and by labour as a market-gardener, I had, in 1820, built a small house, purchased twelve acres of ground, a yoke of oxen, cows, and saved three hundred dollars in money. I had married again, had four children, and looked forward to an old age of comfort, if not of ease.

V.

In June 1830, as I was ploughing, three gentlemen came up to me with a wish to take me to Baltimore. Unconscious of any offence, I prepared to go, when I was knocked down, bound, and carried away without being allowed to speak to my wife. I was lodged in the jail, and next day I was claimed by the youngest brother of my mistress, who had whipped me before my master's door in Georgia. I was strongly ironed, and a fortnight after was driven, with a number of other black people, to Washington, where, in the grounds fronting the president's house, I saw an old gentleman who I was told was the president. In four weeks we reached Millidgeville in Georgia, where the man who kidnapped me resided. I was put to work: but I had enjoyed liberty too long not to think of a second escape. August was a good season to travel, as there was food in the fields and orchards; but, remembering my former sufferings, I resolved to escape to some seaport, and get on board a vessel bound to a northern city. I put on an appearance of contentment, to deceive my master; but having learned from the family affairs that my master had no right to me as his sister's slave, I went to a lawyer at Millidgeville to try to get my freedom. He told me that, by the law of Georgia, every man of colour was presumed to be a slave until he could prove that he was free; but that if I would sign a paper to serve him for a year, he would endeavour to get me freed. However, on the next Wednesday I was whipped

with the long negro whip, for no fault, till I was insensible, and could not appear before the judge who was to decide my cause. Two weeks after, it was decided that, by the law of Georgia, every negro was presumed to be a slave till he could prove his freedom, and the white man in whose custody he was found was declared to be his master. From this time life was a torment; I was whipped in the field, compelled to cut wood after field hours, and locked up at night. Even on a Sunday I was under the charge of an African negro. But fortune once more befriended me.

Late in September much rain fell, and my door being clumsily fitted, and swelled with the damp, the overseer left it a little open, and I forced it sufficiently to get out. I set off quickly, passed through Millidgeville, gained the open country, and hid myself in a swamp. But next morning five or six men rushed upon me, crying, "Kill him! kill him!" They bound me, and carried me to their companions, who were drinking, singing, and playing cards. Among them was my master, who, after much abuse, sold me to a planter for five hundred and sixty dollars. I was taken fifty miles down the country, and eighty miles from Savannah. Here I was again a slave on a cotton plantation, twenty years after my first flight. After about a week, my master told me he never flogged, but that if I came to the house in the evening, he would show me a more effectual punishment. I saw a pump, the spout of which was about thirteen feet above the ground; the water was cold, and descended in a large stream upon the head of the poor woman who was to be punished. She had been stripped naked, and tied to a post directly under the spout. When she had been under the stream about a minute, she began to scream piteously; she then became convulsed; and in another minute her head sank upon her breast in silence. She was then removed insensible; but recovered her faculties in about an hour. Those who have endured this punishment say that at first the water is not painful; in a short time it feels like the heavy blows of large rods; and that, by degrees, becomes more and more painful, until the skull and blade-bones appear to be broken in pieces. Finally, the breathing is oppressed, and sensibility ceases. This scene of torture determined me to make my escape immediately; and on the Sunday evening following, I stole softly across the cotton fields, taking with me a bag containing my allowance of food. I kept on steadily all night, and carefully avoiding every appearance of a road, I proceeded for four days, when I came to a broad high-road, near which I concealed myself, that I might judge, from the people I saw, to what country it led. By the number of horsemen, carriages, and cotton wagons, I guessed that I was near some large town. I therefore descended to the road at night, and travelled it till daybreak, passing many houses, and much well-cleared country. As I was resting by the fence, a wagon

laden with cotton passed me, and the driver, a black man, offered me a lift to Savannah. I accepted this, and accompanied him to the wharf, where I assisted him to unload, for which he gave me a good breakfast. I then hired myself to help in loading a ship with cotton, bearing in mind the chance of thus escaping. They were three days in loading, during which time I had contrived to pack the cotton bags so as to leave a space in the centre of the hold large enough for a man to conceal himself. My wages being paid, I bought two jugs—the large one I filled with water, the small one with molasses—also twenty pounds of pilot bread; and at night I went on board, and watching an opportunity when the man on duty had gone forward, I glided down amongst the cargo with my jugs and bread. The ship sailed the next morning; and very glad was I when I felt the waves of the ocean break against her. I was in total darkness, and knew nothing of time till I heard a man call out, "That is Cape Hatteras." At length I felt the ship strike against some solid body, succeeded by much noise and bustle, and at length the hatches were opened. At night I crept up, and seeing no one about, I left the hold, and stepped upon a ship alongside. A man seized me for a thief, but I persuaded him to let me go; and stepping upon the wharf, I once more felt myself a free man. I concluded I was in Philadelphia, as I had heard the ship was bound thither. Meeting an old gentleman in the street with drab clothes on, I asked him if it were so, and he civilly answered in the affirmative. He seemed concerned for me, either because of my wretched and ragged appearance, or because I was a stranger, and did not know where I was; and he led me to the house of a black man, whom he told to take care of me till morning. He then brought me an entire suit of clothes, and gave me money for a hat and shirts. He then said, "I perceive that thou art a slave, and hast run away from thy master. Thee can now go to work for thy living; but take care that they do not catch thee again." I told him my tale. At first he seemed incredulous; but when he had heard all, he became more than ever interested in my fate. This gentleman, whose name I must not publish, has always been a kind friend to me.

After remaining in Philadelphia a few weeks, I resolved to visit my little farm in Maryland, to sell my property, and return with my wife and children to Philadelphia. On arriving at Baltimore, I went to a tavern-keeper who had bought vegetables of me; he was extremely surprised to see me, and advised me to leave Baltimore directly, showing me a handbill in his bar-room offering one hundred and fifty dollars for my apprehension. I left the house directly, and Baltimore that night.

When I reached my former residence, I found a strange white man living there, who said that a runaway slave had formerly lived there, but that his master had come the summer before and carried him off; and that the wife was also a slave; and that

her master had taken her and her children, about six weeks before, and sold them at Baltimore to a slave-dealer from the south. This man also told me that he was not in the neighbourhood when the woman and her children were carried away, but that he had received his information from a black woman who lived half a mile off. I went directly to this woman, whom I knew well: she had been set free some years before, and resided, under the protection of her former master, on his land. She could scarcely believe her sight when I entered the door; and her first words were, "Lucy and her children have all been stolen away!" At my request she gave me the following account of the manner in which my wife and children, all of whom had been free from their birth, were seized, and driven into southern slavery:—

"A few weeks after they took you away," said she, "and before Lucy had sufficiently recovered to be alone with her children, I went to stay with her. We went to bed about eleven o'clock, and after some time, were awakened by a knock at the door. This being repeated, Lucy asked who was there. She was then told, in what seemed to be the voice of a woman, to get up and open the door, for that the person had something to tell her that she wished to hear. Lucy, thinking it was a black woman whom she knew, rose and opened the door, when five men rushed in, closed the door, made a light in the fireplace, and proceeded deliberately to tie Lucy with a rope. The bed was then searched for the children; and I was found, and dragged out. This seemed to alarm the men, whose faces were all black, but whose hair and features were those of white men. A consultation was held about me, and at length it was agreed that it would be dangerous to take me, lest my old master should cause them to be pursued; but one of them said, that if I were left at liberty, I should give intelligence of the affair; and that if it were discovered by the Abolition Society before they had time to get out of Maryland, they would certainly be detained and punished. They therefore tied me with cords to one of the logs of the house, and gagged me by tying a rope on my mouth, and confining it closely at the back of my neck. They then took the children from the bed, tied the eldest boy to his mother, and drove them out of the house together; and I never saw nor heard any more of Lucy or her children. For myself, I remained in the house, the door of which was carefully closed and fastened, until the second night after, without anything to eat or drink. On that night some unknown persons came and cut the cords that bound me, when I returned to my own cabin."

This intelligence almost deprived me of life; it was the most dreadful misfortune I had suffered. It was now clear that some slave-dealer had come in my absence, seized my wife and children as slaves, and sold them to such men as I had served in the

south. They had passed into hopeless bondage, for ever beyond my reach. I was myself advertised as a fugitive slave, liable to be arrested at any moment, and dragged back to Georgia. I rushed out of the house in despair, and returned to Pennsylvania with a broken heart.

For the last few years I have resided about fifty miles from Philadelphia, where I expect to pass the remainder of my days in working hard for a livelihood, without the least hope of again seeing my wife and children; fearful at this day to let my place of residence be known, lest, even yet, it may be supposed that, as an article of property, I am of sufficient value to be worth pursuing in my old age.*

Such are some of the horrors of slavery, described by one who had suffered deeply from this atrocious and unnatural system. The personal inflictions which the system authorises, are sufficiently dreadful to raise our horror. Some of the punishments are, as we have seen, little short of murder; ruining the constitution of the victim, and inducing disease, if not death. This goes even beyond any legal power which man may exercise towards his fellow-creatures. Hitherto, when slaves escaped from the southern to the northern or free states, they were reclaimed by law, and, as in the case above narrated, have actually been sent back to their former condition. It would appear that this at least shall not take place again in reference to the state of New York. A poor slave boy having escaped on board a vessel to New York, was reclaimed; but the case being brought before the competent tribunal, it was determined that the runaway should be set at liberty. The scene at the court-room on the release of the boy slave was very tumultuous—ladies bursting into tears, crowds huzzaing, gentlemen making congratulatory speeches to the negroes outside, &c. The newspaper which mentions this circumstance goes on to say, that in the border states the abolition spirit is so active, that slavery is gradually giving way, from the insecurity of slave property. Other circumstances tend to the same result; and it could not, in the nature of things, be otherwise. No powers which slave-owners can employ are able to prevent the spread of intelligence respecting the sentiments and movements of the northern abolitionists. The press, that marvellous engine of civilisation, has latterly also been more than usually active in impressing correct views as to the continuation of slavery within the bounds of the republic. Everything, in short, concurs in demonstrating that the days of this iniquitous system are numbered.

* This account of the Life of a Slave is abridged from a lengthy narrative published in New York in 1832.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

THE microscope of late years has claimed so much attention from almost all observers of natural history, has added so much to our knowledge of the various changes and processes going on in the organic kingdoms, that a slight glance at its history, and the wonderful phenomena revealed by its aid, may not be unacceptable to the general reader. Many persons who have had recourse to this instrument as a mere toy, to while away an idle hour, have been insensibly led, by the extraordinary wonders it revealed, to become ardent and persevering cultivators of science. Many others have been obliged to give up its use, from the want of a few plain and simple directions for preserving the different objects they may meet with for future examination and comparison. The purport of the following pages is to obviate the difficulties which the young microscopist may encounter, to instruct him in the easiest and cheapest method of procuring a good instrument, to point out some of the numerous subjects in nature which will amply repay him for the time spent in their investigation, as well as to refer him to the sources from which information may be gained; and lastly, to educate him in the best method of making preparations, so that he may readily obtain for himself—what every microscopist is anxious to possess—a rich and well-filled cabinet.

The various sciences are so intimately connected, so imperceptibly merge into each other, the one serving as a stepping-stone to the next, that in process of time the student is amazed at finding himself led into the prosecution of inquiries of which, at the outset, he had never even dreamed. Thus the study of minute animalcules leads the observer to dive into the mysteries of a higher organisation, until he finds himself induced to extend his researches into the forms and development of plants and insects; rendering himself thereby acquainted in some degree with botany and entomology, from whence he ascends to the consideration of the structure of higher animals, until at last he is made acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the most highly endowed—Man. To arrive at this, much time and labour must be spent; many difficulties have to be overcome; but the delightful hours spent in the pursuit, independent altogether of the knowledge gained, will be found to be ample compensation. And further, to quote the words of Professor Owen, if the astronomer be led from the contemplation of the countless orbs that traverse boundless space, to the adoration of the Creator in his almightiness; so the observation of the perfections of his minutest works, which, though invisible to ordinary ken,

unfold new perfections with every increased power of observing them, ought to impress us with a lively sense of that all-caring-for and all-seeing Providence, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and by whom every hair of the head is numbered.

THE INSTRUMENT.

The precise period at which microscopes were invented is not known; but the first instruments of the kind consisted of simple lenses only, which of course were limited to a very low degree of power. The more powerful the lens, the greater obscurity and loss of light prevailed; a defect that was remedied in some measure by the use of stops or diaphragms, so as to cut off all the outer rays, which, owing to the decomposition of the light, tinged the margin of the object with halos of red and blue. After a short time, the power was found to be materially improved by adding a succession of lenses placed at the bottom of a tube, and appending an eye-piece, consisting of two lenses, placed at certain distances. Thus was formed the compound microscope as it at present exists, with some few modifications, principally applied to the object-lenses, or those placed nearest to the subject of examination. But these were always accompanied by great decomposition of the rays of light, which was, as in the case of simple lenses, attempted to be remedied by the use of diaphragms, so as to cut off the decomposed rays, and allow only those passing more immediately through the centre of the lenses to meet the eye. As might be expected, from so much light being lost, the object under investigation was rendered dull and indistinct.

About the year 1730, Mr Hall, an Essex gentleman, made two telescopes, which were preserved by persons ignorant of their qualities, and which were afterwards found to be constructed on the achromatic principle. In 1747, Euler of Petersburg made several experiments on lenses, which failed in success; but his theory attracted the notice of Dollond, who, in 1757, presented the Royal Society with a perfectly achromatic telescope, and for many years he and his son possessed a European reputation as makers of these instruments. It was not, however, till long after this date that the principle was applied to the microscope; somewhere, we believe, about the year 1820, when Mr Tulley commenced a series of investigations in lenses composed of different kinds of glass, varying in specific gravity, the result of which was the manufacture of an achromatic glass in a great measure free from spherical aberration. In 1812, Sir David Brewster composed a lens of compound glasses and liquids of different densities, which, though admirably adapted for the purpose, was found, from its complexity, to be impracticable. In 1816, Frauenhöfer of Munich, and in 1824, Vincent and Charles Chevallier of Paris, constructed glasses possessed of nearly every quality to be desired; and then commenced the era of microscopic inves-

tigation, which was destined to be of such service in the furtherance of science.

It is not the object of this paper to enter on a discussion of the nature of optics, for which the reader is referred to the various works on that subject; but a slight description of an achromatic lens may not here be inappropriate. Light, in passing through a double lens (*a*), becomes refracted; the colours (seven) of which the white ray is composed become thereby separated, tinging the object seen, and especially its margin, with a rainbow halo. Now, to render a glass achromatic—that is, without colour in effect—it must be corrected by allowing the rays to pass through some medium differing in substance, so as to *re*-collect the light scattered, and thereby *re*-form the white pencil of light previously decomposed. To attain this end, a double convex lens is accurately fitted into a plano-concave lens (*b*) of flint glass. These kinds of lenses are now fashioned with great accuracy, negativing the idea which Newton formerly entertained—that the formation of an achromatic lens was a matter of impossibility; his reasoning on the subject being the consequence of his non-acquaintance with the fact, that different bodies are possessed of different degrees of dispersive power. The great perfection now attained has been chiefly brought about by the skill, labour, and investigation bestowed on the subject by the Messrs Goring, Pritchard, Professor Amici of Modena, Chevallier of Paris, and Messrs Smith, Powell, and Ross of London. Indeed it seems almost impossible to improve on the splendid object-glasses manufactured by the two last-named opticians. All microscopes now in use are made on the achromatic principle, excepting such as are sold as mere toys, and which, for scientific investigation, are worse than useless. For dissection, a single microscope is usually had recourse to, as the compound one reverses the object, and it requires considerable use and practice to work with it for this purpose. The one which the writer has been in the habit of using is that invented by Raspail, the celebrated French microscopist, the price of which in Paris is thirty francs, or about twenty-five shillings English. It is provided with four lenses, varying in power from fifty to three hundred diameters. The two lowest powers are the best for use, the focus of the other two being so near, as to cause great danger of having the glasses scratched when using the instrument. A microscope very similar to Raspail's was invented by Mr Varley; it possesses the great advantage of two arms attached to the stage, for the purpose of resting and steadying the hands of the operator. The compound instrument now in use is a very expensive and elegant piece of mechanism, and is only within the reach of the wealthy. It is fitted up with various complicated appurtenances, and having its stage and focal movements supplied by intricate rack and screw-work. They vary

in price from forty to ninety and one hundred guineas. For this sum a first-rate instrument may be procured, containing all the newest and most exquisitely-finished lenses, and provided with a complete polarising apparatus. Mr James Smith's microscope is made pretty much in the same way as the generality of these expensive glasses, and, like them, possesses the convenience of allowing the body to revolve on a joint, so as to admit of the person examining an object with the tube in a horizontal position, which is a great relief to both eye and head. Each instrument is furnished with several eye-pieces, lenses of different power, reflectors, condensers, compressors for holding animalcules, a stage for examining the circulation in frogs, &c.

It fortunately happens that all these expensive improvements and fanciful arrangements are by no means necessary to carry on a series of researches into the most minute branches of natural history; and though, by the use of a Powell's or Ross's lens of 1-5th or 1-12th inch focal distance, the beauty, markings, size, &c. are very materially increased, still, for all objects of utility, the simpler and less expensive microscope manufactured by Mr Harrison, optician, Osborne Street, Hull, for the moderate price of seven guineas, will be amply sufficient. This instrument has received the unqualified approbation of many of our first-rate microscopists for its steadiness, power, solidity, and portability. It is constructed so as to admit the application of Ross's or Powell's high-power lens; and for a few shillings extra charge, condensers can be added, for the purpose of throwing light on opaque objects.* Indeed it cannot be too often repeated, that with a high power, there is loss of light and loss of definition in proportion; and it is only the novice, who is fond of seeing "fleas as big as elephants," where all the beauty of the markings and fine colour is lost, and only a minute fraction of the object can be viewed at one time.

Swammerdam, who wrote and published the result of his dissections in 1660, had to work with all the disadvantages attendant upon the use of imperfect instruments. Leuwenhoeck, who made public his discoveries about the year 1677, laboured under the same unfavourable circumstances. The plan of the latter microscopist was to grind his own lenses, which practice he carried to so high a degree of perfection, that he excelled all the opticians of his day in this branch of their art. Each object prepared by him was furnished with its own proper lens, attached by a wire at the right focal distance. It is astonishing, at this distance of time, when microscopic anatomy is so well understood, from its being taught as a branch of education in our medical schools, and from the superior power and achromatic

* In addition to the instruments of Ross, Smith, Powell, Raspail, and Harrison, here recommended, Dr Mantell expresses his confidence in those manufactured by Mr Andrew Pritchard of London, and by Mr Dancer of Manchester.

construction of our lenses, how little there is to be found fault with in the published works of these two ingenious writers. Ellis, the discoverer of the true nature of zoophytes in 1752, had to labour under the like inconveniences, and very little remains to be corrected in his work. Hill, Hooke, Adams, Baker, &c. had all to observe with the defective microscopes of their day—with their want of definition, loss of light, and chromatic aberration; and we may take the liberty of doubting, if they had possessed more perfect means of observation, whether their accounts would have been more worthy of attention than they now are. The faulty construction of their glasses rendered a greater degree of care necessary. Theories and opinions founded on a single observation were not hazarded; but a rigid series of examinations was had recourse to, in order that no error might creep in. Again, there is much in the education of the eye itself. A person who is in the habit of using a low power, will detect at a glance what a person uneducated in this branch of science would not be able to see with a much higher power; and the latter will, perhaps, require to have the true appearance sketched out for him before he will be able to see what is perfectly evident to the more experienced observer. And so it might happen that, from long use of a bad chromatic instrument, the eye might be able immediately to detect fallacies occasioned by lenses deficient in construction, as well as to correct the various discolorations owing to decomposed rays of light. Many microscopists have become good observers by their own perseverance; but the years they have devoted to the task, the difficulties they have had to overcome, the mistakes they have made, are known only to themselves. In the present day, from the diffusion of cheap works in almost every department of science, the inquirer may commence the study of any branch of knowledge free from the trouble and difficulties which formerly beset the path of the student; and in this particular walk, many and excellent books, at a cheap rate, may be met with, tending to obviate the inconveniences which formerly attended the pursuit. The excellent works of Pritchard and Goring, Tulk and Henfrey, &c. need only be referred to.

Many instruments are made, termed pocket microscopes, by the various opticians in London and elsewhere. These are very well made in their way, and for the prices at which they are sold, but their principal defects are a want of solidity and freedom from motion. Now it is absolutely necessary, in the examination of small objects with a high power, that the microscope should be perfectly free from all tremor; for with a high-power object lens the slightest motion is magnified, until it becomes a matter of the most serious inconvenience—the walking of a person across the room, nay, even the breathing of the observer, being sufficient to cause an alteration in the focus, and interfering so as to prevent a good view from being obtained. More-

over, the generality of these instruments are fitted with rack and pinion, for the purpose of gaining a focus. Now this is a matter of the utmost consequence; for in the examination of a delicate object, the focus of the instrument often lies between the escape of one tooth and the taking up of the next, so that the minuter parts cannot be brought out, owing to the faulty construction of the adjustment, and the blame perhaps is laid on the lenses, which may possess all the requisites of first-rate glasses. To obtain a good focus, the means for adjusting the instrument should be through the medium of a screw acting on a spiral spring, a mode by which we may obtain an adjustment of a thousandth part of an inch with the greatest accuracy, and without the slightest tremor.

In the selection of a microscope, the beginner should never trust to his own judgment, but should be assisted in his choice by a person acquainted with the subject, unless he apply to some well-known manufacturer of the article, such as have been mentioned, who are too well known as men of integrity and science to send out imperfect instruments for the sake of making a few paltry pounds. It is not intended to cast any unworthy imputations on opticians generally; but it cannot be denied that many persons calling themselves by this name are ignorant of the qualities which constitute a good instrument. The best way, therefore, will be to apply to a well-known maker, or to get a person acquainted with the use of the microscope, to decide on a choice, which he will be able to do with the assistance of a few test-objects, well known to all who are in the habit of using high-power glasses, such as the scale of the *Podura plombea* or skiptail, a small wingless insect, the size of a flea, found in damp cellars. The surface of the scale or feather of this insect should be seen covered, as it were, with a great number of little delicate marks of admiration. Another excellent test-object is the shell of the *Navicula sigma*, a small shell found in fresh-water pools. It should appear with a number of transverse lines occupying the whole surface, recrossed by delicate longitudinal ones, giving it the appearance of a finely-barred window. Should the instrument show both these test-objects well, it may unhesitatingly be pronounced a good one.

ITS GENERAL REVELATIONS.

Having now described this instrument, we shall lay before the reader a general view of some of the wonders revealed by its aid in the organic kingdom. In the hands of the anatomist and physiologist it is indispensable, as, without it, he would be utterly unable to prosecute his inquiries into minute anatomy, where its help is required to unfold the mysteries of ultimate structure, the purposes which this fulfils in the animal economy, and the changes which are constantly going on in it. The medical man has recourse to its aid, to enable him

to arrive at a correct diagnosis. The botanist dissects and unravels thereby the structure of trees and plants, and is enabled to lay open to view the wonders to be met with in the vegetable world—the formation of the wood, the motion of the sap, and the uses and development of leaves, flowers, and seed. The chemist, for the purpose of examining minute crystals. The entomologist, for the dissection and classification of insects. Even the ornithologist has recourse to its help, for in a letter written a few years ago by Mr Denny of Leeds to a distinguished naturalist in a distant part of the world, it was recommended to pay particular attention to the insects infesting the bodies of certain birds, in order that some clue might be afforded for placing them in the exact situation or class which they ought to occupy, and regarding which it was shrewdly suspected some error existed. The comparative anatomist makes use of it to determine the form, habit, and class, from the structure of the teeth, of animals which lived and have become extinct on our earth for many thousand years. Thus Professor Owen, from the examination of the structure of the tooth of the megatherium, by demonstrating the identity of the dental structure with that of the sloth, has yielded us an unerring indication of the true nature of its food. By the aid of the microscope, the basilo-saurus, the monarch of the saurian tribe, has been degraded from the head of the reptilian, and placed at the bottom of the mammiferous class. And the sauro-cephalus has also been removed from the saurians to the class of fishes by the same means. By the aid of high-power magnifying glasses, we are informed that our island was once possessed of a climate nearly approaching to a tropical one; for if we examine a piece of drift-wood, found in the *eocene* clay (so called from its being the dawn of a new creation) of the estuary of the Thames, we shall find that these fragments belonged to a class of plants nearly allied to the pepper tribe, and that they flourished in company with the turtles, vultures, crocodiles, and boa-constrictors of the Sheppey district.

Every department of nature teems with minute objects of animal and vegetable life, which are of the utmost importance in the economy of this earth, and which are totally unrecognisable by the naked vision. Many of these animals and vegetables are unrivalled for the beauty and complexity of their forms. Some are productive, as will be shown, of great changes, which have been effected, or are still going on, in the earth's surface; and some are productive of the greatest mischief and destruction. To illustrate the former, we need only mention the filling up now going on in the harbours of Wismar and Pillau, in the Baltic; and the production of coral-reefs, and their gradual conversion into new islands. The potato disease is an instance of devastation now going on, and is said to be caused by the development of a minute microscopic fungus in the cells of the tubers of this vegetable.

Our knowledge of the wonderfully-diversified forms of animal life has been much increased by the ingenious discoveries of Ehrenberg, who found no interruption in the chain of animal life in the vicinity of the north and south poles, where it is impossible for animals of a larger kind to support existence. There, forms hitherto unknown to the microscopic observer present themselves, astonishing him with the beauty and novelty of their forms. In the antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, there were collected, in latitude 78 degrees 10 seconds south, in fragments of ice, upwards of seventy different species of flint-shelled *polygastrica*. Many of these were *coscinodiscæ*, with their beautiful green ovaries, which were enabled to resist the great degree of cold. It is not only in particular localities that these species are found, but the ocean swarms with innumerable examples of minute animal life. Samples of water taken up by Schayer in 57 degrees south latitude, on his return from Van Diemen's Land, as also between the tropics, contained many and various kinds, without their presence being indicated by any discoloration of the fluid. Some belong alike to all climates and seasons; some are common to arctic and antarctic regions. Animal life reigns alike under the sunny skies of the south and the frozen regions of the north; on the surface of the tropical sea, and in the dark and dismal recesses of the ocean, only to be explored by the long line of the sounding-lead; in the earth, in the air, on the damp wall; in the blood of the frog and porpoise, as well as in that of many other animals; in the gills of fish, and the stomachs of mammalia; in the brain, muscles, and heart of man, as well as in the eyes, skin, and on the teeth, are to be found instances of minute animal life, all of which are familiar to the naturalist, and are named and classed in his catalogue.

Infusorial animalcules — so termed from their being most readily obtained by exposing an infusion of some vegetable to the atmosphere—are everywhere miraculously abundant. Steep, for example, a handful of meadow-hay in a jar of water, and in a few hours a great number of small animalcules will be found to be present, by the aid of a glass, in a drop of the fluid. The numbers will be materially increased by keeping the infusion for a few days; and the more common ones will be succeeded by the production of others of a different species. During the first few days, a variety of monads only will be found; these will be succeeded by the *paramæcia*, *amœbæ*, and by the *rotatoriæ*, or wheel-animalcules. Every ditch in which there is vegetation will present numberless examples of animal life, astonishing the beholder with varieties of forms of which previously he had no conception; the most fetid sewer, the most noisome drain, will be found fertile in forms which will strike the beginner by their novelty, beauty, variety, and wonderfully-curious structure. "Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us," says Professor Jones, "from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself,

and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious, and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted Nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small, that in all probability human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation." Nor is this confined to animal life. Forms of vegetation the most astonishing are here shown: some partaking of a tropical character, and some so wonderful in structure and physiology, as to render it a matter of difficulty to decide to which class of the organic kingdoms they may be referred. As an example, the *diatomaceæ* are instanced, so called from the filaments of which they are composed being cut up into segments, and adhering by their angles; zoologists and botanists alike claiming them as legitimate subjects of their own proper kingdom.

NAKED INFUSORIA.

The infusorial animalcules will be here divided, for the sake of simplicity, into two kinds—the *illoricated* and the *loricated*, as they are termed. The former are composed of a simple homogeneous soft substance, analogous to fine membrane, and are, as it were, naked; the latter are covered by a siliceous or flinty lorica, or external shield, in which the animal is enclosed, this shell being either single or two-valved. The simplest and most common form of infusorial life is the monad. This animal, of which there are many kinds differing from each other, and varying from the twenty-four-thousandth to the five-hundredth part of an inch in size, and of which one drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals!—a greater number than our earth contains of human inhabitants—seems to consist of a fine pellucid membrane, with a number of green or coloured spots in its interior, which Ehrenberg regarded as stomachs, filled with the food on which they subsist. Hence the class to which he refers them derives its name—namely, the Polygastrica, or Many-stomached. These stomachs comprise only a simple sac, connected with which is no intestine, but the undigested particles of food are ejected from the mouth; their means

of progression are effected through the medium of *cilia*, fine hair-like processes, by which the whole surface of the animal is covered, and which are constantly vibrating; they are supposed also to contribute to the office of respiration, by causing a fresh current of water to be constantly thrown over the body, the surface of which acts as gills. It may here be not inappropriate to give a history of the cilia, and the different purposes to which they are subservient in various animals. They were first discovered by Leuwenhoeck, and afterwards by Baker, the former of whom first noticed them in the mussel. The gills of the tadpole, as well as the whole body also, are profusely covered with these minute appendages, in a constant whirl, laving the whole surface of each with a constant supply of their natural element, and serving the purpose of respiration by affording a fresh quantity of oxygen, at the same time carrying off the carbonic acid generated in the blood during its passage through the circulatory system. The cilia are found in great abundance on the mucous membrane of the larynx, trachea, bronchial tubes, ventricles of the brain, the pericardium or membrane investing the heart, the peritoneum covering the intestines, &c. of all animals, where they are subservient to different purposes, and favouring by their motion the passage of the various fluids. They may be observed in the ova of frogs, and in the larvæ of the amphibia, when very young. It requires a high magnifying power to witness the motion of the cilia. The easiest and most familiar method is that of the common mussel; a portion of the mantle, or part covering the shell on its inner side, should be carefully cut off, and placed between two plates of glass, with the addition of a drop of water, and viewed with a power of about five hundred diameters. A number of beautiful lines will then be presented to the eye, bordered with hundreds of cylindrical acutely-pointed filaments, in constant motion, and serving the double office of respiration, and directing the current of water containing animalcules, on which the animal lives, towards the mouth. These appendages vary in size in different animals, from the 1-12800th to the 1-1020th of an inch!

The researches of Ehrenberg have made us intimately acquainted with the nature of the motion of the cilia. He considers that the filament is affixed at its base to a bulb, and that a slight turning of this bulb on its fixed base causes the filament to move round in large circles, thus forming a cone, the apex of which is the bulb. Many of the infusory animalcules have the base covered with cilia, others only possess them as a fringe around the mouth, whilst others are wholly without them. The vibratile action of cilia on the various membranes of animals is not arrested by death, but is observed to continue in many instances for some hours afterwards; neither does it seem to be affected by the action of poison, galvanism, or electricity, excepting immediately at the spot where the wires are placed. The means

by which the ciliary motion is performed are not understood, but is still a matter of debate whether it is called into action by a minute set of muscles supplying the base of each bulb, or depends on some other means. That the rotation of the cilia in the wheel, and some other animalcules, is dependent on muscular exertion, is highly probable, since it is a voluntary action dependent on the will and caprice of the animal, and ceases at its death; but how far this is the case in the instance of the peritoneum, larynx, &c. of the higher animals, where it continues for hours after death, is extremely questionable. For further information on this question, the reader is referred to an excellent article on the subject by Dr Sharpey, in Todd's "Cyclopædia of Anatomy."

The manner in which infusoria obtain admittance into various fluids has been a subject of debate for some years. The startling idea of spontaneous generation has been broached. Wrisberg thought they were formed from minute particles in the fluid, which gradually began to move, and obtained life by degrees. Gruithuisen fancied they proceeded from the extractive matter, acted on by the infusory medium. The more generally received opinion is, that these animals, or their germs, float about as atoms in the atmosphere, and become vitalised or revivified on being deposited in a medium favourable to their development. Instances of animals, more highly organised, apparently dying when the fluid has been dried up for a length of time, and again resuming the state of active life on being furnished with a drop of water, are familiar to the microscopist. It may be observed in *Rotifer vulgaris*, or the common wheel-animalcule, and in the *Vibrio tritici*, an eel-like animal, causing the ear-cockle or blight in wheat. Both of these animals may be brought back from apparent death to active life after having been kept in a perfectly dry state for several years. What favours the supposition of animalcules being deposited either in the germal state, or from their bodies being dried up and floating in the air, is the fact, that in a series of well-conducted experiments, performed by Schulze some years ago, where water was distilled and well boiled, in order to destroy any animal life it might contain, the vegetables, for the same reason, exposed to the heat of an oven, and the air admitted to the vessel, which was hermetically sealed, through strong sulphuric acid: on the vessel being placed in the sun, after the lapse of some time, not a single animalcule could be detected, though a jar by its side, made of the same materials, but open to the atmosphere, was found to swarm with living beings.

"I tell thee that those living things,
To whom the fragile blade of grass,
That springeth in the morn,
And perisheth ere noon,
Is an unbounded world.

I tell thee that those viewless beings,
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Enjoy and live like man;
And the minutest throb,
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fixed, and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule yon rolling orbs."

The increase of animalcules takes place in two ways—namely, by ova, and by spontaneous self-division. On viewing a number of monads, one may be seen with a small constriction in the middle of the body, which, if the individual be carefully watched, will be found to increase until the whole body seems to be, as it were, cut in two, and a couple of fully-formed animals are seen, which are ultimately detached, and follow a separate existence. In the monad species, the separation is usually in the transverse diameter of the body; in the *vorticella*, longitudinal, as also in the loricated or siliceous shelled infusoria. In the *volvox*, the increase takes place by the animal resolving itself internally into a number of smaller animals, which rupture the external coat, and commence life on their own separate account. In the *paramecium*, before division takes place, a new mouth is formed first when the fissure commences at the intermediate space between the two oral apertures. Thus it will be seen that minute animal life is capable of immense increase in a very short period of time—many thousand new animals being called into existence in a few hours. It has been computed that a cubic foot of Tripoli, or polishing-slate, consisting of the siliceous remains of infusory animals, and made up of the remains of many billions of individuals, might proceed from a single parent dividing, and its progeny again dividing and subdividing, for the short period of twenty-four hours! Professor Owen has justly remarked, that "Malthusian principles, or what are vulgarly so called, have no place in the economy of this department of nature. To the first great law imposed on created beings, 'increase and multiply,' none pay more active obedience than the infusorial animalcules."

The incurious or querulous may ask, "To what end are these beings, too minute for ordinary vision, created? What purpose in the scale of creation can such tiny insignificant animals serve?" This question might perhaps, with better reason, be put to the questioners themselves. In all probability it would be found that people of this stamp are in reality of less use in their sphere of action than that which these little beings are destined to fulfil in theirs. Our own health and wellbeing more or less immediately depend on the important offices in nature which they were created to perform. There is no elementary and self-

subsistent organic matter in nature, as Buffon erroneously taught. The inorganic particles of matter into which all organic substances are finally resolved, are refitted for sustenance through the medium of the vegetable world. No animal can subsist on inorganic matter. Plants, therefore, act a very important part, standing between animal life and its immediate destruction; and in this great office they derive considerable assistance from the polygastric infusoria, which receive organic substances in the state of the most minute subdivision, and turn it back by a new route to the highest point of the animal system; for they act as scavengers, in devouring, in the state of comminution and decay, those particles of decomposing vegetable matter which, if left to be diffused through the atmosphere, might be productive of the most pernicious malaria, with disease and death in its train. In their turn they afford subsistence to the rotatoriæ, which, again, are preyed on by fishes; and thus a food is prepared fit for the nourishment of the more highly-organised animals.

Every one will have noticed at times passing ditches of a deep-green colour, not from the presence of weeds, but appearing as if it had come from a dyer's vat. On placing a drop of this fluid beneath a microscope, the water will appear perfectly clear and pure, but inhabited by myriads of small animals (the *Enchelis pupa*), with a ruby-coloured eye, and its stomachs filled with vegetable matter of a deep-green colour; the immense quantity of these animals, though invisible to the naked eye, causing, from the contents of their stomachs, and their aggregate numbers, the deep-green colour observed. Again, sometimes a sewer is found covered at the bottom with a white incrustation resembling hoar-frost, which, on examination, is found to depend on an immense number of animalcules being present (the *campanularia*, or bell-flower animalcule), in shape like a wine-glass, fixed on a long contractile stalk. With their beautiful cilia in motion, they will be seen stretching themselves out in their search for food, which consists of the more minute infusoria—or shortening themselves, by means of throwing their stem into spiral coils. There is not a more splendid sight revealed by the microscope than that afforded by a number of these beautiful creatures. In the case of the *enchelis*, how vast a quantity of putrefying vegetable matter is removed from a state of decay, and its consequences prevented! In the latter of the *campanularia*, how great the number of infusoria required to support their existence, which must previously have fed on decomposing vegetable matter! Let no one carp, therefore, at anything on account of its minuteness or apparent insignificance, since the smallest will hereafter be shown to have exercised an all-important part in the formation of this world. "The majesty of God," as Hobbes expresses himself, "appears no less in small things than in great; and as it exceedeth human sense in the

immense greatness of the universe, so also doth it in the smallness of the parts thereof." Again, Ehrenberg—"The microscopic organisms are very inferior in energy to lions and elephants, but in their united influence they are far more important than all these animals."

The *rotiferæ*, or wheel-animalcules, are the next important order of the naked infusoria to be investigated. These are larger by far than those previously described, but so small, as to be barely visible to the naked eye as small white spots. They are to be found in gutters, pools, ditches, and stagnant water of all kinds. As they are larger than the monad, so also are they more highly organised, possessing a mouth, the upper portion of which is furnished with a row of vibratile cilia, which, when put in motion, give the appearance of a toothed wheel in rotation; hence the term *Rotatoriæ vorticella*, or wheel-animalcule. By means of these cilia the animal causes a whirlpool in the water, the apex of which is the mouth, by which the small monads, &c. on which it feeds are brought within its reach and swallowed; or they serve the purposes of oars, and through their aid the animal moves swiftly about. They are also supposed to serve the office of gills. By means of a set of longitudinal muscles they may be withdrawn, and the animal assumes the appearance of a cup; or they may be protruded at pleasure. The animal is furnished with a gullet armed with sharp teeth, ending in a stomach and intestinal canal. It possesses a set also of circular muscles, a small red eye, and closely connected with this, a lobed brain; the tail terminates in a three-pronged forcep, by which it is enabled to fix itself to any particular spot. The modes by which these animals increase are two—namely, by eggs, which are either hatched in the body, or extruded, and come to perfection afterwards; thus affording an example not uncommon in these lower kinds of animals—of being at one time oviparous, at another viviparous: they also increase by spontaneous longitudinal self-division.

Various Forms of Animalcules.

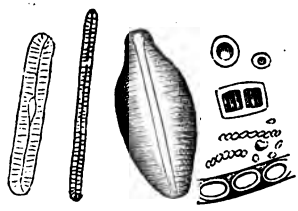
It would occupy a volume were we to attempt to describe half

the number of animalcules which are to be found in almost every stagnant pool. For a full account of these, the reader is referred to Mr Pritchard's work on the subject, and Dr Mantell's interesting little book, entitled "Thoughts on Animalcules."

Vegetable tissue seems to have the power, in some instances, of developing animal life. Thus, in the cells of the anther of the mosses, are to be found small animalcules, of the shape of exceedingly minute tadpoles. In the anther of the *chara*, a fresh-water plant, a number of cells may be observed arranged in long lines, in each of which will be found a small eel-like animal coiled up: these are supposed to act in some way as pollen, for the fertilisation of the flower, though how it is effected is not understood. The disease called ear-cockle, or blight in wheat, is another instance of animal life being present in plants, though in this case the animalcule is not developed by the plant, but finds its way into it, infesting it as a parasite. The grains at first infected are green, then nearly black, become rounded, and resemble somewhat a small peppercorn. On opening these grains, they are found to contain a moist white cottony substance, but no flour. On placing this beneath a glass, it is shown to be composed of myriads of small eel-like animalcules, wriggling to and fro like so many snakes; this is the *Vibrio tritici*. They do not begin to affect the corn before March, when the animals find their way from the blighted grain, as it is supposed, through the centre of the plant, till they reach the ovule or young state of the seed in the flower-bud, and before the ear has shown itself. Having reached the seed, they increase rapidly, deposit a large number of eggs, and die. The young are hatched in eight or ten days, and attain to about 1-33d of an inch in length. When fully grown, they are sometimes one-fourth of an inch long. It is calculated that fifty thousand young might be contained in a single grain. Their power of being revivified, after being apparently dead, has been referred to. This disease does not attack voluntarily any other grain, though barley, oats, and rye have been infected occasionally by sowing grains of these plants in the same hole with a diseased grain of wheat. Still the experiment does not readily succeed. The muscles of the human subject are, on dissection, found often to swarm with a minute eel-like parasite, coiled up in a cell, and known by the name of *Trichina spiralis*. In the aqueous humour of the eye is sometimes found another animal of the same kind, a species of *filaria*. The itch is caused by the presence of a minute insect of the *acarus* tribe. Another animal belonging to the same genus is found inhabiting the *sebacic follices* of the human skin, more especially of the face—the *Demodex folliculorum*. The presence of these in immense numbers is the cause of the disease termed *mange* in dogs.

FLINT-SHELLED INFUSORIA.

We shall now proceed to the consideration of the siliceous loricated, or flint-shelled animalcules. These are to be found in great abundance in pools, ditches, running streams, the sea, and oftentimes on old damp walls. Like the illoricated, or soft, naked animalcules, their mode of increase is principally performed through the medium of spontaneous self-division. The living species comprehend a vast variety of different genera and species, and are surpassed in no department of nature by the beauty and complexity of their forms. Some are in shape resembling the lyre of the ancients, while others present the appearance of the back of an engine-turned watch. The luminosity of the sea depends in a great measure on these little and apparently insignificant animals, which, nevertheless, despite their smallness, play a most important part in the economy of our globe. Few people would believe that the large nodules of flint which are used for the purpose of repairing our roads, were once the external covering of animals invisible to the naked eye; or that the gravel of a flower-garden, nay, even the glasses out of which we drink, were formed of the external covering of animals replete with life and beauty ages ago! Yet such is the astounding fact. The lime also which we employ in building is produced from myriads of bodies of animalcules, which were once in full and active existence. The curiously-figured stones of Egypt owe their peculiar markings to the loricæ of minute animals, disposed in concentric circles, and other figures: small shells, composed of flint, are found even in the stones of which the Pyramids are built; while they form almost the entire mass of the polishing-slates of Tripoli, Bilin,* and other places.



Fossil Remains of Animalcules, forming Tripoli.

The great number of white chalk rocks, and probably all, are the produce of coral animalcules, which are mostly invisible to the naked eye, possessing calcareous shells, varying from the 1-24th to the 1-288th of a line in magnitude, and of which more than ten millions are contained in one pound of chalk. The chalk marls, in many cases, are composed of the flinty remains of microscopic infusoria, mixed with a small proportion of calcareous animals of the chalk. The aggregated mass of chalk

* The polishing-slate of Bilin, in Prussia, forms a series of strata fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the siliceous shields of Infusoria, of such extreme minuteness, that a cubic inch of the stone contains forty-one thousand millions of distinct organisms.

does not consist of lime precipitated, and previously held in solution by the water of the sea, nor is it a consequence of the accumulation of minute microscopic bodies, but proceeds from a disintegration of mixed-up minute organic remains, collected together into a mass, something analogous to crystallisation, and yet essentially different from it. The process is of a far coarser and heterogeneous nature than that of crystallisation. In the south of Europe, the beds of marl which alternate with the chalk, consist of myriads of siliceous shells of the infusoria, and flints are wanting; whilst in the north of Europe the reverse is found to be the case: beds of flint are met with, and marls with infusoria are wanting. The relation of flint to chalk is indicated by this peculiar character, showing that the siliceous remains of the infusoria have been converted by some unknown solvent, and consequent crystallising power, into compact nodules of flint. The microscopist, on examining these sections of flint, finds numbers of beautiful *xanthidia*, a species of minute star-like animalcules, with the remains of other shells, small zoophytes, &c. imbedded in it, some of which are no longer to be found on the surface of our globe in a recent state.

It would appear, from these circumstances, that the infusoria of the north of Europe have been employed in the formation of flints, whilst in the south they still exist as chalk marls. It was a saying of the early naturalists, and which had become exploded, "*Omnis calx ex vermibus*"—("All chalk is formed by worms"); but we see, from the views which have been given, that the older writers and observers were more correct in their suppositions than later ones have proved to be; and the history of the formation of the chalk strata deserves now the greatest attention, since it has been demonstrated that a limestone formation of immense extent is composed entirely of the agglomerated débris of microscopic animalcules. On the chalk coating given to painted chambers, on glazed paper, and on visiting cards (when this is not done by white-lead alone), may be seen, by the microscope, a beautiful mosaic-work of well-preserved minute shells, and which are not visible to the unassisted eye. In many parts of the world, strata of great extent exist, composed of nothing else but the siliceous remains of infusory animals: these deposits vary from a few inches to several feet in thickness. In Swedish Lapland, under a bed of decayed mosses, forty miles from Degesfors, in Umea Lapmark, is found a stratum of this substance, known there by the name of Berg-Mehl, or Mountain-Meal. When examined by the aid of a microscope, it is found to consist almost entirely of the remains of minute organisms. On analysis, Dr Trail found it to consist of 22 per cent. of organic matter, entirely destructible by a red-heat, and the snow-white residue, still retaining the microscopic forms, to be composed of 72 silica, 6 alumina, and 0·15 oxide of iron. In seasons of scarcity, this berg-mehl is made use of in certain quantities,

mixed with flour, in the manufacture of bread by the poor; not that it contains any nutriment, or, at all events, it possesses it in so small a quantity, as not to be able alone to support life, but on account of its serving to distend the stomach, and thus to prevent the unpleasant sensations attendant on an imperfectly-filled state of this organ. This substance seems also to be occasionally used in China, as is shown by the following statement, published in 1839 by M. Laribe, a missionary:—"This earth is only used in seasons of great dearth. One of our Christians, who at the period of the last famine fed upon this substance, with five other individuals composing his family, informed me, when they made use of it, they bruised it into a very fine powder, mixing three parts with two of rice-powder, or, better, the flour of wheat, to make small cakes, which were seasoned with salt or sugar. Recourse was only had to this in times of great want; and this being over, no one ever dreamt of making use of it as an article of food. Those accustomed to partake of it complained of a weight at the stomach, and constipation. They could subsist for two months on this material, formed into cakes, whilst without its assistance, their provisions would only suffice as food for one month. Those persons who employed the fossil flour without mixing it with vegetable meal, scarcely ever escaped death."

This mountain-meal is principally composed of the flinty coverings of the *Navicula viridis*, *Gallionella sulcata*, *Gomphonema gemmatum*, all of which are to be found in a living state. In the waters of Cuxhaven, Ehrenberg has detected many living species of the *polythalamia*, or many-celled infusorial shells of the white-chalk, and *Siliceous infusoria* of the chalk-marl, which were previously believed to be found only in an extinct fossil state, making altogether twenty-one genera and forty species. Professor Bailey of New York has described a bed of infusorial earth at West Point; and since then there have been found in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusets, and Maine, no less than thirteen localities with similar deposits—sometimes fifteen feet in thickness—as well as seven or eight others in Mexican America. A like structure of earth exists underlying the city of Richmond in Virginia, of not less than twenty feet in thickness. These American forms are similar in character to the European species, though many species and genera are to be met with which have not hitherto been as yet recognised in the old world. The greater part of the American fossil deposits of this kind is found under peat banks, and belong also clearly to the brackish fresh-water forms of the sea-coast, although many are situated at a great distance from it.

In the examination of these different beds, we find many of them at so great a depth, and so far from the sea, some also forming a part of mountains, that we are unable to affix any precise date for their formation; yet we find many of them in existence at the present day, in the seas of our own and far

more northern climates. The various *coscinodiscæ*, which are to be met with in great numbers in the American deposits, are to be found abundantly in our own seas; and nowhere more frequently, or in greater luxuriance, than amongst the guano deposits of Ichaboe, and similar places on the African coasts. The *polythalamia*, found in such abundance in the old chalk formations, are found in immense quantities in the silty deposits on the Lincolnshire coasts. In mud brought from the Levant in 1844, hundreds of siliceous shells were to be found, exactly similar in all respects to those met with in the earlier fossil formations; so that we are led to assent to Ehrenberg's deductions, that the chalk and its rocks, covering far and high the superficies of the earth, forms part of a series of recent formations—since, of all the animal forms which constitute the greater mass of the white chalk, those which preponderate in the number of individuals are identical with living species; and all the principal species which form the rocks have been observed alive in the short time during which the inquiry has been proceeding. It was also formerly believed that, in proportion as our earth progressed in its formation, the various genera inhabiting it were replaced by others of a different kind; and it was assumed, that as such was the case with many animals, especially, for instance, the molluscous tribes, that the same obtained with regard to the minuter animals. It appears, however, from these researches, that the dawn of the organic nature was coexistent with us rather farther back into the history of the earth than had formerly been imagined.

ZOOPHYTES.

Amidst the various microscopic tribes which will be found to repay the attention of the microscopist, the zoophytes occupy a prominent place. Of these there are many and various sorts, which are well worthy of especial consideration. Some are naked, possess the power of moving from place to place, and are of the most simple organisation; others are far more complex, having stomach, intestines, &c., are covered with a kind of horny envelope, live in societies, and present the appearance of marine plants. Others, again, exist in domiciles of earthy matter, and form, by the successive deposition of shell above shell—or, as it is termed by naturalists, polypidom over polypidom—those immense and dangerous masses of coral reef so fatal to the navigator. These, by the successive addition of sea-weeds, the manure of birds, and the deposition of a few seeds by the waves of the sea, become in time converted into beautiful islands, such as are found studding the broad and sunny expanse of the Pacific. The type of these animals is the *Hydra fusca*, or olive polype of our ditches and ponds, and was first described by Trembley in 1744. It had been previously discovered by Leuwenhoeck in 1703; but it

excited no notice at the time, until Trembley's paper appeared, when great attention was drawn to the subject, and it became the principal topic of the day in certain circles. Presents were made of it as a great rarity; specimens of it were sent from the continental countries by post; and even ambassadors made it a matter of engrossing interest in their relations with foreign courts. Its anatomy, previous to the researches of Corda, who has shown this animal to be possessed of a very complex organisation, into which our limits forbid us to enter, was conceived to be extremely simple. It appears to be composed of a homogeneous pulpy matter, in form resembling a sac, the oral aperture of which is surrounded by a number of arms for securing the prey—and the other extremity being furnished with a sucker, for the purpose of enabling it to fix itself to any object. The food, on being seized, is swallowed, and the indigestible portions are rejected by the mouth. This animal is capable of being turned inside outwards, when the external part is capable of carrying on the process of digestion as perfectly as when the animal was in its original state. If the animal be cut into several portions, each part will become, after the lapse of a short time, a perfect polype, possessing the usual complement of arms. The food consists of the larger infusoria, small worms, &c. It is supposed by some that the tentacula are possessed of the power of communicating an electric shock, as the moment an insect in full life and activity is touched by one of the tentacles, all motion is arrested, and it becomes an easy prey. The increase of this tribe is carried on in two ways—namely, at the latter end of the year by ova; and during the summer months by *gemmæ* or buds, which sprout forth from the side of the parent polype, become gradually invested with tentacula, and then finally separate. At first the stomachs of mother and young are continuous, afterwards, just previously to separation, a division is formed.

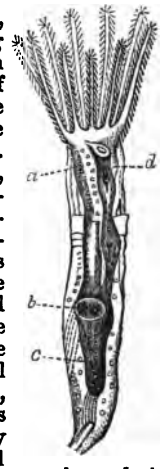
Hydra fusca.

a, polype-cells with polypes; *c*, *c*, the polypes protruding; *b*, *b*, ovarian vesicles.

Most persons who have walked on our own shores, will have noticed what they have supposed to have been yellowish semi-transparent plants affixed to oyster and other shells or stones; these are polypidoms or polype cases, and if carefully examined, each branch will be found to possess a great number of Florence flask-like cells, every one of which is tenanted by a small polype, partaking of the simple organisation of the *Hydra fusca* just described; but

they are incapable of moving from these cells, by a small band affixed to the base, and communicating with each other by an extension of it through the centre of the branches. On being carefully watched, the animals may be seen to extend themselves a short way from their horny case, put forth their tentacles, and search for food; if slightly touched, each one immediately retires within the precincts of its little home.

Zoophytes are divided into two classes—the *hydroida*, which are the more simple in organisation, and have been above described; the other, the *ascidioida*, are far more complex in structure, and which will be next treated of. It is very common to meet with large fronds, as they are called, but vulgarly, leaves, of sea-weeds, half-covered over with a minute delicate lace-work. This netlike appearance is composed of the domicile of the *flustra*, and each cell is tenanted by a small polype, which belongs to the ascidioidal tribe. Like the others, they are possessed of tentacles, which, unlike them, are clothed with fine cilia; they possess a long œsophagus or gullet, a gizzard, a stomach, an intestine, &c. and are furnished with a set of muscles to elongate or contract the body. The animal in the flustra tribe will be found to be doubled up in its cell on itself, as it were. Their method of increase is by means of ova, which, in the horny hydroidal tribes, are developed in large oval white vesicles; these bursting, the eggs are set free, and possess an independent power of locomotion. Each egg is clothed with a vast number of cilia; and these being put into rapid motion, it is propelled through the water until it meets with a stone or shell, to which it affixes itself, to become thereafter completely stationary: the cilia fall off, or are absorbed; a horny stem is produced, which shoots forth branches, which afterwards put forth rows of cells, in which gradually polypes are developed, and the little animal bursts at length into the full enjoyment of life and activity. Truly indeed may it be said, "Wonderful are the works of nature!"



a, œsophagus; *b*, gizzard; *c*, stomach; *d*, orifice of intestine.

The zoophytal family contains a very great number of species, but those figured are typical of the principal microscopic tribes, which are invested with an external case, so far as the animal itself is concerned; but the shapes of the polypidoms, or tunics, are many, and our limits forbid us to enter on a description of even a few of them. The soft-bodied, or rather naked polypes, are various; and the same objection is applicable to a further notice of them. For further information on this interesting class, the reader is referred to the

beautifully illustrated work on zoophytes by Dr James Johnstone of Berwick-on-Tweed.

Few persons are aware, probably, that classes of animals exist in which the second generation differs from the first in form and habit, the third one taking on the figure of the first, whilst the fourth again is similar to the second. Yet incredible as it may appear, such is the fact. This remarkable peculiarity has been observed to take place in many of the medusæ, and in the claviform polypes, by Löven and Steenstrup. We shall take a microscopic instance in the case of the *cercariæ*. Whoever has paid a little attention to natural objects, may have noticed a number of small white worm-like animals clinging to the bodies and necks of the fresh-water snail—these are the cercariæ. They swim free in the water by means of the tail, until they affix themselves by means of a sucker to the body, when they commence a series of wriggling movements, in order to get rid of this now useless appendage, when they commence gradually burrowing into the skin, until they perforate the liver or the membranes immediately surrounding it, where they lie in a pupa-like state of quiescence for some time, when they make their escape, and after passing through two or three *generational* (if we may be allowed to coin a word) changes, either in the shape of egg or young larva, they find their way with the drink or nutriment into the stomach of the sheep, whence they find a passage, probably through the coats of this organ, into the liver, becoming perfect flukes, and giving rise to that disease in wet seasons popularly known by the name of "the rot."

MICROSCOPIC VEGETATION.

Many other wonderful subjects for the microscopist to devote his attention to might be instanced in the animalcule, zoophytal, and insect tribes; but we must stop here, and proceed to give a slight account of the organisation and forms of the vegetable kingdom. Where vegetable life ceases, and animal existence begins, is a question which is not easily answered. We shall not enter into an argument which has puzzled the brains of the greatest philosophers and naturalists, but plunge at once *in medias res*. We shall here take occasion to observe, that if the possession of voluntary motion were indicative of the possession of animal life, some classes of plants would have to be ranged under a different order to that which they at present occupy; for instance, the spores of many confervoid plants, when liberated by the bursting of their capsules, are endowed with the power of mobility. They may be seen swimming about with great rapidity, now darting to one side, now to another, accelerating their pace at one time, and retarding it in a few seconds, until they find a situation favourable for their development, when they become fixed, never again to resume a wandering life. Again, the *oscillatoriæ* (a tribe of confervoid plants), so called on account of the oscillatory

movements which they are constantly practising, may frequently be found, after being left in a mass on a watch-glass, with a little water, to have spread themselves over its whole surface. A curious kind of insect is to be met with in the *conjugatæ*, a subdivision of the confervoid algæ. We will take, for instance, the *tyndaridea*. This plant consists of a number of cylindrical cells, placed end to end, and forming a long jointed filament, and which is one of the commonest plants found in stagnant ditches, forming long green woolly-looking masses. Each cell is fitted with a green granular substance, termed *endochrome*. When the plant reaches perfection, and its period of forming seed or sporidia, as they are termed by botanists, arrives, each cell throws out from one side a small process, which unites with a corresponding process from a cell in the filament lying next it; the two ends of the processes become absorbed, the segments of the cells freely communicate with each other, the endochrome of one cell passes through the passage thus formed into the other, the contents of both cells become intimately mixed, and form a round mass, which ultimately becomes the seeds or spores from which new plants of the same kind are destined to be produced. The same obtains in many other microscopic plants which we have not space to enumerate. It is necessary here to observe, that all the objects of which illustrations have been given are highly magnified. Now, in the instance of the tyndaridea given above, it seems to us that a species of instinct is evinced. How is it that process meets with process? By what power is a plant given to understand that a similar plant lies in immediate contiguity with itself, ready to carry on the necessary fructifying process? Certainly we can consider it nothing less than a species of the same indefinable operation which prompts the bee to construct a cell of a hexagonal form, or a bird to build a nest in the manner peculiar to its species.

It is necessary to go a few steps backwards here, and state that every plant, as well as every animal, has its origin in the simple cell at first. Many vegetables consist of only one cell, such as the *protococcus* or red-snow, which, to take Hooker's description, consists of "globules exactly spherical, very minute purple-red gelatinous masses, pale spreading. . . . It was brought by Captain Ross from the arctic regions, where it was observed covering the surface of the snow in patches many miles in extent, and penetrating in some places to the depth of twelve feet. It has been observed to occur commonly on most of the mountains of Europe in similar situations." The green snow is merely an earlier condition of the same plant. Amongst these plants is to be found a species of rotifer, which several naturalists consider to be an animalcule, the product of these red globules, and which they look upon as merely the egg, and not in reality belonging to the vegetable kingdom. This is, however, doubted by the best botanists to be the case. The red colour of agates and carnelians

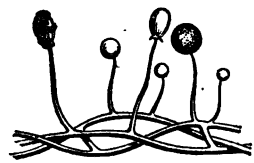
is stated by Turpin to be owing to a number of the small *Protococci nivalis*, agglomerated together in patches, giving that peculiar tint to the stone.

The meteoric paper, which fell in a snow-storm in Courland in 1686, and of which two large pieces were preserved in the library of Bernhadin, is composed of interwoven confervæ and grass leaves; one side is smooth, and of a brownish ash-gray colour, the other of a greenish red-brown. One of these pieces preserved was thirty-four feet long, and from two to three feet wide. The gray side was the more compact, and much resembled gray blotting-paper. This gray smooth side is clearly the upper, and received its paler hue from the bleaching effects of the sun's rays; and the looser green side, the one which was in contact with the grass. A similar deposit was left on the surface of low lands in 1736, on the subsidence of a great flood of the Oder in Silesia. This latter deposit was productive of great distress, in consequence of its preventing the growth of the grass beneath. In both cases, the substance was found to be composed of confervæ, oscillatoriæ, &c. and an immense quantity of infusorial shells. In all saccharine fluids undergoing the alcoholic fermentation, minute fungoid vegetables, or *torulæ*, as they are termed, make their appearance. These stand in the relation of cause and effect, no spirit being formed until these plants are produced, and which nourish themselves at the expense of some organic principle, causing thereby the alcohol to be set free. The *Torula cerevisiæ*, or yeast plant, consists of a number of small vesicles strung together in a moniliform or necklace-manner, one to the other. By the time that five or six vesicles are strung together, the fermentation is sufficiently advanced, and the manufacturer checks it. The vegetation is then suspended, and the groups of vesicles separate into individuals, the mass of which thus constitutes the yeast. The same kind of plant is developed by the acetous fermentation; and when paste turns sour, a small mycoderm, very closely resembling, if not perfectly identical, is found.

It is a curious fact, that the plant which is found in tinea, or scald-head, is so very like the yeast plant, that little or no difference is apparent, save that the vesicles of which it is composed are a little larger; but the wonder ceases when we reflect that all vegetable growths composed of small rounded cells strung together must necessarily in a great degree resemble each other. The disease in tinea is caused by this adventitious growth, and the application of any remedy which destroys this plant speedily puts a stop to the disease. The thrush, as it is popularly called, in children, affords another example of a minute cryptogamic plant vegetating on the mucous membrane; these white appearances frequently extend to nearly the whole length of the alimentary canal, occurring frequently in white patches. The sordes on the teeth, occurring in persons affected with low typhoid fever, afford examples of vegetable life, as also in the

disease known by the name of mentagra, affecting the beard of men. We have several times, when examining the sputa of patients labouring under phthisis, by the aid of the microscope, met with minute plants belonging to the same order springing in full luxuriance from the epithelial cells. Frogs are liable to be attacked on the surface of the body by a similar vegetable growth, as also are fishes, and nearly all the water birds. These growths seem to be the effect of a diseased state, as it is possible to inoculate animals when in bad health, though, if healthy, it is productive of no bad consequences. Where death takes place in an animal previously infected, the parasitic growths spread with great rapidity. In the generality of cases where animals are infected, they die of what is termed marasmus, or a slow kind of wasting. In all probability they are not the cause, but the effect of disease, the termination of which in death they probably accelerate; but it is not unlikely that the germs or spores of these organisms float about in the air, or swim in the water, until they meet with localities favourable for their development.

Almost every plant is possessed of its own peculiar vegetable parasite, commonly known by the name of *rust*. The plant of wheat is frequently infected in this manner, as also are the leaves of the hop, and in no plant is it more common than in the leaves of the rose-tree. These parasites are nourished at the expense of the plant, and serve also to produce disease by blocking up the stomata, and thus hinder the respiration of the plant. In autumn, when the leaves of trees have fallen to the ground, their progress to decay is materially hastened by the growth of the *penicillum*, a small moniliform fungoid plant, which attacks the whole surface, and frequently proves a source of great annoyance to the botanist, if his herbarium happens to be placed for a few days in a damp situation. When once attacked, it is a difficult matter to get rid of, as the slightest moisture serves to bring back a return of this troublesome growth. The *mucoroideæ*, or moulds, consist of a great number of varieties, and are to be met with on almost every kind of edible substance which we are in the habit of consuming, when kept too long, or in a warm and damp situation. These plants consist of a stalk, at the summit of which is to be seen, by the aid of a microscope, a small pellucid capsule, containing in its interior a great number of spores or seeds. Many of these plants arrive at perfection in a few hours, and others take three or four days before they are ripe; the capsules then burst, and a cloud of spores escapes, and is diffused in the atmosphere, where the seeds float about until they are deposited on some body which is favourable to their development, when they start up into full life.



Mucor mucedo.

Some of these plants are highly poisonous, others perfectly innocuous. It occasionally happens that a family is taken seriously ill after eating of a newly-made cake or bread-loaf, and affected with all the usual symptoms attendant upon the presence of an irritant metallic poison in the food; and on cutting a few slices of the bread or cake, a bluish-green substance has been found, which was supposed to be owing to the presence of a salt of copper. On subjecting some of the suspected substance to the microscope, it was found to be owing to the presence of a great number of small fungoid plants of the *mucor* genus, to which the symptoms were all attributable. One or two instances of poisoning in this manner have come under our own notice; and if we mistake not, a full account is given of several assumed cases of poisoning, supposed to be owing to the presence of copper, but afterwards discovered to be referable to the presence of these plants, in Gilbert Burnet's "History of Botany."

The *mucorideæ* are of great service in the economy of nature, from the offices which they fulfil of accelerating the processes of decay, and removing from the atmosphere what might otherwise be productive of serious inconvenience—namely, noxious gases.

The *Uredo segetum* is another species of vegetable parasite, which attacks the seed of wheat, and is popularly known by the name of "smut." It fills the whole grain with a fine black dust, and consists of a vast number of minute round sporules. The *Puccinia grammis*, or "rust," is a small plant developed on the stems of wheat and grasses, and consists of a filament on which are situated two or three small cells, the upper one being filled with a large quantity of minute spores.

MICROSCOPIC PHYSIOLOGY.

Our space will not allow us to enter on a description of the anatomy of plants—a subject of itself so copious, that a small number of pages would not suffice for even a general treatment; but we cannot let the opportunity escape us of glancing at the wonderful manner by which the fertilisation of the young seed by means of the pollen is effected. Within the floral envelopes of the great majority of plants will be found organs, which are designated by the names of stamens and pistils. In some instances, the stamens are found in the one flower, and the pistils in the other, yet both flowers growing on the same tree. In others, the flowers having stamens are produced on one plant,

Stamens.

whilst those having pistils are found on another. The stamen consists of two parts, the filament or stalk, and which has attached to its upper extremity the anther, which is usually composed of two cells, which contain a number of little balls, known under the name of "pollen;" these pollen grains contain a semifluid matter called "fovilla," somewhat resembling minute oil globules. The female part of the flower consists of the pistil, which is divided into the stigma, which occupies the upper part of the style, this latter being intermediate between it and the ovarium. The stigma is usually covered with a thick viscid matter, which serves partly to retain the pollen when it has been shed thereon, after the valves of the anther have opened. The style is formed internally of cellular tissue, which either occupies the whole substance of the style as far down as the ovarium, but more often includes a central cavity, extending from the stigma to the ovarium, where it divides into as many hollow branches as there are ovules. The ovarium is a hollow case, containing the ovules, and consists of one or more cavities, which may contain one or a number of ovules, or young seeds.

Pistils.

At the period of fertilisation, the anthers of flowers, which are bisexual, approach the stigma, and shed their pollen copiously on it. In plants where the sexes are distinct, the pollen is often brought from a considerable distance by means of the wind, or by insects. After a short time the pollen grains are observed to emit a fine tube, which increases by real vegetative growth, the means of which are afforded by the imbibition of the viscous fluid on the stigma. This pollen tube travels down the stigma, threading its way through the canal of the style, or penetrating through the cellular tissue to the ovulum. According to Schleiden, a celebrated German botanist and physiologist, the pollen tube becomes ingrafted on the ovule, and is the future embryo. The part thus attached he conceives to be separated by a constriction from the rest of the pollen tube, and forms the rudiment of the future embryo, and also becomes the rudiment for the development of new cells. Be this as it may, it is certain that unless the pollen tube finds its way to the young ovule, none of the seeds, however ripe and perfect they may appear, will ever succeed in germinating.

This mode of fertilisation obtains only, as is self-evident, with plants or trees which bear true flowers. The manner in which it is performed in the cryptogamic tribes, such as lichens, fungi,

ferns, &c. is still undetermined; but it is thought that in those mentioned no such process takes place at all, but that the spores are produced, susceptible at any time, under favourable circumstances, of germination. In the mosses and jungermannia, anthers are found concealed amongst the leaves. In the former, the cells contain minute tadpole-like animalcules, one in each cell; in the latter, the anther contains a very minute granulated substance, which escapes by an aperture formed at the extremity; and both the animalcules of the anthers of the mosses, and the powder of the same in the jungermannia, are supposed to be subservient to the fertilisation of the spores; but the manner in which they conduce to that operation is at present a mystery. In the capsules of the jungermannia will be found, on examination under the microscope, a vast number of small chain-like filaments, sometimes lying loose in the capsule, and sometimes attached by one extremity to each of the four valves composing the capsule. These chain-like appendages are called "elaters," and they are affected hygrometrically by the damp or dry state of the atmosphere: if the air be dry, the capsule is disposed thereby to open, and the little elaters are excited to contract unequally, causing a wriggling and half-leaping kind of motion, which has the effect of dispersing the spores. If one of the fixed elaters be subjected to a high magnifying power, it will be found to consist of a long tube terminating in a head, and containing internally a spiral fibre, on which its elasticity would seem to depend. The ducts, vessels, woody-fibre, &c. of all vegetables, are formed originally from cells; these cells are formed from what are called *cytoblasts*. In the interior of a cell may be seen, by the aid of high-power magnifiers, small granular-looking globules, and amongst these are to be found two or three larger bodies termed *nuclei;* and these contain within smaller yet granular substances, the *nucleoli:* these nuclei, and their contained nucleoli, are the rudiments of the future new cell, and constitute the cytoblast. In a short time a small pellucid vesicle forms over the nucleus, bearing the same relation to it as a watch-glass does to a watch: this increases in size, and becomes the perfect cell, the cytoblast becoming either absorbed, or being lost in the increasing thickness of the walls. The young cells lie free at first in the parent cell, and by the effects of mutual pressure against each other, assume the polyhedral form.

The cytoblast is observed in the cells of animal structure also, but in the generality of cases, the new cell is formed externally to the old cell, although in some cases the young cells are formed in a parent cell analogous to what obtains in vegetables. In the formation of animal cellular tissue, the cells are observed to become elongated at both ends, so as to acquire a spindle-like shape; and during the process of growth, these attenuated ends become more and more lengthened, until at last they are resolved into bundles of delicate fibres. The

muscular fibre in the very young embryo consists at first of a number of delicate globules, arranged in a line; these globules ultimately disappear, and a cylindrical tube is formed, in which nuclei are visible. It is supposed by Valentin that the globules are nucleated cells, which, coalescing, form the hollow tube, each end of the globule becoming absorbed; that the nuclei occupy the walls of the tube; and that the tube becomes afterwards filled by a deposition of new matter, and thus muscular fibre is produced. Each muscular fibre presents the appearance, under the glass, of a solid cylinder, with beautiful transverse striæ. The blood consists of a number of red particles, swimming in the *liquor sanguinis* or lymph; for the purpose of viewing blood with the microscope, it should not be diluted with water, as this directly changes the shapes of the globules—but in some of its own lymph, or a weak solution of salt in water. In man, and the mammalia generally, the globules are round and flattened discs, with the exceptions of those of the dromedary and alpaca; in which animals, as also in birds, reptiles, and fishes, they are elliptical. In man, the thickness of their particles is about one-fourth of their transverse diameter, and measures about the 1-4000th of an inch. In the interior of the corpuscle may be seen a small spot, the central nucleus of the blood. The corpuscles of the *Proteus anguinus* are the largest known; the next perhaps in size are those of the skate-fish. The diameter of the former measures about the 1-387th of an English inch, of the latter, 1-1107th.

The use of the microscope is now generally had recourse to in the anatomical schools, as well as in the medical ones; and the practitioner who received his education twenty years ago, would be astonished to find that structure is not described as it appears to the eye and touch, but as it is seen beneath a good magnifier. In pathology also, it is getting to be generally referred to, in order that the changes in structure caused by disease may be accurately made out. As yet, its use in this latter respect is limited; but a time will shortly arrive when its application shall be, we predict, universal. In renal diseases it is of incalculable value, as a single glance at the deposits arising from functional disorders of the kidneys shows at once the affection under which the patient is labouring, and a competent knowledge of chemistry at once points out the remedy. Its aid is adverted to in medical jurisprudence, and more than one instance of life having been saved by its means is on record. We are unfortunately not able to do more than take a mere glance at what it is doing, and has done, for science; but every day brings forward fresh proofs of its applicability to the extension of knowledge in nearly every one of its branches. We need only refer, for examples, to the various scientific works and periodicals of the day.

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

A few directions will now be given as to the best localities for procuring the different subjects for examination. Every stagnant pool or ditch will be found fruitful in the various tribes of infusoria. The water-plants, such as flags, arrow-head, water-plantain, frequently have their stems covered with a white efflorescence, which, if carefully removed, and put in a bottle, will be found to contain many of the rarer specimens. The surface of ponds should be swept with a fine muslin net, and then the scum collected be carefully rinsed out in a little clean water. In this manner may be obtained many of the naked-bodied infusoria. The infusorial shells may be obtained by sweeping gently the bottoms of ditches, ponds, rivers, &c. so as only to skim off the upper stratum of mud: grips cut in meadows often contain many beautiful and rare species, especially in summer, after a shower, when the hay is lying on the ground. The *diatomaceæ* are found most plentifully in rocky streams, adhering to stones, or growing on confervæ. Peat-bogs are extremely rich in the *desmidiaceæ*, a tribe of beautiful little plants, closely allied to diatoma. The names of most of the infusory animalcules may be obtained by reference to Mr Pritchard's book on the subject, which contains above five hundred beautifully-executed engravings, with classification, for the price of five shillings; and the diatomaceæ and desmidiaceæ in Mr Ralf's book, which is to be had for a guinea, and is one of the most perfect works we ever saw on any branch of natural history. To examine these, a drop of the fluid is to be placed on a slip of glass, with a cell on it, made in the way about to be described, which is then to be covered with another slip, and submitted to the microscope. If the sediment is required, it should be by means of a thin glass tube, open at both ends; by keeping the finger on the top, and then withdrawing it when the other end is in contact with the mud, a quantity will be carried into the tube; the finger is then replaced, and the tube withdrawn. The soft-bodied animalcules cannot be preserved, but the siliceous ones may be converted into splendid objects.

There are two methods of mounting microscopical preparations—one by means of Canada balsam; the other where the object is preserved in a cell in fluid. Slips of glass, of different sizes, are cut: those we are in the habit of using measure two and a half inches by five-eighths in breadth; the object, say the foot of a spider, is placed on the glass, in a drop of water; it is then carefully compressed, by means of a piece of thin glass placed on it, so as to squeeze out the muscular substance, and flatten the object; the top-glass is then removed, and the foot, adhering to the lower glass, is placed in the sun, or on the warm bars of a grate, to dry. When perfectly free

from all moisture, the plate of glass is placed in spirits of turpentine for a short time, which will render the object transparent, then taken out, and the superfluous turpentine allowed to drain away. A drop or two of Canada balsam is then placed on the object, which is to be held for a few seconds, after being added, over the flame of a spirit or naphtha lamp; a top-glass, first warmed, is then put carefully on, and pressed gently down; the balsam exuded is then removed by a bit of rag wetted with turpentine, and the preparation is laid aside for a few days to dry, when it will be fit to be covered with paper. Coloured glazed papers are generally used for this purpose, with a hole punched in the centre to view the object, and the name is written on one end.* It will require some little practice to make a preparation free from air bubbles, which requires what is termed "knack." Infusorial shells, dissections of insects, coral-lines, &c. are best fitted for this mode of mounting; but a little experience will show at once the best plan of mounting—the wet or the balsamic mode. The other method of mounting is as follows:—A cell is prepared by painting a piece of glass with black japan varnish, which is obtained at the painters' shops (it is necessary that this should be old), leaving a space in the middle; the cells may be made of different depths by successive additions of varnish, added one by one as soon as the former ones are dry. Exposure to the atmosphere for a few hours, or placing the prepared cells on a stone, will firmly set the varnish. When it is wished to mount an object, a drop or two of water should be placed in the cell, so as to fill it, and the object be placed in the midst; a thin top-piece is then to be added, and gently placed thereon with a slight degree of pressure; the fluid which is displaced by the addition of the top-glass is to be absorbed by applying carefully a small bit of blotting-paper, and then, by means of a fine paint-brush, varnish of the same kind is to be carefully placed all round the upper glass, so as to cement it firmly to the lower. This coating will be dry in two days, when a second, and ultimately a third one, is to be added; and, after all, the preparation is to be papered. This species of preparation is best fitted for vegetable substances. Insects, or parts of them, are most conveniently dissected with a little water in a large cell, and a low power is most appropriate for such a purpose. A couple of needles, fixed in wooden handles, are the best instruments for tearing the parts, and floating them asunder. A little experience, founded on perseverance and a few failures, will teach more in this art than volumes of written instructions.

* Slides containing objects, recent and fossil, glass-tubes, live-boxes, and all the usual requirements for microscopical investigation, may be obtained from various artists; such, for example, as Mr Topping, 1, York Place, Pentonville, London.

CONCLUSION.

We have now concluded our instructions; and if, by our humble means, we shall have been instrumental in causing only one person to examine closely into the wonders which surround him in nature, and thereby enable him to while away a few hours which otherwise might have passed uselessly or heavily, we shall feel that we have not altogether laboured in vain.

Thoroughly are we convinced, that the man who studies intimately the works of the Creator, must thereby have his ideas of the mercy and goodness of that Almighty Being infinitely raised beyond what is ordinarily entertained, and must inevitably be led to the conclusion, that if "God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," how much more will he not care for man, his last, greatest, and most perfect work; and to agree with the poet, that

> "Every science, power, or art,
> Which tends to foster in the heart
> Knowledge of nature's laws,
> Must, sanctified by grace divine,
> Precept on precept, line on line,
> Exalt the great First Cause!"

Or in the still more poetic and impressive language of Dr Chalmers:—"While the *telescope* enables us to see a system in every star, the *microscope* unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us, that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us, that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of His attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of His glory."

SELECTIONS FROM THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

OLD AGE.

AND next in order sad, Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast-declining life:

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past.
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But an the cruel fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
That in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompanied with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it wo and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched age should life desire so fain,
Yet know full well life doth but lengthen pain.

—THOMAS SACKVILLE (1536—1608).

REJECTED LOVE.

WHENCE comes my love? Oh heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my wo? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Since nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
Oh Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

—JOHN HARRINGTON (1534—1583).

SLEEP.

COME, sleep, oh sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of wo,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.

With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
Oh make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

—Sir Philip Sidney (1554—1586).

HIGHER ASPIRATIONS.

Leave me, oh Love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth but shine and give us sight to see.
Oh! take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out of death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

—*Ibid.*

THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

Heart-tearing cares and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly;
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

* * * *

Blest silent groves! Oh may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here!

—Sir Walter Raleigh (1552—1618).

TO SLEEP.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

—S. Daniel (1562—1619).

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

—CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1568—1593).

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560—1595).

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend:
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardochéus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

—*Ibid.*

CONTENTMENT.

ENOUGH I reckon wealth;
That mean, the surest lot
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst that from the height
Of greatest honour slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear;
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine:
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
That, pampered, would repine.

I envy not their hap
Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall,
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I find to let her come—
Less loss to let her go.

—*Ibid.*

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotton (1568—1639).

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty the eye's idol, but a damasked skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture freeborn minds; embroidered trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

* * * *

Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sigh, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect a holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in Heaven again.

—*Ibid.*

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

Oh what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That thou adornest him with so bright a mind,
Makest him a king, and even an angel's peer?

Oh what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leavest thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite:

But it exceeds man's thought to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same:

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

—Sir John Davies (1570—1626).

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,

Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

—BEN JONSON (1574—1637).

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ibid.*

ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

WHAT would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

—*Ibid.*

SONG—TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

—*Ibid.*

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

—*Ibid.*

TO MY SON.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

—RICHARD CORBET (1582—1635).

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

—DR HENRY KING (1591—1669).

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumbered strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

—*Ibid.*

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a charge of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heap of stones:
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach—in greatness is no trust.
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed,

That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died:
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

—FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1585—1616).

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

—*Ibid.*

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—GEORGE HERBERT (1593—1632).

MORTIFICATION.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
They are like little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dressed his hearse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

—*Ibid.*

BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

—Robert Herrick (1591—1660).

TO CORINNA.

TO GO A-MAYING.

Get up, get up, for shame! the blushing morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn;
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air;
Up, up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you're not dressed:
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their grateful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When thousand virgins, on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth; nay, then be brief in praying,
Few beads are best when we do go a-Maying.

* * * *

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lie drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

—*Ibid.*

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."
—*Ibid.*

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,

Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
Oh Lord, by Thee.

—*Ibid.*

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils! we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.

—*Ibid.*

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;

Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

Go now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease; and whilst they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctors' mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shalt gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well;
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed,
Nor choked with what she should be dressed:

A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tunéd humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away.
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

—RICHARD CRASHAW.

FLOWERS.

NOT Iris in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the milk-white way in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As do these fields and groves, and sweeter bowers,
Bestrewed and decked with party-coloured flowers,
Along the babbling brooks, and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers, and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn, and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet and wholesome minthe,

The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green;
And round about the valley as you pass,
Ye may no see, for peeping flowers, the grass.
—G. Peele (1584).

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a freeborn heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorned to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love,
And not have been by sullen passion swayed.
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allowed.
—Lady Elizabeth Carew.

RETIREMENT.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
Oh how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

—WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585—1649).

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

—*Ibid.*

SPRING.

SWEET spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.
Sweet spring, thou com'st; but ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below,
Which by experience doth not folly prove;
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love.

But not that passion, which by fools' consent,
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.

No! that is not the humour I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend;
If all that say they die had died indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

Besides, we need not love but if we please,
No destiny can force men's disposition;
And how can any die of that disease
Whereof himself may be his own physician?

But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin,
To take one of these innocents that sit
In bedlam out, and put some lover in.

Yet some men, rather than endure the slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove;
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.

Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
As always yield to reason's best advice;
Now, for to love too little, or too much,
Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.

Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea, I have died for love as others do;
But praised be God, it was in such a sort
That I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I lived, thus have I loved till now,
And found no reason to repent me yet;
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

—Sir Robert Aytoun (1570—1638).

ON A LADY THAT PAINTED.

Pamphilia hath a number of good arts,
Which commendation to her worth imparts;
But, above all, in one she doth excel—
That she can *paint* incomparably well;
And yet so modest, that if praised for this,
She'll swear she does not know what painting is,
But straight will blush with such a portrait grace,
That one would think *vermilion* dyed her face.
One of her pictures I have ofttimes seen,
And would have sworn that it herself had been;
And when I bade her it on me bestow,
I swear I heard the picture's self say—No!
What! think you this a prodigy? It's none—
The *painter* and the *picture* both were one!

—*Ibid.*

ON RETURNING LATE AT NIGHT FROM COURT.

The other night, from court returning late,
Tired with attendance, out of love with state,
I met a boy who asked if he should go
Along to light me home? I answered, No!
Yet he did urge the darkness of the night,
The foulness of the way required a light.
"It's true, good boy," quoth I; "yet thou mayst be
More useful to some other than to me;
I cannot miss my way; but they that take
The way from whence I came, have need to make
A light their guide; for boldly do I say,
It's ten to one but they shall lose their way."

—*Ibid.*

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

—THOMAS CAREW (1589—1639).

FAIRY ARMOUR.

PIGWIGGEN arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossèd by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
E'er he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round;
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

—M. DRAYTON (1563—1631).

SUMMER'S EVE.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes.

—*Ibid.*

RICHES DESPISING POVERTY.

If well thou viewest us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I,
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:
Then this must follow of necessity—
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gettest, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content.
Content hath all, and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he spent;
Then thus thou braggest, thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store;
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

—PHINEAS FLETCHER (1584—1650).

TO FIND GOD.

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

—*Ibid.*

CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—ROBERT GREENE (1560—1592).

TIME BREEDETH CHANGE.

IN time we see the silver drops
The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap:
What care in time not eased?
In time I loathed that now I love,
In both content and pleased.

—*Ibid.*

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

AND what's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life?—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour:
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
  Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a loving eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
  I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may,
  Look what I want, my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  Nor grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  I brook what is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  And conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so as well as I!

—Byrd.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

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OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING

TRACTS

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

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THE extraordinary industry and ability displayed in the acquisition of languages by the subject of the present memoir, affords one of the best examples of what persevering diligence may usefully accomplish. William Jones was born in London September 20, 1746. He lost his father when only three years of age, and the care of his education fell on his mother, a lady of uncommon endowments. While yet in infancy, he was a miracle of industry, and showed how strongly he was inspired with the love of knowledge. It is related of him that, when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother for information upon any subject, her constant answer to him was, "Read, and you will know." He thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. At the close

of his seventh year, he was placed at the school at Harrow, and in 1764 he entered University College, Oxford. Unlike the majority of youths at these educational establishments, young Jones devoted his whole mind to his studies, his voluntary exertions always exceeding in amount his prescribed task. Such was his activity at school, that one of his masters was wont to say of him, "that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches." At this time he was frequently in the habit of devoting whole nights to study, when he would generally take coffee or tea to ward off sleep—a practice, however, which was anything but commendable. He had already, merely to divert his leisure hours, commenced the study of the law; and it is mentioned that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintance by putting cases to them from an abridgment of "Coke's Institutes," which he had read and mastered.

The leaning of Jones's genius seems to have been towards the study of languages. It may be very frequently remarked, that individuals who possess the knack of acquiring languages, seldom have a genius for anything else; but such does not appear to have been the case with respect to Jones, whose intellect grasped at several of the most important departments of human knowledge and polite learning. While at Oxford, he became desirous of studying the Oriental languages, and he supported a native of Aleppo, at his own expense, to instruct him in the pronunciation of the Arabic tongue. The Greek and Latin languages he was already master of. During the college vacations, he embraced the opportunity of learning riding and fencing, and to read all the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. To these accomplishments he found leisure to add dancing, the use of the broadsword, music, and the art of playing on the Welsh harp, the instrument of the country of his forefathers.

While engaged in these various studies, he did not allow himself to rest in the pursuit of the object he had in view—namely, a fellowship, in order to spare his mother the expense of his education. Not succeeding to his wish in obtaining this object of his ambition, he accepted, in 1765, the office of tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer; and, some time afterwards, he obtained a fellowship also. He availed himself of a residence at the German Spa, with his pupil, in 1767, to acquire the German language, and on his return translated into French a Persian life of Nadir Shah, brought over in manuscript by the king of Denmark, at the request of the under-secretary of the Duke of Grafton. Another tour to the continent with his pupil and family followed, which occupied his time until 1770, when his tutorship ceasing, he entered himself as a law student in the Temple. He did not,

however, wholly sacrifice literature to his professional pursuits; but on the appearance of the life and works of Zoroaster, by Anquetil du Perron, he vindicated the university of Oxford, which had been attacked by that writer, in an able pamphlet in the French language, which he wrote with great elegance. He also published, in 1772, a small collection of poems, chiefly from the poets of Asia, and was the same year elected a fellow of the Royal Society. In 1774 appeared his work "De Poesi Asiatica," containing commentaries on Asiatic poetry in general, with metrical specimens in Latin and English. He was soon after called to the bar, and, in 1776, made a commissioner of bankrupts. About this time his correspondence with his pupil evinced the manly spirit of constitutional freedom by which he was actuated; and to his feelings on the American contest he gave vent in a spirited Latin "Ode to Liberty." In 1778 appeared his translation of the "Orations of Isæus," with a prefatory discourse, notes, and commentary, which, for elegance of style and profound critical and historical research, excited much admiration.

In the meantime he rapidly advanced in professional reputation, although his opinion of the American contest stood in the way of his progress to legal honours. The tumults of 1780 induced him to write a pamphlet on the "Legal Mode of Suppressing Riots;" and in the following winter he completed a translation from the Arabic of seven poems of the highest repute. He also wrote the much-admired ode, commencing "What constitutes a state?" These pursuits did not prevent a professional "Essay on the Law of Bailments." He distinguished himself, in 1782, among the friends to a reform in parliament, and also became a member of the Society for Constitutional Information. The same year he drew up a "Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government;" for the publication of which the dean of St Asaph, afterwards his brother-in-law, had a bill of indictment preferred against him for sedition. Upon this event he sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then chief-justice of Chester, owning himself the author, and defending his positions. On the accession of the Shelbourne administration, through the influence of Lord Ashburton he obtained, what had long been the object of his ambition, the appointment of judge in the Supreme Court of Judicature, Bengal, to which he was nominated in March 1783, and knighted.

Jones (now Sir William) arrived at Calcutta in September 1783. Here a new and extensive field of action opened to him. While filling the office of judge in the Supreme Court of Bengal, and loaded with professional duties of the most laborious nature, he contrived to do more than ever in the study of general literature and philosophy. He had scarcely arrived in the country, when he exerted himself to establish a society in Calcutta on the model of the Royal Society of London, of which he officiated

as president as long as he lived, enriching its transactions every year with the most elaborate and valuable disquisitions in every department of Oriental philology and antiquities.

Almost his only time for study now was during the vacation of the courts; and here is the account, as found among his papers, of how he was accustomed to spend his day during the long vacation in 1785. In the morning, after writing one letter, he read several chapters of the Bible, and then studied Sanscrit grammar and Hindoo law; the afternoon was given to the geography of India, and the evening to Roman history; when the day was closed by a few games at chess, and the reading of a portion of Ariosto.

Already, however, his health was beginning to break down under the climate, and his eyes had become so weak, that he had been obliged to discontinue writing by candle-light. But nothing could prevent him from pursuing the studies he loved, while any strength remained to him. Even while confined by illness to his couch, he taught himself botany; and it was during a tour he was advised to take for the recovery of his health, that he wrote his learned "Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India," as if he had actually so disciplined his mind, that it adopted labour like this almost for a relaxation.

His health, after a time, was partially restored; and we find him again devoting himself both to his professional duties and his private studies with more zeal and assiduity than ever. When business required his attendance daily in Calcutta, he resided at a country-house on the banks of the Ganges, about five miles from the city. "To this spot," says his amiable and intelligent biographer, Lord Teignmouth, "he returned every evening after sunset, and in the morning rose so early, as to reach his apartments in town, by walking, at the first appearance of dawn. The intervening period of each morning, until the opening of court, was regularly allotted and applied to distinct studies." At this time his hour of rising used to be between three and four.

During the vacation of the court he was equally occupied. Writing from Crishna, his vacation residence, in 1787, he says—"We are in love with this pastoral cottage; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connected with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are: even in this cottage I am assisting the court by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mohammedan or Hindoo lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions." It was these constant exertions, in truth, that gave its chief enjoyment to his life. In connection with this pursuit, he employed his active mind in planning the compilation of a complete digest of the Hindoo and Mohammedan laws, with

a view to the better administration of justice among the natives. This work he did not live to finish, but its subsequent accomplishment was entirely owing to his recommendation and primary labours. His object in this instance was to secure a due attention to the rights of the natives; and he showed himself equally jealous of those of the British inhabitants, by opposing an attempt to supersede the trial by jury.

In 1789 he gave to the world the translation of an Indian drama entitled "Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring." His translation of the Ordinances of Menu, the famous Hindoo law-giver, appeared early in 1794, and is very interesting to the student of ancient manners and opinions. This eminent and admirable man, however, at last fell a sacrifice to an undue zeal in the discharge of his duty and his pursuits in literature. In April 1794 he was seized at Calcutta with an inflammation of the liver, which terminated his life on the 27th of the same month, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

It was by a persevering observance to a few simple maxims that Sir William Jones was principally enabled to accomplish what he did. One of these was, never to neglect an opportunity of improvement: another was, that whatever had been attained by others, was attainable by him, and that therefore the real or supposed difficulties of any pursuit formed no reason why he should not engage in it, and with perfect confidence of success. "It was also," says his biographer, Lord Teignmouth, "a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties which were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination what he had once deliberately undertaken. But what appears to me," adds his lordship, "more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution which he had fixed; hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion."

Few men have died more regretted, or whose loss to the world of letters was more deeply felt, than Sir William Jones, who, as a linguist, has scarcely ever been surpassed. His acquaintance with the history, philosophy, laws, religion, science, and manners of nations was most extensive and profound. As a poet, too, he would probably have risen to great eminence, if his ardour to transplant foreign beauties, and his professional and multifarious pursuits, had allowed him to cultivate his own invention with sufficient intensity. His private character was estimable in all the domestic relations, and he was equally liberal and spirited in public life.

The memory of Sir William Jones received many testimonies of respect both in England and India. The directors of the East India Company voted him a monument in St Paul's Cathedral,

and a statue in Bengal; but the most effectual monument of his fame was raised by his widow, who published a splendid edition of his works, in six volumes quarto, 1799, and also, at her own expense, placed a fine marble statue of him, executed by Flaxman, in the antechamber of University College, Oxford.

The life of one who perished in the attempt to emulate this distinguished Oriental scholar, forms the succeeding biographic sketch.

DR JOHN LEYDEN.

THE subject of this brief memoir will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was the son of a person whose vocation was little above that of a day-labourer, and who had been some time settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, Roxburghshire, in the south of Scotland. He was born at the village of Denholm on the 8th of September 1775, and bred, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

About a year after his birth, the parents of Leyden removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which was then held by Mr Andrew Blithe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life. Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress, his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testament.

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death

of his first teacher, William Wilson, schoolmaster at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and Orientalist, were adjourned till the subsequent year (1786), when a Mr W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterised John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused, and upon the watch. The rude traditionary tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale, were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory; and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his mind; and many, if not all, of the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a Borderer of former times.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty, indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike or a Birmingham knife would have been to Alexander Selkirk during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. At a country school he acquired some smattering of the Latin language, principally through his own extraordinary efforts, for he had none to assist him in his juvenile exercises; and to this early dependence on himself he imputed the wonderful facility which he afterwards possessed in the acquisition of languages. As is nearly always the case when an aptitude for learning is shown by a boy in the ranks of the peasantry in Scotland, the parents of young Leyden determined to rear their son up to the church of Scotland, though without any means whatever of pushing him forward. Mr Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in Latin. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless, he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the college of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned professor, Andrew Dalzell, used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercises. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted

the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from showing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension, and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

Leyden was now at the fountain-head of knowledge, and availed himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, especially some of the medical classes—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church —a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at college. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study. Whatever subject interested his mind at the time, attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to perform. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building. To this

chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk, excepting during divine service, is a place never intruded upon either by casual visitors or for any ecclesiastical purpose.

Books, as well as retirement, were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies; but these were of difficult attainment, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that could not be borrowed from his friends. The reputation of his prosperous career of learning, however, introduced him to the acquaintanceship of a number of persons of eminence in letters, both in Edinburgh and elsewhere, which tended to advance him in life. In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the college of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured him the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield—a situation which he retained for two or three years. He attended the two young gentlemen under his charge to their studies at the college of St Andrews. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St Andrews, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal; and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr Campbell's were sure of an hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of the "Man of Feeling," and the Rev. Mr Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad romance and border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception; and by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar. He possessed a large share of animal spirits, and he delighted to be accounted a master in out-of-door sports and athletic exertions, to which he was very partial. In company, his manner was animated and unpolished, and he perhaps erred in reckoning at too low a value the forms of a well-bred community—a circumstance which often excited a prejudice against him on his first appearance. This seems to have arisen from a false idea of sustaining his independence of feeling, and of marking the humility of his origin. He bore, however, with great good-humour, all decent raillery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. His temper was, in reality, of an exceedingly gentle nature; and to gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches. He also avoided the most fatal errors of men of genius. He was rigidly temperate, and the purity of his morals was attested by the most blameless line of conduct. His temperance even approached to abstinence; and although his pecuniary resources were exceedingly slender, he managed his funds so as to avoid all embarrassment.

In 1800 Leyden was ordained a preacher; but his pulpit appearances were more scholarly than evangelical, and it does not appear that he cared about pursuing the profession of a clergyman. He now engaged himself in procuring materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," a task congenial to his poetic temperament. In 1802 he was engaged by Mr Constable to edit the Scots Magazine, which he did for five or six months; and this employment was followed by the writing of his "Scenes of Infancy," a poem exhibiting his own early feelings and recollections, interwoven with the descriptive and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. But all this was but a desultory mode of living. The writing of poetry yields no revenue, and barely furnishes bread to those whose talents are of the loftiest order. The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life, and he seconded their views. In 1802 he made some overtures to the African Society for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of Africa; but from this rash enterprise he was turned by the prospect of promotion in another quarter. A representation was made to a member of the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. The only appointment that could be given in this quarter was, however, that of surgeon's assistant, which could be held by none but a person having a surgical degree, and who could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed, in their utmost

extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession (the late Mr John Bell of Edinburgh), he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Another Scottish university conferred the degree of M.D. upon him, and he immediately prepared to leave the country. It is not necessary in this sketch to detail the difficulties he encountered before his ultimate departure for India. After some trouble, he procured a passage in the Hugh Inglis, in which vessel he sailed in the beginning of April 1803. Having arrived at Madras, he was transferred to the duties of his new profession; but it was speedily demonstrated that his constitution was unfitted for the climate. He was therefore obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached with difficulty Prince of Wales Island, situated on the coast of Malacca. In this more salubrious spot he resided some time, busily engaging himself in the pursuit of the languages and literature of the East, and in which he soon acquired an extraordinary degree of knowledge, calculated to be extensively beneficial to his countrymen. He also continued to indulge his poetic fancies, and kept up a constant intercourse by letters with a number of his old friends in Europe; and some of his epistles furnish many amusing details of Oriental life and manners, as well as of his own arduous researches.

The health of Leyden being restored, in 1806 he took leave of Prince of Wales Island, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect he produced upon society, were exceedingly flattering. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto—himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale—was of most essential service to Leyden, and no less honourable to the governor-general. He was appointed a professor in the Bengal college, a promotion suited to his studies; and from this function he was subsequently transferred to fill the office of a judge of the twenty-four Purgunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which jumped well with his odd humour; for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had

something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the East has pronounced indispensable; for Dr Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with Eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter Oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and deciphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. "I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend; "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer!" The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

In 1811, an expedition having been formed to proceed to the island of Java, Leyden accompanied the governor-general and the forces for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the Eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had

a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, precisely at the period when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opening to his penetrating research. His great abilities, his prospects of benefiting his fellow-creatures, his stores of Eastern learning, were all in a moment quenched and sunk in death: a catastrophe the more lamentable, from having been produced by a culpable degree of rashness and disregard of personal suffering.

The poetical remains of Leyden were collected and given to the public in 1821, and in some instances exhibit a power of numbers which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Besides his poetical works, he compiled and translated the "Commentaries of Baber," from the Turki language, a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, and which was published in 1826 for the benefit of his aged father.

The remains of Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his humble ancestors at Hazeldean, to which he bids an affecting farewell in a solemn passage concluding his "Scenes of Infancy." His language is that of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But little recks it where our bodies rest and exhale into their primitive elements. The best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and the wise.*

Another, and perhaps a still more interesting example of precocious diligence in acquiring languages, is found in the subject of the succeeding sketch.

DR ALEXANDER MURRAY.

THIS eminent linguist and scholar, who, from the lowly condition of a shepherd boy, raised himself to the situation of Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, was born on the 22d of October 1775, at a place called Dunkitterick, in Galloway, in the south of Scotland, where his father

* The above article is chiefly condensed from a memoir of Leyden, written by Sir Walter Scott for the "Edinburgh Annual Register," and republished in the cheap and elegant series of his Miscellaneous Prose Works.

followed the profession of a shepherd, and reared a large family in humble comfort and respectability. The following is a condensation of the narrative which Murray has written of himself, and which appeared in the "Literary History of Galloway:"—

"Some time in autumn 1781, my father bought a catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters to me in his *written* hand, on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became writer as well as reader. I wrote with the board and brand continually. Then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. I daily amused myself with copying, as above, the *printed* letters. In May 1782 he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces, and concealed in a hole of a dike. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose. The Bible, used every night in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch. The rest of the books were put up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading the history of Abraham and of David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, for I durst not show them openly; and as I read constantly, and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the large passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have forgot too much of my biblical knowledge; but I can still rehearse all the names of the patriarchs from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory.

"My father's whole property was only two or three scores of sheep, and four muirland cows, his reward for herding the farm of Kitterick for Mr Alexander Laidlaw in Clatteranshaws, on the other side of the Dee. He had no debts, and no money. We lived in a wild glen, five or six miles from Minigaff, and more from New Galloway. All his sons had been bred shepherds; he meant to employ me in that line; and he often blamed me for laziness and uselessness, because I was a bad and negligent herd-boy. The fact was, I was always a weakly child; not unhealthy, but not stout. I was short-sighted, a defect he did not know, and which was often the occasion of blunders when I

was sent to look for cattle. I was sedentary, indolent, and given to books, and writing on boards with coals. In 1783, my fame for wondrous reading and a great memory was the discourse of the whole glen. But my father could not pay the expenses of lodging and wages for me at any school. In harvest 1783, William Cochrane, a brother of my mother, returned from England, where he had made a few hundred pounds as a travelling merchant. He came to visit our family, and being informed of my genius, as they called it, undertook to place me next spring at New Galloway school, and to lodge me in the house of Alexander Cochrane, my grandfather, then alive, and dwelling about a mile from New Galloway. This simple expedient might have occurred to my parents, but I never heard them propose it; the idea of school wages frightened them from employing it. I was brought to New Galloway about the 26th of May 1784, and for a month made a very awkward figure in the school, then taught by Mr William Gordon: he read English well, and had many scholars. Mr Gillespie, who is almost my equal in years, being born in 1775 or 1776, was then reading the rudiments of Latin. My pronunciation of words was laughed at, and my whole speech was a subject of fun. But I soon gained impudence; and before the vacation in August, I often stood dux of the Bible class. I was in the meantime taught to write copies, and use paper and ink.

"In spring 1785 I was put to assist as a shepherd boy the rest of the family. I was still attached to reading, printing of words, and getting by heart ballads, of which I procured several. I had seen the ballad of 'Chevy Chase' at New Galloway, and was quite enraptured with it. About this time, and for years after, I spent every sixpence that friends or strangers gave me on ballads and penny histories. I carried bundles of these in my pockets, and read them when sent to look for cattle on the banks of Loch Greanoch, and on the wild hills in its neighbourhood. Those ballads that I liked most were 'Chevy Chase,' 'Sir James the Rose,' 'Jamie and Nancy,' and all heroic and sorrowful ditties. This course of life continued through 1785, 1786, and 1787. In that time I had read, or rather studied daily, 'Sir David Lindsay,' 'Sir William Wallace,' 'The Cloud of Witnesses,' 'The Hind let Loose,' and all the books of piety in the place. My fame for reading and a memory was loud, and several said I was 'a living miracle.' I puzzled the honest elders of the church with recitals of Scripture, and discourses about Jerusalem, &c. &c. In 1787 and 1788 I borrowed from John Kellie, then in Tenotrie, and still residing, I believe, in Minigaff, Salmon's Geographical Grammar, and L'Estrange's version of Josephus. I got immense benefit from Salmon's book. It gave me an idea of geography and universal history, and I actually recollect at this day almost everything it contains. I learned to copy its maps, but I did not understand the scale. In 1788, or early in 1789, Basil, Lord

Dear, came to attend a committee of the gentlemen on the line of road between New Galloway and Newton-Stewart. He had made a map of the whole valley of Palneur from Dee to Cree, which map he lost on the moors near Kitterick. It was found and given to me, and I practised drawing plans of the glen of Palneur, correcting and printing the names of places according to my own fancy.

"As I could read and write, I was engaged by the heads of two families in Kirkowen parish to teach their children. The name of the one was Robert Milligan, and the other was Alexander Milroy, laird of Morfad, an old and singular man, who had young grandchildren. I taught these pupils during the winter of 1787-8, but got acquainted with few books. I received copies of the numeration and multiplication tables from one M'William, a boy of my own age, and a brother teacher. I returned home in March 1788. My fees were fifteen or sixteen shillings. Part of this I laid out on books, one of which was the 'History of the Twelve Cæsars,' translated from Suetonius; another, Cocker's Arithmetic, the plainest of all books, from which in two or three months I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the rule of three, with no additional assistance, except the use of an old copy-book of examples, made by some boy at school, and a few verbal directions from my brother Robert, the only one of all my father's sons, by his first marriage, that remained with us. He was then a cattle-dealer on a small scale. In June 1788 I made a visit to Minigaff, and got from old John Simpson, a cart-wright, and a great reader, the loan of several volumes of Ruddiman's Weekly or Monthly Magazine during 1773, 1774, and 1775, and an old, ill-written, and superstitious history of the 'Four Monarchies, of the Popes, the Kings of England,' &c. My memory now contained a very large mass of historical facts and ballad poetry, which I repeated with pleasure to myself, and the astonished approbation of the peasants around me. On the 26th of May 1789, my father and his family left Kitterick, and came to herd in a place called Drigmorn, on Palkill Burn, four miles from Minigaff. He was engaged by Mr Ebenezer Wilson, now residing in Barncauchla. A prospect now opened of my attending Minigaff school. I set out by myself, and arrived in Minigaff village, where my friend, John Simpson, lived, and where Mr Cramond, schoolmaster of Minigaff, dwelt. I think he lodged in Simpson's house. Mr Cramond received me, and I travelled every day from Drigmorn to Minigaff. I read some English, but applied chiefly to writing and arithmetic. In the course of the summer I ran over Dilworth's Arithmetic. But I was not in stout health, and the distance from school was great, and I generally attended only three days in the week. My teacher allowed this. I made the most of these days: I came about an hour before the school met; I pored on my arithmetic, in which I am still a proficient; and

I regularly opened and read all the English books, such as the 'Spectator,' 'World,' &c. brought by the children to school. I seldom joined in any play at the usual hour, but read constantly. It occurred to me that I might get qualified for a merchant's clerk. I therefore cast a sharp look towards the method of book-keeping, and got some idea of its forms by reading Hutton in the school, and by glancing at the books of other scholars. When the vacation came on, I was obliged to quit school. At Martinmas 1789 I was engaged by three families in the moors of Kells and Minigaff to teach their children.

"A little before Whitsunday 1790 I returned home to Drigmorn. My father had been engaged to herd in Barncauchla, a farm within two miles of Minigaff village, to which farm we removed on the 26th of May 1790. I had now easy access to school, and went regularly. As I now understood writing and accounts, in imitation of other lads in the country, I wished to add to these a little French. These were the sum-total of qualifications deemed necessary for a clerk intending to go to the West Indies or America.

"I had, in 1787 and 1788, often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in every language found in Salmon's Grammar. I had read in the magazines and 'Spectator,' that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton, were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some elders and good religious people. In 1789, at Drigmorn, an old woman who lived near showed me her psalm-book, which was printed with a large type, had notes on each page, and likewise what I discovered to be the Hebrew alphabet, marked letter after letter in the 119th psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by printing them off in my old way, and kept them.

"I borrowed from one Jack M'Bride, at Bridgend of Cree, Chambaud's Rudiments of French Grammar. About the 30th of May 1790, I set to work on it. My indulgent master gave me whole pages of lessons, and in less than a fortnight I began to read lessons in the second volume of the 'Diable Boiteux,' a book which he gave me. Robert Kerr, a son of William Kerr in Risque, was my friend and companion. He, in preparation for Grenada, whither he soon went, had for some time read French. His grammar was Boyer's, and the book which he read in, an old French New Testament. There was another grammar in the school, read by Robert Cooper, son of Mr Cooper, late tenant in Clarie. In the middle of the days I sat in the school and compared the nouns, verbs, &c. in all these books; and as I knew much of the New Testament by memory, I was able to explain whole pages of the French to Kerr, who was not diligent in study. About the 15th of June Kerr told me that he had once learned Latin for a fortnight, but had not

liked it, and still had the Rudiments beside him. I said, 'Do lend me them; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French.' He gave me the book; I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllable, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton-Stewart, I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin Grammar instead of the thin French Rudiments. On an ordinary day, Mr Cramond would have chid me for this, but on that festive morning he was mellow, and in excellent spirits—a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake, and showed the Rudiments, 'Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin!' and he accordingly read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was at that time in the school a class of four boys advanced as far as the pronouns in Latin grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August, I had reached the end of the Rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French, that I could read almost any French book at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and rivetted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all mid-day, and pored on the first pages of Robert Cooper's Greek Grammar, the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy, and learning Greek. By help of his book I mastered the letters; but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner. Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies, and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book, and my books were not like those of other schoolboys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay. The school was dissolved in the harvest. After the vacation I returned to it a week or two, to read Eutropius. A few days before the vacation, I purchased from an old man, named William Shaw, a very bulky and aged edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. This was an invaluable acquisition to me. It had all the Latin words, and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew, likewise a plan of ancient Rome, and a dictionary of proper names. I had it for

eighteenpence, a very low price. With these books I went off, about Martinmas, to teach the children of Robert Kerr, tenant in Garlarg, English reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin. In his house I found several more books, Ruddiman's Grammar—the most obscure of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose—Cæsar, and Ovid. I employed every moment in pondering over these books. I literally read the dictionary throughout. My method was to revolve the leaves of the letter A, to notice all the principal words, and their Greek synonymes, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew; to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A, and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocables. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me, and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition; but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic, or singular expressions, I both felt, and tenaciously remembered them. Here I got another book, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was 'Paradise Lost,' of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. I had the use of it for a year, until I replaced it with one of my own. I account my first acquaintance with Paradise Lost an era in my reading.

"About Whitsunday 1791 I returned to school, able to read Eutropius, Ovid, Cæsar, and Ruddiman's Grammar, in an intelligent, but not very correct style. I certainly knew a great deal of words and matters, but my prosody was bad, and my English neither fluent nor elegant. I found the young class reading Ovid and Cæsar, and afterwards Virgil. I laughed at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons, and often obliged them by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation. My kind master never proposed that I should join them. He knew, indeed, that my time at school was uncertain; and he not only remitted a great part of my fees, but allowed me to read any book which I pleased. I studied his humour, and listened to his stories about his college life in the university of Aberdeen, where he had been regularly bred, and where he had been the class-fellow of Dr Beattie.

"I found my schoolfellow, Robert Cooper, reading Livy, the Greek Grammar, and the Greek New Testament. A few days before going to school this season, I had formed an acquaintance with John Hunter, a miner, under Mr George Muir, and who lived in the High Row of the Miners' Village, at Mr Heron's lead-mines. This man and his family had come from Leadhills. He showed me many civilities, and gave me the use of the following books, that had belonged to a brother of his, then

deceased:—'Luciana Dialogi, cum Tabula Cebetis,' Greek and Latin; a Greek New Testament; 'Homer's Iliad,' Greek and Latin, in two small volumes; 'Buchanani Historia Rerum Gest. Scoticarum;' and 'Buchanani Opera Poetica.' The first portion of my wages had gone to Dumfries or Edinburgh to buy Moore's Greek Grammar and 'Schrevelii Lexicon.' I got the grammar, but I forget how I obtained the lexicon. My master allowed me to pass over Cæsar, Ovid, Virgil, and Sallust, of which last, however, I borrowed copies, and read them privately, or at times with the young class. Dr George Muir was one of the young class, and my intimate friend. After I had read my own lessons, I almost always read along with him his lesson in Virgil and Sallust. But Mr Cramond permitted me to read Livy along with Robert Cooper, and Buchanan's history by myself. Robert Cooper was indolent, and I was proud to see that I had overtaken him, and could repeat the Greek Grammar and read Greek in the New Testament with more ease. He was given to *taw*, but I joined in no sports, but sat all day in the school. My amusement consisted in reading the books of history and poetry brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer, and attempted to translate him by the help of the Latin translation. In June 1791 we were allowed to read a daily lesson in the first book and volume of the 'Iliad,' which we prepared in the school. But I kept the second volume at home, and pored on it till I fairly became, in an incorrect way, master of the sense, and was delighted with it. I remember that the fate of Hector and Sarpedon affected me greatly; and no sensation was ever more lively than what I felt on first reading the passage which declares that 'Jupiter rained drops of blood on the ground, in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country.' My practice was to lay down a new and difficult book, after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation frequently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analysing every sentence.

"In July 1791 I found my Greek knowledge increase. I began to translate sentences into Greek, by help of certain phrases at the end of Schrevelius. And so far as I remember, I, during that summer or autumn, attempted to introduce myself to your notice by letters in Greek and Latin. The Greek one was short, and no doubt very inaccurate likewise, but less exceptionable. From that time you began to give me the use of books, and good advice as to my future behaviour and studies, which in my situation were very desirable. I had from you the loan of 'Longinus,' the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' a volume of Cicero's Orations, which I read with great delight, and some others. All that summer and harvest were devoted to hard and continued reading, which was not limited to works in Greek and Latin, but extended to the

history and poetry in the several books. I carried Homer in my pocket abroad, and studied him with great diligence.

"I had long possessed the Hebrew letters, and knew the meanings of many words. I was now determined to learn that language. I sent for a Hebrew Grammar to Edinburgh, by the man who rode post. He brought me Robertson's Grammar, and the first edition of that book, which contains the Arabic alphabet in the last leaf. Mr Cramond, to whom I showed it in September 1791, at the time when I received it, informed me that he once was able to read Hebrew, but that he had now forgotten it entirely. I had for a long time known the alphabet; I found the Latin easy and intelligible; I soon mastered the points; and in the course of a month, got into the whole system of Jewish grammar. On an accidental visit to New Galloway, I was told by John Heron, a cousin of mine, and father to Robert Heron, author of several works, that he could give me a small old lexicon belonging to his son. This present was to me astonishingly agreeable. It contained, besides the words and their Latin interpretations, the book of Ruth in the original. When I came home, some person informed me that a relation of Mr Wilson's, in Auchinleck, then living in Minigaff village, had in her possession a Hebrew Bible, the property of her brother, Mr William Wilson, a dissenting clergyman in Ireland. She consented to let me have the use of it for several months. It was a small edition in several volumes, I forget from which press. I made good use of this loan: I read it throughout, and many passages and books of it a number of times.

"I returned to school in the summer of 1792, and read Latin and Greek, rather for practice than in a rudimental way. The fault of our teacher was a slovenly inattention to grammatical minutiæ, which hurt my future appearance at college, and is more or less the evil of all country schools. In return for this, he was kind, familiar, and communicative. His foible was the love of drink. He had nobody to prepare a comfortable meal for him in his little way, and he went to the alehouse in order to avoid the wearisomeness and inattention which distressed him at home. You know he at length became unfit for any public situation. Yet had I been placed under a more formal and regular master, I should never have been able to make a respectable progress; for the broken state of my time would have compelled me to wait on children in low and young classes, in order to get by memory every part of the Rudiments; and every absent winter, and inaccuracy in reading, would have been a pretext for beginning me anew in the rudiments and grammar. All the accurate men have this way of thinking. Mr Dalzell, the professor of Greek, rebuked me severely for looking into Plato and Aristophanes in my first year at college. I received his admonitions, but still persisted in reading those writers. Desultory study is no doubt a bad thing; but a lad whose ambition never ceases, but stimu-

lates him incessantly, enlarges his mind and range of thought by excursions beyond the limits of regular forms.

"In 1792 I read portions of Homer, Livy, Sallust, and any other author used in the school. In the autumn of 1792 my companion, Cooper, left the school, and went, I believe, to Glasgow university. I could not imitate him for want of funds. In the winter of 1792–3 I engaged myself with Thomas Birkmyre, miller, of Minigaff Mill, and taught his children during that season till March 1793. My wages were only thirty shillings [for the half year], but my object was to get a residence near Newton-Stewart, and to have liberty of going, in the winter forenights, to a school taught by Mr Nathaniel Martin in Bridgend of Cree. Several young lads attended it with a view to exercise themselves in reading English poetry, and in spending their hours agreeably. Martin had been at Edinburgh, and possessed many new books, such as the 'Bee,' Duncan's Cicero, some of the best English collections, and so forth. In the mill I got 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Clarke's Evidences of Christianity.' I did not understand the one, nor care much for the other. My companions at the night-school were William Gifford, lately a writer's first clerk in Edinburgh; one Thomas Baird, a clerk to a tobacconist; John Mackilwraith, son-in-law to John M'Kie, lately merchant in Castle Douglas. John Mackilwraith was an old friend, for his father-in-law was tenant of Kitterick in 1783. From him I got the loan of Baillie's English Dictionary, which I studied, and learned from it a vast variety of useful matters. I gained from it the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, the Anglo-Saxon paternoster, and many words in that venerable dialect.

"In 1791 I had the loan of a stray volume of the 'Ancient Universal History' from my neighbour schoolfellows, the Maclurgs, who lived in Glenhoash, below Risque. It contained the history of the ancient Gauls, Germans, Abyssinians, and others. It included a very incorrect copy of the Abyssinian alphabet, which, however, I transcribed, and kept by me for future occasions. I was completely master of the Arabic alphabet, by help of Robertson's Grammar, in the end of which (first edition) it is given in the most accurate manner.

"In the autumn of 1792, about the time I went to the mill, I had, in the hour of ignorance and ambition, believed myself capable of writing an epic poem. For two years before, or rather from the time that I had met with 'Paradise Lost,' sublime poetry was my favourite reading. Homer had encouraged this taste, and my schoolfellow, George Muir, had lent me, in 1791, an edition of 'Ossian's Fingal,' which is, in many passages, a sublime and pathetic performance. I copied Fingal, as the book was lent only for four days, and carried the manuscript about with me. I chose Arthur, general of the Britons, for my hero, and during 1792–3 wrote several thousands of blank verses about his achieve-

ments. This was my first attempt in blank verse. In 1790 I had purchased 'The Grave,' a poem by Blair, and committed it almost entirely to memory.

"I passed the summer of 1793 at home, and in long visits to my friends in Newton-Stewart and other parts. During that summer I began to translate from Buchanan's poetical works, his 'Fratres Franciscani.' I made an attempt to obtain the situation of teacher of the school of Mochrum; but the Rev. Mr Steven, minister of that parish, who received me very kindly, told me that it was promised, and that my youth would be objected to by the heritors and parish. In 1791 I bought for a trifle a manuscript volume of the lectures of Arnold Drackenburg, a German professor, on the lives and writings of the Roman authors, from Livius Andronicus to Quinctilian. This was a learned work, and I resolved to translate and publish it. I remained at home during the winter of 1793–4, and employed myself in that task. My translation was neither elegant nor correct. My taste was improving; but a knowledge of elegant phraseology and correct diction cannot be acquired without some acquaintance with the world, and with the human character in its polished state. The most obscure and uninteresting parts of the 'Spectator,' 'World,' 'Guardian,' and Pope's works, were those that described life and manners. The parts of those works which I then read with rapture were accounts of tragic occurrences of great but unfortunate men, and poetry that addressed the passions.

"Early in 1794 I resolved to go to Dumfries, and present my translation to the booksellers there. As I had doubt respecting the success of a 'History of the Latin Writers,' I likewise composed a number of poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and most of them very indifferent. I went to Dumfries in June 1794, and found that neither of the two booksellers there would undertake to publish my translation; but I got a number of subscription papers printed, in order to promote the publication of the poems. I collected, by myself and friends, four or five hundred subscriptions. At Gatehouse, a merchant there, an old friend, gave me a very curious and large printed copy of the Pentateuch, which had belonged to the celebrated Andrew Melvin, and the Hebrew Dictionary of Pagninus, a huge folio. During the visit to Dumfries I was introduced to Robert Burns, who treated me with great kindness; told me that if I could get out to college without publishing my poems, it would be better, as my taste was young, and not formed, and I would be ashamed of my productions when I could write and judge better. I understood this, and resolved to make publication my last resource. In Dumfries I bought six or seven plays of Shakspeare, and never read anything, except Milton, with more rapture and enthusiasm. I had seen his poems before.

"During this summer, my friend M'Harg being in Edinburgh,

employed as a hawker, or itinerant dealer in tea and other articles, described my situation to James Kinnear, a journeyman printer, a very respectable man, who informed him that if I could be brought to town, Dr Baird and several other gentlemen would take notice of me. In consequence of this communication, I arrived in Edinburgh at the beginning of November 1794."

Such is Dr Murray's singular narrative, on which any comment would but weaken the impression which it is calculated to convey. On his arrival in Edinburgh, he was kindly received by Mr Kinnear. The only letter of introduction which he brought to town was one from Mr Maitland to Dr Baird, who received him with great kindness. Too much praise cannot be paid to these two gentlemen for their generous conduct, particularly as they were strangers to each other, and were actuated solely by the motive of bringing into notice indigent merit, and opening to a young man of extraordinary promise a wider field for the cultivation of his genius and talents. Nor was Murray unworthy of the patronage of these respectable individuals. On the first day after his arrival in town, he underwent an examination in presence of Dr Baird, Dr Finlayson, and Dr Moodie; and, to use the language of one of his examinators, he read freely, and also explained and analysed accurately, a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm. In consequence of his uncommon acquirements, not only the direct advantages of the college were procured to him without expense, but such pecuniary aid was extended to him as was necessary for the effectual prosecution of his studies. At the end of two years he obtained a bursary from the town; and about that time he began to support himself by carrying on private teaching. Dr Baird continued through life his faithful friend and patron.

Dr Murray, after this period, prosecuted a successful career as a man of letters. In 1806 he undertook the ministerial charge of the parish of Urr, in his native county, which he resigned in 1812, on being appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the weakly constitution of this extraordinary genius sunk under the fatigues of his first session, and he died, universally and deeply lamented, April 15, 1813. An elegant monument, commemorative of his life and talents, was some years afterwards erected by subscription near the place of his nativity.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THIS extraordinary man, who, from being originally an operative weaver, became, by his own unaided exertions, one of the most celebrated ornithologists of his day, was born in Paisley on

the 6th of July 1766. His father was a distiller, poor in fortune, though said to have been endowed with an active and sagacious mind. He was so unfortunate as to lose his mother at the early age of ten, and was left without the tender and judicious care which a mother alone can give. On attaining his thirteenth year, he was bound apprentice for three years to his brother-in-law, to learn the business of a weaver, and on the expiry of this term, continued to work as a journeyman for four years more.

The employment of a weaver was by no means congenial to the disposition and propensities of the future ornithologist; but as his father, though a highly respectable man in character, was in very indifferent circumstances, young Wilson had no choice left, but was compelled to adopt that which was readiest and most easily attained. It is much to his credit, however, that though he must have felt—indeed it is certain that he did feel, and that at a very early age—that he was fitted for higher things, he yet diligently laboured at the humble but honourable calling to which his destiny had appointed him, and never allowed such feelings to interrupt his industry. At this period of his life he indulged in a predilection for poetical composition, and wrote several pieces which appeared in the "Glasgow Advertiser;" but in these juvenile attempts he was not very successful, nor was he ever, at any after period, fortunate in this department of literature, though his poetical productions are certainly not without very considerable merit.

Having continued at the loom, as already said, for four years as a journeyman weaver, at the end of this period he abandoned the business, to accompany his brother-in-law, who had commenced travelling merchant or pedlar, in a tour through the eastern districts of Scotland—an employment which, though it could scarcely claim any sort of precedence in point of rank over that which he had left, he yet gladly embraced, as it at once released him from the confinement and dull monotony of his former occupation, and permitted him to indulge in one of his strongest propensities, which was to ramble over hill and dale, and to enjoy, unfettered and unrestrained, the beauties of his native land. With such a disposition, it is not to be wondered at that, as a pedlar, he made much greater progress in the study of nature, and perhaps of man, and in the extending of his ideas, than in the improvement of his fortunes. The acquisition of money was no object with him, and of course, as it was not sought, it was not found.

At this time Burns was in the zenith of his fame, and Wilson, tempted by his success, resolved to publish his poems—the accumulated pieces of preceding years—and in 1789, contracted with a printer in Paisley for this purpose, but was obliged to abandon the idea for the time, for want of means to carry it into effect. He, however, published them some time afterwards, with the title of "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious," at his

own risk, after having in vain endeavoured to procure subscribers, and carried them about with him in his hawking expeditions, but met with little or no success in the sale of them. Finding that he could make nothing of either poetry or traffic, he returned once more to his loom, at which he was again quietly seated, when he learned that a debating society in Edinburgh had proposed for discussion the question, whether Ferguson or Allan Ramsay had done most honour to Scottish poetry. Seized with an ambition to distinguish himself on this occasion, he borrowed from a friend the poems of Ferguson, which he had never read before, and in a few days produced a poem, which he entitled the "Laurel Disputed," and in which he awarded the palm to Ferguson. With this poem in his pocket, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and recited it before the audience assembled to hear the discussion. Before he left Edinburgh, he also recited in public two other poems, and acquired by all a considerable degree of respect and favour. He likewise contributed occasionally, about this time (1791), to a periodical work called "The Bee." But though Wilson's poetical efforts procured him some reputation, they did nothing for him in the way of advancing his worldly interests. The volume of poems which he published in 1789, at which period he was only twenty-two years of age, went through two small editions in octavo, but without yielding the author any pecuniary advantage. His literary reputation was, nevertheless, considerably increased by the publication of his "Watty and Meg," a poem in the Scottish dialect, and of such decided merit, that it was universally ascribed to Burns on its first appearance, which was in 1791. It is a droll and satirical description of a drunken husband and scolding wife, and shows that the author possessed a fund of broad humour.

Having soon after this embroiled himself in some serious disputes which took place in his native town between the operative weavers and their employers, by writing some severe personal satires on certain individuals of the latter class, he found his residence in Paisley no longer compatible with his comfort or happiness, and therefore determined on proceeding to America. But before taking his departure, he called on those persons whom he had satirised, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, and solicited their forgiveness. This circumstance is a pleasing proof of the generosity of his nature—that which follows a very striking one of the determination of his character. Although he had resolved on going to America, he did not possess a single shilling wherewith to pay his passage. To supply this desideratum, he instantly abandoned every other pursuit, and for four months laboured with incessant industry at his loom, confining the expense of his living during this time to one shilling in the week. The result of this perseverance and rigid economy was, that at the end of the period named, he found himself in possession of the requisite sum, but nothing more. With this he set out for

Portpatrick on foot, crossed to Belfast, and there engaged a passage to America; and he arrived at New York on the 14th of July 1794, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and even these were borrowed from a fellow-passenger.

Up till this period, and indeed for several years after, Wilson exhibited no indications of a genius or even predilection for that particular department of natural history in which he afterwards acquired so brilliant a name; but it is said that, immediately after landing in America, and while proceeding from the place of his disembarkation to Newcastle, his attention was strongly excited by the specimens of the feathered inhabitants of the New World which he met with, and that he was particularly delighted with the splendour of the plumage of a red-headed woodpecker, which he shot by the way. Whether or not his genius received on this occasion that bent which afterwards led to such splendid results, it is certain that he always retained a lively recollection of the feelings of surprise and delight with which he for the first time contemplated the beauties of the American woodpecker.

For many years after his arrival in America, Wilson's condition underwent but little improvement. He found there nearly the same difficulties to contend with, and prospects nearly equally cheerless, with those he had left behind him in his native land. The first employment he obtained was with a copperplate printer in Philadelphia; but this he soon relinquished, and betook him to his original trade, weaving. This he again resigned for the pack; but his success as a pedlar was not sufficient to induce him to continue by it, and he abandoned it also, and commenced teacher; making his first experiment in this laborious and somewhat precarious profession near the town of Frankford in Pennsylvania. While in this situation, he in a great measure repaired the defects of his early education, by close and unremitting study in various departments of science and knowledge; and, as has often been the case, by instructing others, he taught himself. He afterwards removed to Milestown, where he remained for several years, adding a little to the limited income arising from his school, by surveying land for farmers.

At the end of this period he applied for and obtained the appointment of schoolmaster of the Union School in the township of Kingsessing, within a few miles of Philadelphia; and it is from this period that his history in the pursuit of the bird creation commences, although he yet entertained that branch of natural history only in common with others, and by no means confined his studies to the feathered tribes. His attention was equally engrossed by a host of other animals; and his apartment, as described by himself, had the appearance of Noah's ark, being crowded with opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, and other animals. Finding his ignorance of drawing a serious drawback in his new pursuit, he applied to the acquisition of this art with such diligence and determination of purpose, that

he in a very short time succeeded in obtaining a command of the pencil, that enabled him to sketch from nature with great fidelity and spirit. It was not, however, till the year 1803 that Wilson conceived the magnificent design of his American Ornithology, and even then his ideas on the subject fell very far short of the great work he afterwards achieved. At this period he contemplated little more than "making a collection of the finest American birds," as he himself writes to a friend in Paisley. Having mentioned his intention to some of his American friends, they endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting it, and, with a sincere regard for his interest, pointed out to him the formidable difficulties which he would have to encounter, and which appeared to them insurmountable. But they spoke in vain. Wilson's ardour and enthusiasm was more than a match for their prudence; and trusting to his own resources, he quietly but resolutely proceeded with his design; although—and it is a curious fact—when he began his stupendous work on American Ornithology, he did not know even the names of more than three or four of the American birds. But from this moment he devoted himself with a zeal and energy to the accomplishment of his enterprise, which removed all obstacles as fast as they presented themselves, and swept away all difficulties, as straws are swept away by the stream.

In October 1804, with his gun on his shoulder, he made the first of that series of perilous journeys through the wilds of America, which he found it necessary to perform to obtain an accurate and intimate knowledge of the birds of the forest; and amidst privations and hardships which few men but himself would have voluntarily encountered, he completed a journey of twelve hundred miles on foot, through deep snows, boundless forests, deep and dangerous rivers, and over wild and desolate mountains. But the experience of this perilous and painful excursion, instead of damping his ardour, had the effect only of increasing it. In the spring of the following year, he had completed drawings of twenty-eight rare birds, and about this time also made an attempt to acquire the art of engraving on copper, thinking, in the devotedness of his enthusiasm, that he might, by diligence and perseverance, soon attain such a proficiency in this art as would enable him to execute the plates for his contemplated work; and he actually completed two: but when he had got this length, he became dissatisfied with the result of his labours, and abandoned the pursuit. At this period the general aspect of his affairs, and those, in particular, which related to his undertaking, were exceedingly gloomy. He was without means and without money, and was persevering in a course which his friends thought an imprudent one, and was therefore without even words of encouragement to cheer him on his way. But neither these disheartening considerations, nor any other, could deter him from prosecuting his great design. So far from being

discouraged by the difficulties which surrounded him, he declared that he would proceed with his plan even if it should cost him his life; and, in that noble spirit which belongs to true genius alone, exclaimed, "I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished."

At the close of the year 1805, he made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed to take part in an exploratory expedition which the American government was then about to send to the valley of the Mississippi. He addressed his application on this occasion to President Jefferson, stating to that functionary what he had done in the prosecution of his intended work on American ornithology, and representing the advantages which the being permitted to accompany the party would afford him in furthering his views. To this communication—from what cause is now unknown—he obtained no reply, and of course did not join the expedition. Soon after this, more cheering prospects presented themselves to the enterprising ornithologist. A Mr Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher in Philadelphia, who was about to print an edition of Rees's Cyclopædia, engaged Wilson, on what the latter himself called liberal terms, to superintend the publication of that work. But this connection presented another inducement to Wilson, and one which had infinitely greater attractions for him than any which related to his own personal advantage. This was the prospect it afforded him of procuring a publisher for his work; and so far he was not disappointed. On his explaining the nature and object of his undertaking, Mr Bradford readily consented to become his publisher; and in September 1808, the first volume of "American Ornithology" appeared, one of the most splendid books by far which had then emanated from the American press; but unfortunately the price was, though necessarily, much too high for a country comparatively in its infancy, and which had not then had time to turn its attention to the arts or sciences, or to acquire a sufficient taste for them to encourage such an expensive appeal on their behalf. The price of the work, when completed, was to be one hundred and twenty dollars. It is not therefore at all surprising to find that, even a considerable time after its publication, its ingenious, but in this respect certainly injudicious author, could only boast of forty-one names on his list of subscribers. This number, however, he afterwards increased to two hundred and fifty, by travelling through the country, and visiting the different towns in quest of patrons; but these, he himself says, were obtained "at a price worth more than five times the amount;" and they no doubt were so, if wounded feelings, fatigue of body and mind, and all the humiliations to which such a mission must of necessity have frequently subjected him, be taken into the account. From this tour he returned to New York in March 1809.

Two hundred copies only of the first volume of the Orni-

thology had been printed, but it was now thought advisable to throw off three hundred more; which was accordingly done: and in the meantime Wilson assiduously employed himself in preparing the second volume for the press, although he neither had yet benefited to the extent of a single dollar by the publication of his work, nor was likely to do so. The second volume appeared in January 1810; and immediately after its appearance, the author set out on another tour in quest of support and patronage. This time he penetrated into the western part of the States, or valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. At Pittsburg, he succeeded beyond his expectations in getting subscribers; and after ascertaining that the roads were such as to render a land journey impossible, he bought a small boat, which he named the *Ornithologist*, intending to proceed in it down the Ohio to Cincinnati, a distance of more than five hundred miles. Some advised him not to undertake the journey alone; but he had made up his mind, and only waited, exploring the woods in the interval, till the ice had left the stream. At length the time arrived for his departure on this inland voyage. His provision consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial, given him by a gentleman in Pittsburg: one end of the boat was occupied by his trunk, greatcoat, and gun; and he had a small tin vessel, with which to bale his boat, and to drink the water of the Ohio. Thus equipped, he launched into the stream. The weather was calm, and the river like a mirror, except where fragments of ice were floating down. His heart expanded with delight at the novelty and wildness of the scene. The song of the red-bird in the deep forests on the shore, the smoke of the various sugar-camps rising gently along the mountains, and the little log-huts which here and there opened from the woods, gave an appearance of life to a landscape which would otherwise have been lonely and still. He could not consent to the slow motion of the river, which flowed two miles and a half an hour; he therefore stripped himself for the oar, and added three miles and a half to his speed. Our traveller's lodgings by night were less tolerable than his voyage, as he went down the desolate stream. The first night was passed in a log-cabin, fifty-two miles below Pittsburg, where he slept on a heap of straw.

Having reached Cincinnati, he there got a few subscribers for his work, and then proceeded to Louisville, where he sold his boat. He next walked a distance of seventy-two miles to Lexington, whence he travelled to Nashville, exploring on his journey some of the remarkable caverns of Kentucky. He had thoughts of extending his tour to St Louis; but after considering that it would detain him a month, and add four hundred miles to his journey, without perhaps adding a single subscriber to his list, he gave up the plan, and prepared for a passage through the wilderness towards New Orleans. He was strongly

urged not to undertake it, and a thousand alarming representations of hardship and danger were set before him; but, as usual, he gave fears to the winds, and quietly made preparations for the way. He set out on the 4th of May, on horseback, with a pistol in each pocket, and a fowling-piece belted across his shoulder. During this adventurous journey he suffered severely from the heat of the sun, and all the changes of the weather. His exposure by night and day brought on an illness, which he with difficulty surmounted. He had occasion to travel among the Indians, who, it seems, treated him with great kindness; and though dreadfully worn out with fatigue, he enjoyed the journey very much. He reached New Orleans on the 6th of June, and shortly after embarked in a vessel for New York, and from thence he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 2d of August 1810.

Wilson now applied himself with unwearied industry to the preparation of the third volume of his Ornithology. At this time, he says that the number of birds which he had found, and which had not been noticed by any other naturalist, amounted to forty. Between this period and 1812 he made several other journeys throughout the country, partly with the view of promoting the sale of his publication, and partly to procure materials for his study, an object which he never lost sight of—seldom travelling, whatever might be the immediate or ostensible cause of his changing place, without his fowling-piece.

In the year above named, he received a gratifying proof of the estimation in which his merits were beginning to be held. This was his being chosen a member of the Society of Artists of the United States; and in the spring of the following year, he was admitted to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. But this extraordinary man was not destined to see either the completion of his meritorious labours, or to enjoy the triumph of achieving all that he designed. The excessive labour and fatigue of both body and mind to which he had for many years subjected himself, gradually undermined his constitution, and prepared it to yield to the first act of indiscretion to which it should be exposed; and this, unfortunately, now very soon occurred.

While sitting one day with a friend, he caught a glimpse from the window of a rare bird, for which he had long been vainly looking out. The instant he saw it, he seized his gun, rushed out of the house in pursuit of it, and after an arduous chase, during which he swam across a river, succeeded in killing it; but he succeeded at the expense of his life. He caught a violent cold; this was followed by dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten days. He died on the morning of the 23d August 1813, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery of the Swedish church in Southwark, Philadelphia. A plain marble monument, with

an inscription, intimating his age, the place and date of his birth, and of his death, marks the place of his sepulture.

Wilson had completed the seventh volume of his Ornithology before he died, and was engaged, when seized with his last illness, in collecting materials for the eighth. At this he laboured with an assiduity and unintermitting industry which called forth the remonstrances of his friends. His reply, while it seems to indicate a presentiment of his premature fate, is at the same time characteristic of his extraordinary enthusiasm and diligence. "Life is short," he would say on these occasions, "and nothing can be done without exertion." Nor is a wish, which he repeatedly expressed to a friend some time before his death, less characteristic of his amiable nature and deep admiration of the works of his Creator. This wish was, that he might be buried *where the birds might sing over his grave.*

His person is described as having been tall and handsome, rather slender than robust; his countenance expressive and thoughtful, and his eye intelligent. Unfortunately for himself, the speculation in which he engaged with so much ardour yielded him no remuneration; for he had committed the serious error of issuing his work on too expensive a scale. From the publication he derived no profits whatever; and the heavy expenses he had to incur in his journeys, as well as his ordinary outlays, were only paid by the wages he received in the capacity of colourer of his own plates. Of the many active men whose biographies are before the public, there is not, perhaps, one whose life presents such a heroic resolution in the pursuit of science as Wilson. Although this most indefatigable genius did not live to enjoy the reward of his diligence, he certainly anticipated what has come to pass—that his work would always be regarded as a subject of pride by his adopted country, as it certainly is by the country which gave him birth, and would secure a high degree of honour for him whose name it bears.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

THE Hebrew nation, as is well known, has been for ages scattered over the face of the earth, and now exists in different portions in every civilised country; retaining, however, in all situations, the religion, manners, and recollections of its ancestry—almost everywhere less or more oppressed, yet everywhere possessing the same unconquerable buoyancy of spirit and the same indomitable industry. It would be a very long and dismal story to tell of the settlement and sufferings of the Jews in the various countries of Europe, and we propose, therefore, to confine ourselves to a brief narration principally concerning their residence and treatment in Great Britain.

Whence or by what route the exiles of Judea found their way to this island, cannot now be satisfactorily traced; but, scattered as they were over the extensive domains of their Roman conquerors, it is not unlikely that they originally crossed the Channel whilst England also was under imperial sway, their numbers increasing as centuries rolled on, and as the gradual desertion of the island by the Romans gave them a more peaceful and secure retreat than was enjoyed by their brethren scattered nearer the seat of empire.

During the struggles between the Britons and Saxons, and afterwards between Saxons and Saxons, till the Heptarchy was finally established, the Hebrew strangers remained unnoticed; but when Christianity was introduced, and monks and priests obtained supreme ecclesiastical authority, decrees were issued as early as 740 by Egbert, archbishop of York, and again in 883

by the monks of Croyland, prohibiting Christians from appearing at Jewish feasts. From these decrees we infer that the Jews must have become both numerous and influential, and their feasts and ceremonies attractive to the people, who in the very early stages of Catholicism might have found a puzzling similarity in the outward ceremonies of the two religions—gorgeousness and splendour being at that time characteristic of the rites of both. The distinctions of actual creed were too subtle and too carefully made the study of churchmen alone to be understood or cared for by the multitude, and the priests must have feared some danger to their new and simple-minded converts from a too close intimacy with the Hebrews, or these prohibitions need not have been made.

No further allusion being made to the Jews during the Saxon monarchy, the decrees of the priests were probably obeyed, and no excuse given for persecution. When Canute of Denmark conquered England, however, the Jews shared the servitude of their Saxon brethren; and in 1020, without any assigned cause but the will of the sovereign, were banished from the kingdom. They crossed the Channel, and took refuge in the dominions of William, Duke of Normandy, where they were so kindly received that, on his conquest of England and assumption of her crown, they returned, increased in numbers, to their old homes, and purchased from William the right of settlement in the island.

The sons of the Conqueror pursued their father's kindly policy towards them. Under William Rufus they established themselves in London and Oxford, erecting in the latter town three halls or colleges—Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall—where they instructed young men of either persuasion in the Hebrew language and the sciences. Until this reign the only burial-ground allowed them in all England was St Giles, Cripplegate, where Jewen Street now stands; but under Rufus they obtained a place of interment also at Oxford, now the site of part of Magdalen College. Indeed Rufus, from what is narrated to us by the chroniclers, would appear to have respected the feelings of the Jews more than those of the Christian portion of his subjects. "He appointed," says Milman, "a public debate in London between the two parties, and swore, by 'the face of St Luke,' that if the rabbins defeated the bishops, he would turn Jew himself. He received at Rouen the complaint of certain Jews, that their children had been seduced to the profession of Christianity. Their petition was supported by a liberal offer of money. One Stephen offered sixty marks for his son's restoration to Judaism, but the son had the courage to resist the imperious monarch. Rufus gave still deeper offence by farming to the Jews the vacant bishoprics."

During this breathing-time from persecution their opulence naturally increased, and with it their unpopularity. The civil

wars between Matilda and Stephen had drained the royal coffers; money became more and more imperatively needed; and, following the example of the continental nations, charges the most false, but from their very horror and improbability eagerly credited by the ignorant populace, were promulgated against the Jews, and immense sums extorted from them to purchase remission from suffering and exile. Those who refused acceptance of the royal terms were mercilesaly banished, and their estates and other possessions confiscated to the crown.

During the reigns of Stephen and Henry II. these persecutions continued with little intermission, yet still they remained industrious and uncomplaining, eager on every occasion to testify their loyalty and allegiance.

In the last year of Henry II.'s reign (1188), a parliament was convened at Northampton to raise supplies for an expedition to the Holy Land. The whole Christian population were assessed at £70,000, while the Jews alone, in numbers but a very small fraction of the king's native subjects, were burdened with a tax of £60,000; £3330 having been during this one reign already tortured from them. The abandonment of the project, followed as it was by the king's death, prevented this illegal extortion; and it was perhaps from joy at this unexpected relief that the Hebrews thronged in crowds to Westminster to witness the coronation of Richard, sumptuously attired, and bearing rich offerings, to testify their eager desire to conciliate the king.

This, however, was not permitted. The nobles and populace—whose strongest link of union in those days was jealous hatred of a people whose only crime was wealth—resolved on their exclusion. The presence of such ill-omened sorcerers at the coronation, it was declared, would blight every hope of prosperity for the reign, and commands were peremptorily issued that no Jews should be admitted to witness the ceremony. Some few individuals dared the danger of discovery, and made their way within the church. Their boldness was fatal; and not to themselves alone. Insulted and maltreated almost to death, they were dragged from the church, and the signal given for universal outrage. The populace spread through every Jewish quarter, destroying and pillaging without pause, setting even the royal commands at defiance; for avarice and hatred had obtained sole possession of their hearts. For a day and a night these awful scenes continued in London, and not a Jewish dwelling in the city escaped. England was at that time thronged with friars preaching the Crusade; and, as had previously been the case on the continent, they urged the sacrifice of the unbelieving Jews as a fit commencement for their holy expedition. The example of London was held forth as an exhibition of praiseworthy enthusiasm; and at Edmondsbury, Norwich, and Stamford the same scenes of blood and outrage were enacted. At Lincoln the miserable Hebrews obtained protection from the governor. At York,

after a vain attempt to check the popular fury, a great number retreated to the castle with their most valuable effects. Those not fortunate or expeditious enough to reach the temporary shelter were all put to the sword, neither age nor sex spared, their riches appropriated, and their dwellings burnt to the ground.

For a short time the castle appeared to promise a secure retreat, but gradually the suspicion spread that the governor was secretly negotiating for their surrender, the price of his treachery being a large portion of their wealth. Whether this suspicion were correct or not was never ascertained, but it worked so strongly on the minds of the Jews, that they seized the first occasion of the governor's absence from the castle, on a visit to the town, to close the gates against him. They then themselves manned the ramparts, and awaited a siege. It happened that the sheriff of the county (without whose permission no measures to recover the castle could be taken) was passing through York with an armed force; the incensed governor instantly applied to him, and demanded the aid of his men. Recollecting the king's attempt to keep peace between his Christian and Jewish subjects in London, the sheriff at first hesitated; but, urged on by the indignant representations of the governor, he at length permitted the assault.

The frantic fury with which the shouting rabble rushed to the attack, the horrid nature of the scenes which he knew must inevitably ensue, caused him, even at that moment, to revoke the order; but it was too late. License once given, the passions of the surging multitude could not be assuaged. The clergy fanned them into yet hotter flame, by encouraging their mad fury as holy zeal, promising salvation to all who shed the blood of a Jew; and themselves, in strange contradiction to the professions signified by the garbs they wore, joining in the affray, and often heading the attack. The unshrinking courage, the noble self-denial and heroic endurance of the hapless Hebrews, could little avail them against the wild excitement and immense multitude of their assailants; yet still they resisted with vigour. Accused as they were of never handling the weapons or experiencing the emotions of the warrior, it was now shown that circumstances and not character were at fault. The spirit of true heroism peculiar to their race in the olden time might indeed *appear* crushed and lost beneath the heavy fetters of oppression, but it burned still, ready to burst into life and energy whenever occasion demanded its display.

Notwithstanding the bold defence of the besieged, resistance was too soon seen to be hopeless, and in stern unbending resolution they assembled in the council-room. Their rabbi (a Hebrew word signifying chief or elder), a man of great learning and eminent virtue, rose up, and with mournful dignity thus addressed them:—"Men of Israel, the God of our ancestors is

omniscient, and there is no one who can say, 'What doest thou?' This day he commands us to die for his law—that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and for which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the belief in eternal life which it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold its solemn truths sealed with our blood; and our death, while it confirms our sincerity, shall impart strength to the wanderers of Israel. Death is before our eyes; we have only to choose an easy and an honourable one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which fate you know we cannot elude, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the Spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl like wolves around us. Let us escape their tortures, and surrender, as our ancestors have done before us, our lives with our own hands to our Creator. God seems to call for us; let us not be unworthy of that call."

It was a fearful counsel, and the venerable elder himself wept as he ceased to speak; but by far the greater number declared that he had spoken well, and they would abide by his words. The few that hesitated were desired by their chief, if they approved not of his counsel, to depart in peace; and some obeyed. It was night ere the council closed, and during the hours of darkness not a sound betrayed the awful proceedings within the castle to the besiegers. At dawn the multitudes furiously renewed the attack, falling back appalled for the minute by the sight of flames bursting from all parts of the citadel. A few miserable objects rushing to and fro on the battlements also became visible, with wild cries intreating mercy for themselves, imploring baptism rather than death, and relating with groans and lamentations the fate of their companions. The men had all slain their wives and children, and then fallen by each others' hands, the most distinguished receiving the sad honour of death from the sword of their old chief, who was the last to die. Their precious effects were burnt or buried, according as they were combustible or not; so that, when the gates were flung open, and the rabble rushed in, eager to appropriate the wealth which they believed awaited them, they found nothing but heaps of ashes. Maddened with disappointment, all pledges of safety to the survivors, if the gates were opened, were forgotten, and every human being that remained was tortured and slain. Five hundred had already fallen by their own hands, and these voluntary martyrs were mostly men forced by persecution into such mean and servile occupations as to appear incapable of a lofty thought or heroic deed.

No punishment followed the atrocious proceedings at York. The laws of England never interfered in behalf of the king's Jewish subjects, though they would have been somewhat rigidly

obeyed had the sufferers been the offenders. On King Richard's return from captivity, the Hebrews were, under certain statutes, acknowledged as the exclusive property of the crown. John commenced his reign with a semblance of extreme lenity towards them. The privileges formerly granted to them by Henry I. were confirmed. They might settle in any part of England, instead of being confined to certain quarters of certain towns; hold lands, and receive mortgages. Their evidence might be taken in courts of justice. All English subjects were commanded to protect their persons and possessions as they would the especial property of the king. Other laws equally lenient were issued; and, misled by such favourable appearances, many of the continental Hebrews flocked to England. This increase of Jewish population of course materially increased Jewish wealth; the hatred of the people was anew excited, and several indignities were perpetrated against the Jews. The king wrote a strong rebuke to the perpetrators; and then, at the very time that the Jews were rejoicing at this undeniable proof of his sincerity, and their own security, completely changed his policy, and from the extreme of lenity proceeded to the extreme of rigour. He had, in fact, only favoured them to multiply their wealth, and then revelled in its seizure; glad that there were now some possessions he could appropriate without any interference from the pope. The unhappy Israelites were imprisoned, tortured, murdered, and their treasures all confiscated to the crown. A Jew of Bristol having refused to betray his hoards, was condemned to have a tooth pulled out every day until he should yield. The man suffered seven of his teeth to be extracted before he complied: the king gained 10,000 marks by his cruel device. In the war between John and his barons they were persecuted by both parties—by the king for their wealth; by the barons, because they were vassals of the king. Even the stern and noble assertors of liberty, the heroes of the Magna Charta, seeking justice and freedom for all classes of Englishmen, had no pity for the wretched Jews; seizing their possessions, and demolishing their homes, to repair the walls of London, which had been greatly injured in the civil war.

The guardians of England during the reign of Henry III. sought in some degree to meliorate the condition of the Jews. Twenty-four burgesses of every town, where they resided, were appointed to protect their persons and property; but the protection even of royalty could avail little when every class of men conspired to detest and oppress them. The merchants were jealous of the privileges permitting the Jews to buy and sell. The people hated them, from the idle tales of horrible crimes attributed to them, which had no foundation whatever in truth, but which ignorance and prejudice not only believed, but so magnified and multiplied as to cause them to be inseparably associated with the word Jew. The clergy—men who, both pro-

fessors and preachers of a religion of peace, should have been the first to protect the injured, and calm the turbulent passions of the populace—were the constant incitors to persecution and cruelty, believing, by a most extraordinary hallucination, that to maltreat the Jew was the surest evidence of Christian zeal.

The guardians of the young king had, however, so guided him, that for a brief interval after attaining his majority, the royal protection shielded the Jews in some measure from popular oppression. But this was only until the king's coffers became impoverished: when these were empty, the only means of refilling them was to follow the example of his predecessors, and by fair means or foul, extort money from the Jews. In this reign alone, the enormous sum of 170,000 marks was, under various pretences and various cruelties, wrung from them; and when all other means of extortion seemed exhausted, an extraordinary spectacle was displayed in the convention of a Jewish parliament. The sheriffs of the different towns had orders to return six of the wealthiest and most influential Jews from the larger cities, and two from the smaller. In those times almost the only function of a parliament was to *vote supplies;* this Jewish parliament, therefore, in being informed by the sovereign that he must have 20,000 marks from the Jews of England, served for the Jewish part of the population pretty nearly the same purpose as the ordinary parliament served for the rest of the community. The assembled members were probably left to decide the amount of assessment which the various ranks of Jews should pay, so as to make up the total sum required; and as this right of proportioning the assessment was generally the only right exercised by ancient parliaments, properly so called, the particular hardship of the Jews, as compared with their fellow-subjects, consisted not in having no liberty of refusal—for that is a liberty which only modern parliaments have acquired—but in the enormous sum demanded from them, and in the rigours which they knew would be employed to enforce its speedy collection. Assembled, and made aware of the demand which was made upon them, the unfortunate Jewish representatives were dismissed to collect the money from their own resources as speedily as possible; and because it was not forthcoming as quickly as was requisite for the royal necessities, all their possessions were seized, and their families imprisoned.

Believing, at length, that their wealth must be exhausted by such demands, or weary of the trouble of extortion, Henry consummated his acts of oppression by actually selling his Jewish subjects, their persons and effects, to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, for 5000 marks. The records of this disgraceful bargain are still preserved; and that the king had power to conclude it, marks the oppressed and fearful position of this hapless people more emphatically than any lengthened narrative. Yet the barbarity of the sovereign met with universal approbation; the

wretchedness of the victims with neither sympathy nor commiseration.

On the election of Richard of Cornwall as king of the Romans, the Jews became again the property of the crown, and were again sold by Henry. This time their purchaser was the heir to the throne, Prince Edward, by whom they were sold, to still better advantage, to the merchants of Dauphine; and this traffic was actually the sale and purchase of human beings, in all respects like ourselves, gifted with immortal souls, intelligent minds, and the tenderest affections. Husbands, fathers, sons, wives, mothers, innocent childhood, and helpless age. The sufferers were inoffensive and unobtrusive, seeking no vengeance, patient, and even cringing under all their injuries. Of all the crimes imputed to them, and some of these were of the most horrible nature, not one appears ever to have been really proved against them, except, perhaps, that of clipping the coin of the realm; and even on this point the evidence is not clear. And yet, had all the accusations against them been true, one could hardly have wondered, considering their treatment.

After the battle of Lewes, reports became current that the Hebrews at Northampton, Lincoln, and London had sided with the king against the barons. This of course roused the latter in their turn to plunder and destroy; while Henry annulled his bargain with his son, and for a while treated them with greater lenity. But again one of the usual excuses for persecution—insult offered by the Jews to some symbol reverenced by the Catholics—found voice, and not only were extortions renewed, but a solemn statute was passed, disqualifying the Jews from possessing any lands or even dwellings. They might not erect any new habitations, only repair their present homes, or rebuild on the same foundations.

All lands and manors already in their hands were violently wrested from them; and those held in mortgages returned to their owners without any interest on the bonds. All arrears of charges were demanded, and imprisonment threatened if payment were postponed. An extortion apparently more oppressive than all the rest, as we find the distress it occasioned amongst the Jews actually moved the pity of their rivals, the Caorsini bankers, and of the friars, their deadliest foes.

The death of Henry was so far a reprieve that the above-named extortion was suspended; but the accession of Edward I. only aggravated their social bondage. Laws as severe, if not more severe in some respects than those of previous sovereigns, were issued against them, followed by an act of parliament prohibiting all usury, and desiring the Jews to confine themselves to the pursuits of traffic, manufactures, and agriculture; for which last, though they could not hold, they might hire farms for fifteen years. But how could men, debarred so long from similar occupations, so debased by oppression, with minds so disabled, as to

render it difficult for them to commence any new pursuit, obey so violent a decree? Had they received the fit education for traffic, manufactures, and agriculture *before* the laws commanding such employments were passed, there would have been many glad and eager to obey them; but, as it was, obedience was impossible. That usurers and Jews in the dark ages were synonymous, and that the Jews in their capacity of money-lenders did exhibit an extraordinary spirit of rapacity and extortion, cannot be denied. But although this spirit of money-making, even by methods esteemed dishonourable, characterising, as it did, the Jews of the Roman empire, as well as those of Europe in the middle ages, must be referred partly to an inherent national bent; there can be no doubt that much of the meanness and criminality displayed by the Jews of the middle ages, in their quest of wealth, is attributable to the binding oppression which absolutely fettered them to that one pursuit. Even if there were times when a Shylock pressed for his pound of flesh, when it would have been nobler to show mercy, was it unnatural? Can we ever expect oppression to create kindness—social cruelty to bring forth social love?

After eighteen years of persecution, little varied in its nature and its causes from the persecutions of previous reigns, the seal was set on Jewish misery by an edict of total expulsion, issued in 1290. All their property was seized except a very scanty supply, supposed sufficient to transport them to other lands. No reason was given for this barbarous proceeding. The charge previously brought against them of clipping and adulterating the coin of the realm, for which 280 had been executed in London alone, was never fully proved; nor, as might naturally have been expected, had the charge been really true, was it made the cause of their expulsion. A people's unfounded hate, and a monarch's cruel pleasure, exposed 16,511 human beings to all the miseries of exile. There were very few countries which were not equally inhospitable; for edicts of expulsion had gone forth from many of the continental kingdoms. Even if they could find other homes, the confiscation of all their property before they left England exposed them to multiplied sufferings, which no individual efforts could assuage; and the loss of life ever attendant on these wholesale expulsions is fearful. The greater number probably never lived to reach another shore; and to what retreats those who were more fortunate betook themselves, history does not say. From this date (1290), therefore, all trace of the English Jews, properly so called, is lost.

Their great synagogue, situated in Old Jewry, was seized by an order of friars, called Fratres de Sacra or De Pententia, who had not been long established in England. In 1305, Robert Fitzwalter, the greater banner-bearer of the city, and whose house it adjoined, requested, we are told by the old chroniclers, that it might be assigned to him; a request no doubt complied with

in return for a good round sum of money. During the fifteenth century it belonged to two or three successive mayors, and was ultimately degraded into a tavern, known by the sign of the Windmill. The locality of this early Jewish house of worship, however, still retains its name and associations as Old Jewry.

Their valuable libraries at Stamford and Oxford were appropriated by the neighbouring monasteries. From that at Oxford, fifty years previous to their expulsion, Roger Bacon is said to have derived much of that chemical and astronomical information which enabled him to startle the age in which he lived by the boldness and novelty of his views. The Babylonian Talmud, a series of gigantic tomes, of which, and of lesser works compiled from them, the Jewish libraries were composed, contained elaborate treatises on the various sciences which occupied the attention of the learned in the middle ages; including of course magic and astrology; and as it was to the Franciscan convent at Oxford, by which the Hebrew library had been appropriated, that Roger Bacon retreated on his return to England from Paris, it is by no means improbable that he may have been indebted to the Hebrew books thus placed within his reach.

From the year 1290 to 1655 the shores of Great Britain were closed against the Jews. No attempt ever appears to have been made on their part to revoke the order of expulsion. Oppression, perhaps, had left too blackened traces on their memories for England to be regarded with that strong feeling of local attachment which bound them, even after expulsion, so closely to Portugal and Spain. In France they were once and again recalled after being expelled. In the German and Italian states they were constantly persecuted and murdered by thousands, but never cast forth from the soil. In Spain and Portugal they had always held the highest offices, not only in the schools, but in the state and the camp; nay, royalty itself, in more than one instance, was closely connected with Jewish blood. Oppressive exactments and degrading distinctions were frequently made, but never interfered with the positions of trust and dignity which the larger portion of the nation enjoyed; so that when the edict of their universal expulsion from the peninsula came in 1492, there was no galling remembrance of debasing misery to conquer the love of fatherland, so fondly fostered in every human heart. Notwithstanding the danger from the constant dread of death, if discovered, secret Jews peopled the most Catholic kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. The extraordinary skill and ingenuity with which these Spanish and Portuguese Jews preserved their secret, and their numerous expedients for the strictest adherence to their ancient religion, under the semblance of most orthodox Catholicism, constitute a romance in history. If ever exposed to the suspicion of the Inquisition, however, the love of land was sacrificed to personal security; the suspected individuals taking refuge either in Holland, or in some of the newly-discovered East and West

India Islands, and there making public profession of their ancient faith.

Joseph Ben Israel was one of these fugitives. He was a Portuguese Jew, and a resident of Lisbon. Suspicion of secretly following Judaism having fallen upon him, he was twice incarcerated by the Inquisition, and twice released, from the impossibility of proving the charge against him. When confined within those dangerous precincts a third time, he would not wait another examination, but succeeded in scaling the walls of his prison, and secretly flying from Portugal, bearing with him his young son Menasseh. At Amsterdam, where Ben Israel settled, both father and son received the peculiar covenant of their faith, and publicly avowed and confessed it. In the Jewish college of that city Menasseh Ben Israel received his education; and so remarkable was his progress in the difficult studies of the Hebrew Accolyte, that when only seventeen he succeeded his master, Isaac Uzieli, as preacher in the synagogue and expounder of the Talmud, and commenced the then difficult task of arranging and amplifying the scanty rules of the Hebrew language in the form of a grammar—a work obtaining him much fame, not only from the extreme youth of the writer, but also for the assistance it rendered to the learned men of all countries in the attaining of a language so little known, yet so much valued. The grammar was speedily followed by numerous other works, written both in Spanish and Latin. Their subject is mostly theology; but Ben Israel's own learning was not confined to sacred subjects alone. Well versed in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese, he not only wrote these languages with ease and fluency, but was well acquainted with the literature of each, and had thus, by extensive culture and thought on a great variety of subjects, acquired larger views and sentiments than were possessed by the generality of his race.

The confiscation of all his paternal property at Lisbon compelled him to resort to commerce—an interruption to his literary pursuits which he would have gladly eluded; but, already a husband and a father, he met the necessity cheerfully, and soon became as influential and as highly respected in commercial affairs as in literature; in which, notwithstanding the many and pressing calls of business, he never allowed his labours to relax. After the marriage of his daughter, he visited, partly for pleasure and partly on business, the Brazils, where his brother-in-law and partner resided. It was a very unusual thing in those days for any Hebrew to travel: the minute and numerous ordinances of the Talmud interfering too closely with daily life, and rendering it difficult to obey them anywhere save in cities, where there were communities of Jews.

But Menasseh Ben Israel, while he gloried in being inwardly and outwardly a follower of the Hebrew faith, had a mind capable of distinguishing between the form and the spirit. The

death of his eldest son, a youth of great promise, occurred soon after his return from Brazil, and caused him such intense grief, as, according to his own acknowledgment, to render him incapable of the least mental exertion. His only comfort and resource was the perusal of that Holy Book which had been the origin and end of all his studies. It did not fail him in his grief; and after some severe struggles, energy returned.

His literary fame had procured him the intimacy and friendship of the most eminent and learned men throughout Europe. Amongst these was John Thurloe, who, in the year 1651, had gone to the Hague as secretary to St John and Strickland, ambassadors from England to the states of the United Provinces. During his stay in Holland he became acquainted with Ben Israel, and with his earnest but then apparently fruitless wishes for the readmission of his nation into England. In 1653, Thurloe became secretary of state to Cromwell; and, discovering the enlarged and liberal ideas which the Protector individually entertained, he ventured, on his own responsibility, to invite Menasseh Ben Israel to the court of England, and introduced him to Cromwell in 1655. The independence, the amiable qualities, and the great learning of the Jewish stranger, obtained Cromwell's undisguised friendship and regard. Three hundred and sixty-five years had elapsed since a Jew had stood on British ground; and during that interval many changes and improvements, national and social, had taken place. The reformation had freed England from the galling fetters of ignorance and superstition which must ever attend the general suppression of the word of truth. Increase of toleration towards the Jews was already visible in those parts of the continent which were under Protestant jurisdiction; and it was therefore extremely natural in Menasseh Ben Israel to regard England as one of those favourite countries of Providence, where his brethren might enjoy security and rest.

Whether or not a formal act of readmission was passed during the Protectorship, is to this day a question. On the 4th of December 1655 a council was held at Whitehall, composed of the Lord Chief-Justice Glynn, Lord-Chief Baron Steele, the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, and sundry merchants and divines, to consider the proposals of Menasseh Ben Israel, which may be condensed into the following:—1. That the Hebrew nation should be received and admitted into the commonwealth under the express protection of his highness, who was intreated to command all generals and heads of armies, under oath, to defend them as his other English subjects on all occasions. 2. That public synagogues, and the proper observance of their religion, should be allowed the Jews, not only in England, but in all countries under English jurisdiction. 3. That a cemetery or grave-yard out of the town should be allowed them, without hindrance from any. 4. That they should be permitted to

merchandise as others. 5. That a person of quality should be appointed to receive the passports of all foreign Jews who might land in England, and oblige them by oath to maintain fealty to the commonwealth. 6. That licence should be granted to the heads of the synagogue, with the assistance of officers from their own nation, to judge and determine all differences according to the Mosaic law, with liberty to appeal thence to the civil judges of the land. 7. That in case there should be any laws against the nation still existing, they should, in the first place, and before all things, be revoked, that by such means the Jews might remain in greater security under the safeguard and protection of his serene highness.

The council met again on the 7th, 12th, and 14th of December, on the last of which days, according to some authorities, the Jews were formally admitted; but, according to others, the council reassembled on the 18th, and dissolved without either adjournment or decision, the judges only declaring that there was *no* law prohibiting the return of the Jews. Burton, in his History of Oliver Cromwell, relates that the divines were divided in opinion; but on some asserting that the Scriptures promised their conversion, the Protector replied, "that if there were such promise, means must be taken to accomplish it, which is the preaching of the gospel; and that cannot be had, unless they were admitted where the gospel was publicly preached."

Thomas Violet, a goldsmith, drew up a petition in 1660 to Charles II. and his parliament, intreating that the Jews might be expelled from England, and their property confiscated; and in this petition he asserts that, in consequence of the decided disapproval of the clergy in the celebrated council of 1655, the proposal for their readmission had been totally laid aside. Bishop Burnett, in his "History of his own Times," refutes this assertion, and declares that, after attentively hearing the debates, Cromwell and his council freely granted Ben Israel's requests; and this appears really to have been the case, for the very next year, 1656, a synagogue for the Spanish and Portuguese Jews was erected in King's Street, Duke's Place, and a burial-ground at Mile End, now the site of the hospital for the same congregation, taken on a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

Leaving the question, then, as to whether or not an act of readmission really passed, it is evident that the deed of toleration, granted from the Protector individually, did as much for the real interests of the Jews as any formal parliamentary enactment. From that time the Jewish nation have found a secure and peaceful home, not in England alone, but in all the British possessions. We shall perceive, as we proceed, that prejudice was still often and violently at work against them; but though it embittered their social position, it did not interfere with their personal security, or prevent the public observance of their faith.

The pen of Menasseh Ben Israel had not been idle during this

period of solicitation and suspense. Under the title of "Vindicie Judæorum" ("Defence of the Jews"), he published a work in which he ably and fully refuted the infamous charges which in darker ages had been levelled against his brethren. He had received, too, his degree as physician; and thus united the industry and information requisite for three professions—literature, commerce, and medicine. "He was a man," we are told, "without passion, without levity, and without opulence." Persevering and independent, full of kindly affection, and susceptible of strong emotion, with all the loftiness of the Spanish character, tempered, however, with qualities which gained for him the regard of the best and most learned men of his age. He did not continue in England—though it has been said he was solicited to do so by Cromwell—but rejoined his brother at Middleburg in Zealand, where he died in the year 1657.

The reign of Charles II. beheld the Jews frequently attacked and seriously annoyed by popular prejudice; but their actual position as British subjects remained undisturbed. Thomas Violet's petition we have already noticed; but its vindictive spirit did harm only to its originator. Four years afterwards, the security of their persons and property being threatened, they appealed to the king, who declared in council, that as long as they demeaned themselves peaceably, and with submission to the laws, they should continue to receive the same favours as formerly. At Surinam, the following year, the British government, by proclamation, confirmed all their privileges, guaranteed the full enjoyment and free exercise of their religion, rites, and ceremonies; adding, that any summons issued against them on their Sabbaths and holidays should be null and void; and that, except on urgent occasions, they should not be called upon for any public duties on those days. That civil cases should be decided by their elders, and that they might bequeath their property according to their own law of inheritance. All foreign Jews settling there were recognised as British-born subjects, and included in the above-enumerated privileges. As a proof how strongly the affections of the Hebrews were engaged towards England by this exhibition of tolerance, we may mention that when Surinam was conquered by, and finally ceded to the Dutch, although their privileges were all confirmed by the conquerors, they gave up their homes, synagogues, and lands, and braved all the discomforts of removal, and settled in Jamaica and other English colonies, rather than live under a government hostile to Great Britain.*

In 1673 we find prejudice again busy, in an indictment, charging the Jews with unlawfully meeting for public worship.

* Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, situated on the north-eastern coast of South America, is still almost peopled with Jews; but they are emigrants from the Dutch possessions in Europe, not descendants of the former Anglo-Jewish settlers.

They again unhesitatingly appealed to the king, petitioning that, during their stay in England, they might be unmolested, or that time might be allowed them to withdraw from the country. Charles, pursuing his previous policy, peremptorily commanded that all proceedings against them should cease; and during the remainder of his reign no further molestation occurred.

On the accession of James II. old prejudices were renewed, and thirty-seven Jewish merchants were arrested on the Exchange for no crime or fault, but simply from their non-attendance on any church. Certain writs in statute 23 of Elizabeth, instituted, probably, to suppress innovations in Protestantism, were the pretext for this aggression. James, as his brother had done, befriended the Jews; and summoning a council composed of the highest dignitaries of his realm, both church and laymen, declared "that they should not be troubled on this account, but they should quietly enjoy the free exercise of their religion as long as they behaved themselves dutifully and obediently to the government."

The foregoing was the last public annoyance to which they were subjected in England. In 1690, indeed, a petition was sent to King William III. from the council of Jamaica, that all Jews should be made to quit the island; but it was positively refused. And we infer that King William's sentiments towards the Israelites must have been even more favourable than those of his predecessors, from the circumstance that a great increase of Jews took place in England during his reign. Until this reign, one synagogue had sufficed; the service and laws of which were conducted according to the principles of the Spanish Jews. In 1692 the first German synagogue was erected in Broad Court, Duke's Place; and from that time two distinct bodies of Jews, known as Spanish and Portuguese, German and Dutch, have been naturalised in England. No new privileges were granted them, however, during the reigns of either William or Anne.

It is not till the ninth year of George I., 1723, that we can discover a parliamentary acknowledgment of their being British subjects; granting them a privilege, which, in the present age, it would appear meagre enough, but which, at the time of its bestowal, marked a very decided advance in popular enlightenment. "Whenever any of his *majesty's subjects*, professing the *Jewish religion*, shall present themselves to take the oath of adjuration, the words on the *faith of a Christian* shall be omitted out of the said oath; and the taking of it by such persons professing the Jewish religion without the words aforesaid, in the manner as Jews are admitted to be sworn to give evidence in the courts of justice, shall be deemed a sufficient taking."

In the reign of George II., 1740, another act of parliament passed, recognising all Jews who resided in the American colonies, or had served as mariners during the war two years in British

ships, as "natural born subjects, without taking the sacrament." Thirteen years afterwards, the naturalisation bill passed, but was repealed the year following, according to the petitions of the city of London, and other English towns. Since then the Jews have gradually gained ground in social consideration; but all attempts to place them on an exact equality with other British subjects of all religious denominations, by removing the disabilities which the more fondly they cling to the land of their adoption, the more heavily oppress them, have as yet been unavailing.

By the multitudes, the Jews are still considered aliens and foreigners; supposed to be separated by an antiquated creed and peculiar customs from sympathy and fellowship—little known and still less understood. Yet they are, in fact, Jews only in their religion—Englishmen in everything else. In point of fact, therefore, the disabilities under which the Jews of Great Britain labour are the last relic of religious intolerance. That which they chiefly complain of is, being subjected to take an oath contrary to their religious feelings when appointed to certain offices. In being called to the bar, this oath, as a matter of courtesy, is not pressed, and a periodical act of indemnity shelters the delinquent. Jews, therefore, now practise at the bar, but only by sufferance. The same indulgence has not been extended to entering parliament, and consequently no Jew is practically eligible as a member of the House of Commons. Is it not discreditable to the common sense of the age that such anomalies should exist in reference to this well-disposed and, in every respect, naturalised portion of the community?

SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH JEWS.

In externals, and in all secular thoughts and actions, the English naturalised Jew is, as already mentioned, an Englishman, and his family is reared with the education and accomplishments of other members of the community. Only in some private and personal characteristics, and in religious belief, does the Jew differ from his neighbours. Many of the British Jews are descended from families who resided some time in Spain; others trace their origin to families from Germany. There have always been some well-defined differences in the appearance, the language, and the manners of these two classes. The Spanish Hebrews had occupied so high a position in Spain and Portugal, that even in their compulsory exile their peculiarly high and honourable principles, their hatred of all meanness, either in thought or act, their wealth, their exclusiveness, and strong attachment to each other, caused their community to resemble a little knot of Spanish princes, rather than the cowed and bending bargain-seeking individuals usually known as Jews.

The constant and enslaving persecution of the German Hebrews had naturally enough produced on their characters a very different effect. Nothing degrades the moral character

more effectually than debasing treatment. To regard an individual as incapable of honour, charity, and truth, as always seeking to gratify personal interest, is more than likely to make him such. Confined to degrading employment, with minds narrowed, as the natural consequence—allowed no other pursuit than that of usury, with its minor branches, pawnbroking and old clothes selling—it was not very strange, that when the German Hebrews did make their way into England, and were compelled, for actual subsistence, still to follow these occupations, that their brethren from Spain should keep aloof, and shrink from all connexion with them. Time, however, looks on many curious changes: not only are the mutual prejudices of the Jews subsiding, but the position of the two parties is transposed. The Germans, making good use of peace and freedom, have advanced, not in wealth alone (for that even when oppressed, they contrived to possess), but in enlightenment, influence, and respectability. Time, and closer connexions with the Spanish Hebrews, will no doubt produce still further improvements.

These distinguishing characteristics, which we have just pointed out, belong, with some modifications, to the poor as well as the rich of these two Jewish sects. The faults of the poor Spanish and Portuguese Jews are so exactly similar to those of the lower orders of the native Spaniards, that they can easily be traced to their long naturalisation in that country. Pride is their predominant and most unhappy failing; for it not only prevents their advancing themselves, either socially or mentally, but renders powerless every effort made for their improvement. The Germans, more willing to work, and push forward their own fortunes, and less scrupulous as to the means they employ, are more successful as citizens, and as a class are less difficult to guide. Both parties would be improved by the interchange of qualities. And comparing the present with the past, there is some reason to believe that this union will be effected on British ground, and that the idle distinctions of Spanish and Portuguese, Dutch and German, will be lost and consolidated in the proud designation of British Jews.

The domestic manners of both the German and the Spanish Jews in Great Britain, are so exactly similar to those of their British brethren, that were it not for the observance of the seventh day instead of the first, the prohibition of certain meats, and the celebration of certain solemn festivals and rites, it would be difficult to distinguish a Jewish from a native household. The characteristics so often assigned to them in tales professing to introduce a Jew or a Jewish family, are almost all incorrect, being drawn either from the impressions of the past, or from some special case, or perhaps from attention to some Pole, Spaniard, or Turk, who may just as well be a Polish or Spanish Christian, or Turkish Mussulman, as a Jew. These great errors in delineation arise from the supposition, that because they are Hebrews

they must be different from any other race. They *are* distinct in feature and religion, but in nothing else. Like the rest of the human race, they are, as individuals, neither wholly good nor wholly bad; as a people, their virtues very greatly predominate. Even in the lowest and most degraded classes, we never find those awful crimes with which the public records teem. A Jewish murderer, adulterer, burglar, or even petty thief, is actually unknown. This may perhaps arise from the fact, that the numerous and well-ordered charities of the Jews prevent those horrible cases of destitution, and the consequent temptations to sin, from which such a mass of crime proceeds. A Jewish beggar by profession is a character unheard of; nor do we ever find the blind or deformed belonging to this people lingering about the streets. The virtues of the Jews are essentially of the domestic and social kind. The English are noted for the comfort and happiness of their firesides, and in this loveliest school of virtue, the Hebrews not only equal, but in some instances surpass, their neighbours. From the highest classes to the most indigent, affection, reverence, and tenderness mark their domestic intercourse. Three, sometimes four generations, may be found dwelling together—the woman performing the blended duties of parent, wife, and child; the man those of husband, father, and son. As members of a community, they are industrious, orderly, temperate, and contented; as citizens, they are faithful, earnest, and active; as the native denizens of Great Britain, ever ready to devote their wealth and personal service in the cause of their adopted land.

Both the Spanish and German congregations have their respective charities, either founded by benevolent individuals, or supported by voluntary contributions and annual subscriptions. There are schools for poor children of both sexes and all ages, from the infant too young to walk, to the youth or maiden ready for apprenticeship; orphan asylums and orphan societies for clothing, educating, maintaining, and apprenticing both male and female orphans; hospitals for the sick, comprising also establishments for lying-in women, and an asylum for the aged; societies, far too numerous to specify by name, for clothing the poor; for relieving by donations of meat, bread, and coals; for cheering the needy at festivals; for visiting and relieving poor women, when confined, at their own dwellings, and enabling them to adhere to the rites of their religion in naming their infants; for allowing the indigent blind a certain sum weekly, which they forfeit if ever seen begging about the streets; for granting loans to the industrious poor, or gifts if needed; for outfitting boys who are to quit the country, and granting rewards for good behaviour to servants and apprentices; for furnishing persons to sit up with the sick poor, and granting a certain sum for the maintenance of poor families during the seven days' mourning for the dead, a period by the Jews always kept sacred;

for relieving distressed aliens of the Jewish persuasion; and, amongst the Portuguese, for granting marriage-portions, twice in the year, to one or more fatherless girls, and for giving pensions to widows. There are also almshouses for twenty-four poor women annexed to the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue, and others in Globe Lane for ten respectable poor families of the same congregation; and not many years ago, a philanthropic individual (A. L. Moses, Esq. of Aldgate) erected almshouses for twelve poor families of the German congregation, with a synagogue attached, in Bethnal Green Road, at his own sole expense.

When we remember how small is the number of Jewish denizens in the great city of London, compared with its Christian population, and observe the variety and number of these charities, we are surely borne out in our assertion, that benevolence is a very marked characteristic of the Jews. Nor is it a virtue confined to the rich. Beautiful is that charity which is shown by the poor to the poor, and it is in this that the Jews excel. To relieve the needy, and open the hand wide to their poor brother, is a repeatedly-enforced command of their religion, which they literally and lovingly obey. On the eve of their great festival, the Passover, the door of the poorest dwelling may be found open, an extra plate, knife, and fork laid on the frugal table; and whoever needs food, or even lodging, for that holy festival, may freely enter and appropriate to himself the reserved seat. That he may be quite a stranger is of little consequence; he is a Hebrew, and needy, and is therefore welcome to the same fare as the family themselves partake.

Nor are these charities confined only to their own race; they never refuse assistance, according to their means, whatever may be the creed. Neither prejudiced nor penurious in calls of philanthropy, their heart is open as their hand; and if they amass gold too eagerly, the fault is in some degree atoned by the use to which it is applied. Nor can it be doubted that as time rolls on, and even the remembrance of persecution is lost in the peace and freedom which will be secured them, the mind as well as the heart will be enlarged; and that while they shall still retain their energy and skill on the Exchange and in the mart, literature and art will enliven and dignify their hours at home. We may mention as a hopeful symptom the recent establishment of the "Jews' and General Literary and Scientific Institution" (the Sussex Hall of Leadenhall Street). Here Spanish and German Jews meet on common ground; classes, lectures, and an excellent library are open alike to the artisan, the tradesman, the merchant, the professor, and the idler; and from the eagerness with which all classes avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the institution, it would appear that its value is duly appreciated.

The domestic government of the Hebrews is very simple

Each synagogue is, as it were, a little independent state, governed by a sort of parliament, consisting of *parnassim* or wardens, *gaboy* or treasurer, and elders, with an attendant secretary, the congregation of the synagogue being like the members of a state. The wardens have the general superintendence of all the affairs of the congregation: the treasurer, the charge of all the sums coming into his hands for the use of the congregation, and of their expenditure. These officers are elected yearly—two wardens being chosen about Easter, which is generally the time of the Jewish Passover; and two more, and the treasurer, about Michaelmas, at the conclusion of the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. Four wardens, or parnassim, therefore, act together; each performing the part of president three months alternately, and during the time of his presidency, considered as the civil head of the little community, and receiving certain honours accordingly.

The wardens and treasurer, attended by the secretary, whose business it is to take note of their proceedings, and bring cases before them for their consideration, meet once or twice a-week in a large chamber adjoining the synagogue, to make grants of monies, distribute relief, and endeavour, by strict examination and impartial judgment, to settle all causes and disputes according to the laws, institutions, and penalties of the Jewish state (that is, synagogue), and so prevent the scandal of bringing petty offences and domestic differences before the English law. If, however, they cannot succeed in making peace, or the offence is of so grave a nature as to interfere with the British laws, the offender is indicted before the lord mayor, and must take his trial as any other English subject.

When questions of general importance are agitated, the gaboy, or treasurer, summon the elders to monthly meetings; where, in conjunction with the wardens, the subject is discussed, and decided by a majority. If the votes are equal, the president is allowed the casting vote in addition to his own; but all resolutions passed at one meeting must be confirmed in the next, to be considered valid.

No member of the synagogue can be an elder, unless he has served or been elected a warden or treasurer; but there are some meetings to which, in the Spanish congregation, all the members of the synagogue are summoned, women as well as men; all, in short, of either sex who pay a tax to the synagogue; the paying of which tax, or *finta*, as it is called, constitutes a member. There is no fixed assessment, but each member is taxed according to his means.

These remarks, however, refer principally to the Spanish and Portuguese congregation; the Dutch and German differs in some minor points, such as having three wardens instead of four, who serve sometimes two years instead of one. And in addition to the wardens and treasurer, they have an overseer of the poor

and seven elders, who are annually elected from the members of the vestry, and regularly attend at monthly or vestry meetings; forming, with the honorary officers, wardens, &c. a committee, who deliberate on all matters essential to the congregation. The vestry of the Germans, like the elders of the Portuguese, consists of such members as have previously been elected to the honorary offices. Their duty is to attend all special and quarterly meetings for the general government of the synagogue.

In both synagogues, Spanish and German, all members residing within twelve miles of the synagogue are eligible for either of the honorary offices, and are elected by ballot; the president in this, as in other cases, having the casting vote. No election is considered valid without a majority of seven votes. The individual elected may or may not accept, but is subject to a fine if he refuse, unless incapacitated for the duties of the office by ill health or old age. Persons above seventy years of age are exempted from the fine.

In London, we might almost say in England, there is but one Spanish and Portuguese synagogue; that founded by Menasseh Ben Israel in the time of Cromwell. The Germans have so multiplied, that not only have they four or five synagogues in London, but form a congregation in almost every provincial town. It is a rare occurrence to find a family of Spanish or Portuguese extraction established elsewhere than in London; but wherever the Germans can discover an opening for business, there they will be found active and persevering, self-satisfied and happy; ever on the alert for the increase of wealth, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of its acquirement. The synagogues and Jewish congregations, therefore, in the provincial towns, it should be remembered, all belong to this body, and must not be considered as representatives of *all* the British Jews. Each synagogue belonging to the Germans has its own government of honorary officers, &c. who superintend the affairs of their own congregations, rich and poor. Formerly they were all considered tributary to the great synagogue of Duke's Place; but they are now independent, and the bond of union being one of amity and not of restraint, their individual and several interests have been preserved in mutual harmony.

In addition to the already-mentioned officers, each synagogue has two or more deputies, elected every seven years, as representatives of the Jewish nation to the British government. Their duty is to take cognisance of all political and statistical matters concerning the Hebrew communities throughout the British empire. In cases of general national importance, they meet together, consult, and then reporting the result of their deliberations to their elders and constituents, for such in fact are the several congregations by whom they are elected, and, receiving their assent, they proceed to act on the measures proposed. On all occasions of public rejoicing, as in the accession

of a sovereign or national victory, &c. it is the office of the deputies to address the sovereign in the name of all their brethren; and in cases of petitions for increased privileges for themselves, or relief for their oppressed nation in other lands—as at the time of the Damascus persecution, or the recent Russian ukase—it is their duty to wait upon the premier, or any of the ministers in office, and request their interference.

JEWS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

In the treatment of the Jews, Great Britain at present occupies a position between the United States of North America, France, and Belgium, on the one hand, and Germany and Russia, with some other countries, on the other. In the United States, Jews are eligible to all civil offices; and there it is far from uncommon to find Jews performing the functions of judges of the higher courts, sheriffs, and members of congress. All this is exactly as it should be. In France, Jews are likewise eligible for civil offices without violation of conscience; and also in Belgium, the Jews are not proscribed in the manner they too frequently have been.

Religious toleration cannot be said to extend farther in continental Europe than through France and the Netherlands. As respects the treatment of Jews, most continental nations are still less or more floundering in the darkness of the middle ages. In many nations the Jews are still liable to insults, oppressions, banishment, and even at intervals to torture and massacre. The same charge of kidnapping and murdering Christian children is in Poland, Prussia, and many parts of Germany, constantly fulminated against them—rousing the easily-kindled wrath and hate of the more ignorant, and occasioning such assaults as frequently demand the interference of the military to subdue—and the subsequent discovery that the supposed victim of Jewish bloodthirstiness has fled from the cruelty of Christian masters, found refuge, and kindness, and food in the Jewish households, to which he may have been tracked, and escaped thence, with their friendly aid, into the open country, where, happily for the release of his benefactors from unsparing slaughter, he is discovered and brought back. Repeatedly, however, as this occurs, and not only the innocence but the benevolence of the Jews publicly established, it has no power to prevent the repetition of the same charges whenever a Christian child disappears: a perseverance in prejudice and perversion of humanity scarcely credible in the present day, but proved only too true by the constant witness of the continental press.

It is very difficult to obtain a just and correct view of the domestic history of the Jews on the continent: scarcely possible, in fact, except by a residence of some weeks in the midst of them. Travellers notice them so casually, and these notices are so coloured with the individual feelings with which they are viewed,

that we can glean no satisfactory information except as to their social position, which has been always that of a people apart. The less privileges they enjoy, the more marked of course this separation becomes. The prejudice on both sides is strengthened; and to penetrate the sanctuary of domestic life and their national government, is impossible. In France and Belgium, as we have seen in England, they are only Jews in the peculiar forms and observances of their religion: in everything else of domestic, social, or public life, they are as completely children of the soil as their Christian brethren. Elsewhere on the continent, they are so marked by degrading ordinances, even to their modes of dress, and the localities of their dwellings, that their individual and social identity is known at once, and they are shunned and hated as possessors of the plague. In Rome, the Jews are still confined to one quarter of the town, called the Ghett, which several months in the year is so completely inundated, as only to permit egress and ingress by means of boats. In the other towns of Italy, though the quarters of the towns assigned them may be somewhat less unhealthy, their social position is the same. In Austria, though Francis I., and after him Joseph II., sought to meliorate their condition, the endeavour does not appear to have been continued; for the humiliating and distressing liabilities to which they are subject in the empire have degraded them to the lowest ebb, and, except in a very few instances, utterly prevent their raising themselves, either socially or mentally. It so chanced, however, that a wealthy Jew did obtain such favour from the emperor, in return for some weighty service, as to be offered a patent of nobility, which, with a nobleness of soul needing no empty title to make it more distinguished, he refused, asking in its stead freedom of the city for his sons-in-law (he had no sons, and his daughters were then unmarried). It was granted; and the gift of his daughters obtained for their fortunate possessors a privilege granted to none other: for the sons-in-law of this honourable Jew are the only free Jewish citizens and merchants of Vienna.

In the time of Napoleon, several of the smaller German sovereignties befriended the Jews, issuing ordinances admitting them to many civil rights, exempting them from oppressive imposts, and permitting them to pursue trade and obtain professorships. In gratitude for these unusual privileges, several entered the army of the allies, formed in 1813 to break the galling yoke of Napoleon, and so distinguished themselves, as to receive as many medals and decorations of honour as their more naturally warlike compatriots. It was only reasonable that, as they performed all the duties of patriots and citizens to their respective states, they should demand and expect the abolition of all the oppressive enactments made against them in more barbarous times. And we find, in 1815, the Germanic Confederation assembled at Vienna, declaring in their sixteenth article, "The diet will take

into consideration in what way the civil melioration of the Jews may best be effected, and in particular how the enjoyment of all civil rights, in return for the performance of all civil duties, may be most effectually secured to them in the states of the Confederation. In the meantime the professors of this faith shall continue to enjoy the rights already extended to them."

From the present condition of the Jews in Germany, however, this would appear mere words. With the cessation of the call for their patriotism from the general amnesty, the recollection of their services also ceased, and no decided means ever seems to have been taken to secure to them the promised privileges. The great trading towns, Hamburg, Lubeck, Bremen, and especially Frankfort-on-Maine, never showed even the profession of friendliness towards them. The jealousy awakened by that spirit of commercial enterprise, so peculiarly a Jewish characteristic, continues still, and effectually retards their social consideration; rivalry in commerce being unhappily as great a fosterer of prejudice as the ignorance of former years. In Frankfort, until a very few years ago, so heavily were they oppressed, that if any Jew, even of the most venerable age, did not take off his hat to the mere children of Christian parents, he was pelted with stones, and insulted by terms of the grossest abuse, for which there was neither redress nor retaliation; and this was but one of those social humiliations, the constant pressure of which must at length degrade their subjects to the narrow mind, closed-up heart, and sole pursuit of self-interest of which they are accused. The impoverished condition of the nobles and princes of the soil, during the late war, frequently compelled them to part with their estates to the only possessors of ready money—the Jews. When the immediate pressure of want had subsided, it was naturally galling to men, as proud as they were poor, to behold the castles and lands, the heritage of noble German families through many centuries, enjoyed by men of neither rank nor education, and whose sole consideration was great wealth. The very means by which that wealth was obtained—contracts entered into with the French emperor—increased the dislike of all classes towards them, heightened by the presumption and ostentation they displayed. In 1820 riots broke out against them at Meiningen, at Wurtzburg, and extended along the Rhine. Hamburg, and still farther northward, as far as Copenhagen, caught the infection; and so serious were the disturbances, so sanguinary the intentions of aroused multitudes, that it demanded the utmost vigilance of the various governments to prevent the nineteenth century from becoming a repetition of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The very cry which was the signal for the old massacres, and which, once heard, was as certain doom to the hapless Jew as if the sword was already at his throat—"Hep! hep!" from the initials of the old Crusade cry, "Hierosolyma est perdita!" ["Jerusalem is lost!"]—was revived on this occasion;

a curious fact, as full four centuries had elapsed since it had last been heard. Nine years later, we are told that "when the states of Wirtemberg were discussing a measure which extended civil rights to the Israelites, the populace of Stuttgard surrounded the Hall of Assembly with savage outcries of 'Down with the Jews!' The states, however, calmly maintained their dignity, continued their sittings, and eventually passed the bill."

When we remember that this fanatical outbreak of prejudice took place scarcely twenty years ago, we may have some idea of the social position of the Jews in Germany. Notwithstanding its humiliating nature, however, they have shared the advancement of the age in the zealous cultivation of intellect and art. The extraordinary genius of their great countryman, Moses Mendelsohn, who flourished in the eighteenth century—the boldness with which he had flung aside the trammels of rabbinism, and the prejudices arising from long ages of persecution, making himself not only a name amongst the first of German literati, but forming friendships with Lessing, Lavater, and other great spirits of the age, completely destroying in his own person the unsocial spirit of his nation—had given an impulse to the Jews which even the excitement of the war, and its vast resources for amassing wealth, had not the power to diminish. German, and the other modern languages, which, until the master-mind of Mendelsohn appeared, had been considered profane, and therefore neglected, are now zealously cultivated, the literature of each appreciated and studied. They attend the universities, and have greatly advanced in all the departments of mental and physical science; thus proving that when the Jews appear so devoted to interest alone, as to neglect all the higher and more intellectual pursuits, it is position, not character, that is at fault. In the earlier ages we find them, in the brief intervals of peace, not merely merchants of splendour and opulence, but the sole physicians, sole teachers, sole ministers of finance in their respective realms to nobles and princes. Their superior intelligence and education at a period when it was rare for nobles and kings, and even the clergy, to write their names, marked them out for offices of trust, which they never failed to execute with ability and skill. And it is notorious that the ambassador between the Catholic Emperor Charlemagne, and the no less famous Mohammedan potentate Haroun al Raschid, holding in his sole trust the political interests of Europe and Asia—for at that time the princes we have named might be justly considered the representatives of the two continents—was neither knight, noble, nor prince, but simply Isaac, a Jew! But when these breathing-times had passed, when kings and princes needed wealth, and their exhausted coffers could only be replenished by the treasures of the Jews—when the multitude asked but a rumour to fan suppressed hatred to a flame—the horrors of persecution recommenced; the services of the Jews were forgotten; and statute after statute, each

more degrading than the last, bound them to such a position, such pursuits, that they became ignorant of their own power themselves, and made no effort to prove themselves other than they were believed. But the power was quenched—not lost; and it is bursting forth again with renewed vigour wherever it has scope for development and growth.

There is a street in Frankfort-on-Maine called the Juden Strasse, or Jews Street, in which the houses look so aged and poverty-stricken, that to walk down it almost seems to transport one to the middle ages, and recalls all the painful stories of the Jews of that time, and the marvellous tale of the lavish splendour and great wealth which these hovel-like entrances concealed; the affectation of poverty and abject misery assumed, not from any miserlike propensities in themselves, but to deceive their cruel foes, to whom the scent of wealth was always the signal for blood. In this street, during the late war, dwelt an honest, hardworking Jew, little regarded by his fellows of his own or the Christian faith; he was poorer than the generality of his brethren, and there was nothing in his appearance or manner to denote a more than common mind. How it happened that he was selected as the guardian of certain monies and treasures belonging to a German prince, whom the fate of war had caused to fly from his possessions, does not appear; but certain it is that the trust was willingly accepted and nobly fulfilled. The confusion and alarm of the French invasion, and the various revolutions in Germany thence proceeding, extended to Frankfort. Many of the Jews were pillaged; for wealth being imagined synonymous with the word Jew, they were less likely to escape than any. The Jew we have mentioned was amongst the number, but so effectually were the prince's treasures concealed, that their existence was not even suspected. And when the tumult had ceased, and Frankfort was again left to its own quiet, the Jew's own little property had greatly diminished, but his *trust* was untouched. Some few years passed; the pillaging of Frankfort had reached the ears of the dispossessed prince, and he quietly resigned himself to the belief that his own treasures had shared the common fate, or at least had been appropriated by the Jew to atone for his own losses. As soon as he could, he returned to his country, but he was so fully possessed with the idea that he was utterly impoverished, that he made no effort at first even to inquire after the fate of his property. His astonishment—which, however, admiration and gratitude equalled—may be conceived when he received from the hands of the Jew the whole untouched; some assert with the full interest of certain sums which his necessities had compelled him to use; but this is traditional. We can only vouch for the truth as far as the immediate undiminished return of the whole property as soon as claimed. The *effects* of this honourable conduct can be traced to this day in the whole financial world.

The prince was not of that easy nature to be satisfied with the mere expressions of gratitude. He spread the tale—which, regarded as an utter contradiction to the imagined characteristic usurious practices of the Jews, appeared far more extraordinary than it really was—over all the courts of Germany. From them it spread to other kingdoms: the Jew found himself suddenly withdrawn from obscurity, and all his talents for financial enterprise—of the extent of which, perhaps, he had been ignorant himself till the *hour* found the *man*—called into play. Not only did he amass such wealth himself as perhaps sometimes to cause a smile at the treasures which had seemed of such moment to their owner, but his family, ennobled, accomplished, prince-like in their establishments and position, may be found scattered in almost every European court, and acknowledged on every Exchange as the great movers of the money market of the world. But the widow of their founder, now nearly a century old, refuses all state or grandeur: she receives the visits of her descendants, but in the same lowly dwelling that beheld the rise and growth of her husband's fortunes—in the old dilapidated Juden Strasse of Frankfort.

While Poland was an independent sovereignty, the Jews there had greater privileges than in any other European kingdom except Spain; and in fact many Spanish and Portuguese refugees fled to that country when expelled from their own. A charter is still extant, made by Duke Bodislas, who flourished in the thirteenth century, protecting them from oppressions of every kind, and breathing a spirit of toleration and benevolence strangely contrasting with the cruel enactments of contemporary sovereigns. The love said to be borne by Casimir, the great-grandson of Bodislas, for a Jewish girl, occasioned the confirmation of this deed. And even when, at a later period, and in the first heat of the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants, the latter faith was prohibited, the Jews still remained unmolested. They formed the only middle class of the kingdom, and, as such, were the sole engrossers of traffic, constituting in several towns and villages nearly the whole of the population. They had numerous academies, where, however, the rabbinical, more than general learning, was made a first object. Poland might at that time have been termed the seat of rabbinism, for nowhere were the traditions more considered, nor its teachers more revered. Jewish parents from all quarters sent their sons to the Polish schools, satisfied that there they must attain all the necessary knowledge.

With the dismemberment of Poland, the privileges of the Jews ceased. Prussia and Austria have often made professions of toleration, but there is little evidence in the condition of the Jews under either government to prove it. Nor was it likely that the Polish Jews should be the favoured portion of the emperor of Russia's Polish subjects, to be excluded from oppres-

sion. Mr Herschel has thus graphically delineated their miserable condition:—"They are driven from place to place, and not permitted to live in the same street where the so-called Christians reside. It not unfrequently happens that one or more wealthy Jews have built commodious houses in any part of a town not hitherto prohibited: this affords a reason for proscribing them. It is immediately enacted that no Jew must live in that quarter of the city; and they are forthwith driven from their houses, without any compensation for their loss. They are oppressed on every side, yet dare not complain; robbed and defrauded, yet obtain no redress. In the walk of social life, insult and contempt meet them at every turning. The very children in the streets often throw stones at the most respectable Jews, and call them the most opprobrious names, unchecked and unrebuked."

The late ukase, which, for the fault of one or two individuals, condemned 50,000 Jews to a doom far worse than the famous edict of expulsion from Spain in 1492, but too fearfully confirms this account. Banished from their dwellings, cast out from all trade, all employment, even from the poor occupation of breaking stones on the highway, by which three hundred families earned scarcely dry bread—not permitted to leave the kingdom, but sentenced to inhabit not only the most unhealthy part of the interior, but a space of ground not large enough to accommodate half their number, they perished by thousands; and the misery of the survivors it needs a powerful pen to picture. There was no escape, no hope, no remedy. The decree of a single individual sentenced 50,000 of his harmless subjects to a fate than which the slaughters and massacres of the middle ages were almost merciful. And this horrible ukase is of so late a date, that neither its execution nor its misery can yet be looked on as the past.

We would gladly turn from this melancholy picture: but the history of the continental Jews is almost all the same. In the Mohammedan kingdoms, indeed, they have enjoyed a toleration which might shame many a Christian sovereignty; the extreme indolence of the Mussulmen assisting in permitting them to obtain the almost exclusive trade of the Levant. Subject as they are to the oppression of individuals—sultans and pashas—needing wealth or excitement, still these are but temporary misfortunes. Their general position in the Ottoman provinces, both of Europe and Asia, is one of more security, peace, and consideration, than in contemporary and more enlightened kingdoms.

Scattered as they are all over the world, literally from north to south, and east to west, and in all the corners and islands of the globe, forming colonies, or being already domiciled in every newly-discovered land, yet America now seems their continental central home. They have there privileges and freedom in common with any and every other faith; they are debarred from

no social advantages; can enjoy public honours, and perform public duties. Professions, military, naval, and civil, are open to them, and all the various branches of commerce and trade.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that the very year in which the Jews were expelled from Spain—the country which had been to them a second Judea—Christopher Columbus discovered America, the land which was to be to these persecuted people a home of security and freedom, such as they then could never have even hoped to enjoy. The edict of expulsion from Spain was never recalled; but yet, though outwardly and professedly the most rigidly Catholic kingdom of Europe, it was actually peopled with Jews, though with great secrecy.

Many families now naturalised in England trace their descent, and in no very remote degree, from individuals whose history in Portugal or Spain have all the elements of romance. About the middle of the eighteenth century, a merchant, whom we will call Garcias, though that was not his real name, resided in Lisbon, commanding the respect and consideration of all classes from his upright character, lavish generosity, and great wealth. He conducted his family, consisting of a wife, two young daughters, and a large establishment of domestics, so exactly in accordance with the strictly orthodox principles of Catholicism, that for several years all suspicion had been averted. How he contrived, with so many jealous eyes upon him, to adhere to the rigid essentials of the Jewish faith—keeping the festivals and Sabbaths, never touching prohibited meats, and celebrating the solemn fast once a-year—must now and for ever remain a mystery. We only know that it was done, and not only by him, but by hundreds of other families. At length suspicion was aroused. It was the eighth birthday of his younger daughter, celebrated with music and dancing, and all the glad festivities which such occasions call forth in an affectionate and generously-conducted household. His elder daughter, a young girl of sixteen, was engaged to the son of a friend, also in prosperous business in Lisbon, and life had never smiled more hopefully on Garcias than it did that night.

In the midst of the festive scene, the merchant was called out to speak with some strangers, who waited on business—important business they said—which could not be delayed. He descended to the hall of entrance; the strangers threw off their cloaks, and appeared in the garb and with the warrant of the Holy Office, authorised to demand and enforce the surrender of his person. From the very midst of his family, friends, and household, he was borne to the prisons of the Inquisition, and there remained without any communication with the outer world, without even knowing the fate of his family, for an interval of eight years. He was several times examined—a word in the present instance synonymous with torture, always applied to compel a confession of Judaism, which confiscated the whole

property of the accused to the use and pleasure of his accusers; but Garcias was as firm and unflinching as his examiners. Neither torture nor imprisonment could succeed in obtaining one word which could betray the real truth, and condemn him as a secret Jew.

The devices to which he resorted to beguile his imprisonment might fill a moderate-sized volume; we have only space to mention one or two. His peculiarly gracious and winning manner, his courteous and gentle speech, which never changed, tried as he must have been by a variety of sorrows and anxieties in this weary interval, won him so far the regard of his jailor as to permit his employments to pass unnoticed, when otherwise they would undoubtedly have been forbidden. Undoing with some degree of care one of his own knitted socks gave him not only the materials but the knowledge how, if he could but contrive the necessary implements, to knit a smaller pair from it. By excessive patience and perseverance he so sharpened the lid of a metal snuff-box as to serve for a knife, and with this he contrived to fashion a pair of knitting-needles from the bones of a chicken which had served him for dinner. With these he knitted socks for children, and presented them to his jailor for the use of his family. His next wish was for the implements of writing, which, more rigidly than anything else, were denied him. His urbanity and his presents, however, permitted him the secret acquirement of some paper, the jailor quieting his conscience perhaps by the idea that no evil could come of it, as pen and ink it was quite impossible for the prisoner to make, and equally impossible, unless he wished to lose his situation, for him to grant. But Garcias's was not a mind to rest quiet without some effort for the accomplishment of his wishes. The snuff-box, knife, and chicken-bones were again in requisition, and a pen was successfully formed. The ink, or at least its substitute, was rather more difficult, but necessity is always a sharpener of intellect, and even this was accomplished. He made a hole in the brick flooring of his prison, and supplied it regularly with lamp-black, procured from the lamp, which, as an unusual indulgence, was permitted him every evening. With these rough materials, carefully secreted even from his friend the jailor, he beguiled his confinement with writing several plays and dramas, mostly on Scriptural subjects, which are still in the possession of his family, and display the elastic and versatile mind of the man as strongly as his urbane and gracious manner; his humorous gaiety, which never failed him even in prison, and his enduring patience, evince his calm and collected dignity of character.

In the seventh or eighth year of his imprisonment, the great earthquake of 1755, which almost destroyed the whole of Lisbon, took place. The confusion and ruin extending to the prisons of the Inquisition, caused the guards and officials hurriedly to disperse, and left the gates open to the several prisoners. Many

fled, but in so doing sealed their own doom; for they were mostly all retaken, and their flight pronounced sufficient evidence of their guilt to condemn their persons, and confiscate their whole property. Garcias knew, or suspected this, and quietly abode in his prison, attempting no escape, and apparently regardless of the dangers round him. After this, all attempts to compel a condemnation of himself appear to have ceased, and he was restored to his family. So little had his danger and various trials affected him, that he would have continued calmly to pursue his business in Lisbon as before, if his elder daughter had not besought him on her knees, and with tears, to fly from such a city of horror. The unknown destiny of her father had of course prevented all thought of the fulfilment of her marriage engagement: and not long after Garcias's summons, the parents of her betrothed were in the Inquisition likewise, and Podriques, the young man himself, compelled to fly. So much secrecy and caution were necessary effectually to conceal all trace of such fugitives, that no communication could pass between the betrothed. She had not even an idea of the country which had given him refuge, nor of his means of subsistence. His mother, not herself an actual prisoner, was an inmate of the Holy Office, as a voluntary attendant on her husband, and twice herself exposed to imminent danger, both times foreshadowed by an extraordinary dream. Once she fancied herself in the arena of a bull-fight, exposed to all the horror of an attack from one of these savage animals, without any means of defence. The bull came roaring and foaming towards her; death seemed inevitable, and in its most fearful shape, when suddenly the infuriated animal stopped in its mad career, and laid itself quietly as a pet-dog at her feet. She awoke with the strong feeling of thankfulness, as if some real danger had been averted, and the impression of this strange and peculiarly vivid dream remained till its foreshadowing seemed fulfilled. She was summoned to the "question," by her evidence to condemn her husband; the instruments of torture were produced, and actually about to be applied, when the surgeon interfered with the assertion that she was not in a state of health to bear them, and she was remanded, and not recalled. In her second dream, she was alone on the summit of a high tower, which suddenly seemed to give way beneath her, leaving nothing but space between the battlements where she stood and the ground several hundred yards below, causing the fearful dread of immediate precipitation and death, yet still as if the doom were averted by her being upheld by some invisible power, and aid and a safe descent permitted, the means of which the vagary of her dream seemed utterly to prevent her ascertaining. Not long afterwards, the great earthquake already mentioned took place. She was in one of the upper chambers of the Inquisition at the time of the first shock, and rushing out on the landing with her infant in her arms, found, to her

horror and consternation that the staircase had disappeared, and nothing but space lay between her and the basement storey, her only means of escape into the open air. While gazing with horror on her terrible position, the recollection of her dream returned to her, and she felt strengthened by faith that she and her child would both be preserved, though how, she could not indeed imagine. A few minutes passed, and then came a second shock, *restoring the staircase to its place;* and in little more than a minute the awe-struck but grateful woman was in safety.

Incredible as this story seems, we have neither added nor diminished one item of the real truth, and our romance of real life is not quite concluded. Garcias and his family went to England, and not long afterwards the release of Podriques permitted him and his wife, the heroine of the above escape, to do the same. There they were joined by their son, and a brief interval beheld the nuptials of the long-betrothed, long-severed, whose children still survive. It would be wrong to dismiss the anecdote without mentioning it as our belief that all intelligent Roman Catholics of the present day disclaim the propriety of perpetrating such acts of oppression, and as earnestly sympathise with the Jews as any class of the community.

Such is the history of a people who, though for so many years denizens and subjects of this free and happy land, are yet regarded as aliens and strangers; and still, unhappily but too often, as objects of rooted prejudice and dislike. To trace this prejudice to its origin might be difficult; for it would be hard to say it proceeded from ignorance, when it is so often found amongst the educated classes. Yet ignorance in reality it is. The peculiar religion of the Hebrews, and their habit of worshipping apart, keeps them strangers in a great degree to the community at large. But whenever it so happens that the interdicted circle of a Jewish family is entered, and its inmates known, prejudice is sure to give way. The faults of the Hebrews, such as they are, may be traced, in a great measure at least, to the degrading influences of long-continued persecution, which they suffered from the bigotry of ancient barbarism in this and in other countries. Now, however, the British empire has given the exiles of Judea a home of peace and freedom, and that they feel towards her an affection and reverence as strong and undying as any of her native sons, it is to be hoped that the prejudice against the Jews will ultimately disappear with the dawn of an era in which all Englishmen, however differently they may pray to the Great Father of all, shall yet, so long as they fail not in duty to their country and to each other, be regarded as the common children of one soil.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

IN the thirteenth century, after long ages of neglect, a taste for paintings and other objects in refined art began to revive in Italy, although not for several centuries later was any improvement in this respect manifested in England. While the British islands continued the scene of barbaric civil wars, Italy was tranquilly engaged in the arts of peace. Two things conspired to assist art in Italy—the encouragement of men of learning and wealth, and the naturally fine artistic talent of certain obscure individuals, who devoted themselves to the profession of painting. The demand for pictures to embellish palaces and churches was the more immediate cause of vast numbers of paintings being executed. We propose mentioning a few of the great names known in connexion with art in Italy, and other countries, in early times.

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO.

CIMABUE was born at Florence in 1240, and while still a child, manifested a taste for drawing. Happening to see the works of some Greek painters, he was affected by an extraordinary desire to study under them; his wishes were agreed to; and so diligently did he pursue his profession, that he soon excelled his masters. From his performances a school of art sprung up in Florence, which thus took the lead in the revival of taste. Cimabue lived

to the age of sixty, and died in 1300. A notice of Cimabue interestingly leads to the history of his successor.

In the year 1276, about forty miles from Florence, in the town of Vespignano, there lived a poor labouring man named Bondone. This man had a son whom he brought up in the ignorance usual to the lowly condition of a peasant boy. But the extraordinary powers of the child, uncultivated as they necessarily were, and his surprising quickness of perception and never-failing vivacity, made him the delight of his father, and of the unsophisticated people among whom he lived. At the age of ten, his father intrusted him with the care of a flock. Now the happy little shepherd-boy strolled at his will over meadow and plain with his woolly charge, and amused himself with lying on the grass and sketching, as fancy led him, the surrounding objects on broad flat stones, sand, or soft earth. His sole pencils were a hard stick or a sharp piece of stone; his chief models were his flock, which he used to copy as they gathered around him in various attitudes.

One day as the shepherd-boy lay in the midst of his flock, earnestly sketching something on a stone, there came by a traveller. Struck with the boy's deep attention to his work, and the unconscious grace of his attitude, the stranger stopped, and went to look at his work. It was a sketch of a sheep, drawn with such freedom and truth of nature, that the traveller beheld it with astonishment.

"Whose son are you?" cried he with eagerness.

The startled boy looked up in the face of his questioner. "My father is Bondone the labourer, and I am his little Giotto, so please the signor," said he.

"Well, then, little Giotto, should you like to come and live with me, and learn how to draw and paint sheep like this, and horses, and even men?"

The child's eyes flashed with delight. "I will go with you anywhere to learn that. But," he added, as a sudden reflection made him change colour, "I must first go and ask my father; I can do nothing without his leave."

"That is quite right, my boy, and so we will go to him together," said the stranger. It was the painter Cimabue.

Great was the wonder of old Bondone at such a sudden proposal; but he perceived his son's wish, though Giotto was fearful of expressing it, and consented. He accompanied his boy to Florence, and there left his little Giotto under the painter's care.

His pupil's progress surpassed Cimabue's expectations. In delineating nature Giotto soon went beyond his master, to whom a good deal of the formality of modern Greek art, which he had been the first to cast aside, still clung. One morning the artist came into his studio, and looking at a half-finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. Cimabue tried to brush it off, when he discovered that it was only painted.

"Who has done this?" cried he, half angry, half delighted.

Giotto crept trembling from a corner, and confessed his fault. But he met with praise instead of reproof from his master, who loved art too well to be indignant at his pupil's talent, even though the frolic were directed against himself.

As Giotto grew older, his fame spread far and wide. Pope Benedict IX. sent messengers to him one day; they entered the artist's studio, and informed him of the pope's request, that he should send a design for an intended church; for Giotto, like most of the artists of those early times, was an architect as well as a painter. He took a sheet of paper, fixed his elbow at his side to keep his hand steady, and drew instantly a perfect circle.

"Tell his holiness that this is my design," said he; and with all their remonstrances, Giotto refused to give any other. Pope Benedict was a learned man; he saw that Giotto had given the best instance of perfection in his art; sent for him to Rome, and honoured and rewarded him. "Round as Giotto's O," became an Italian proverb. Giotto, as these stories testify, was a pleasant and humorous man.

The talents of Giotto won him the patronage of the great of his country. He visited in succession Padua, Verona, and Ferrara. At the latter city he remained some time painting for the Prince of Este. While there, Dante heard of Giotto, and invited him to Ravenna, the present abode of the exiled Florentine poet. There also he painted many of his works, and formed a strong friendship with the great Dante. The poor shepherd-boy of Vespignano was now in the height of his fame. Admitted into the society of the Italian nobles, enjoying the friendship of the talented men of his age—Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch—and admired by all, his was indeed an enviable position. And he was a good man, as well as great, loved by all his friends; and, as his biographer Vasari says, "a good Christian, as well as an excellent painter." He died at Milan in the year 1336, and was followed to the grave by the sorrow of his friends, his obsequies receiving those public honours which he so well merited.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Of all the annals of youthful genius, there are none more remarkable than the history of Leonardo da Vinci. He was wonderful in his childhood for original genius; in youth for the surprising versatility of those talents, both natural and acquired; and in mature life he seemed able to do everything, and, moreover, to do everything well. He was at once painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, mechanist, chemist, astronomer: a man of science, and yet the ornament of a court, beautiful in his person, fascinating in his manner, and gifted with amiable qualities,

which preserved the esteem which his exterior won at first sight, and prevented his companions from bearing malicious envy towards him for all those brilliant qualities which nature seemed to have lavished on him.

Leonardo was born in 1452 at Vinci, a small fortified town in the Val d'Arno. From his birthplace he derived his surname, as was the custom with most artists of that period. His father was a notary of Florence, respectable, though not of high birth. Even in childhood, Leonardo was remarkable for his surprising talent and readiness in acquiring all that was taught him. He would propose questions in arithmetic to his master, who in vain puzzled himself to answer them; and then the pretty laughing boy would astonish his old instructor by solving the difficulty with the greatest ease. His musical talents were not less remarkable; he studied it as a science with the greatest avidity and enthusiasm, played on the lyre, and sang the words and music, being entirely his own composition.

But as he grew older, the great delight of Leonardo seemed to be the study of painting. At this time art was gradually increasing in fame and power, influencing all ranks of society in Italy. Lorenzo de Medici, the most powerful of the nobles, encouraged and protected art in every way with so unbounded favour, that he gained the deserved title of "the Magnificent." Lorenzo's influence spread a taste for literature, and more especially for art, throughout his native Florence, which extended even through all Tuscany. It is probable that this might have influenced Leonardo in his juvenile preference; for it is certain that, among all the pursuits of his childhood, he loved painting best. Uninstructed as he was, his designs and models soon became excellent, and his delighted father at last determined to show these productions to Andrea Varocchio, one of the cleverest artists of the day. Andrea saw in them the dawnings of great power, and gladly received Leonardo as a pupil in his studio, where, by a combination then very usual, he followed the professions of painter, sculptor, architect, and even jeweller.

Time passed on, and the young Leonardo improved so fast, that Varocchio could not but acknowledge to himself that the pupil was little inferior to the master. Partly to prove or disprove this inward doubt, and partly from the generous wish to excite his pupil's diligence, Andrea desired Leonardo to paint a portion of a picture on which he was himself engaged. The subject was "St John baptising our Saviour;" Da Vinci's task was an angel supporting some drapery. The delighted youth worked with redoubled diligence, and the figure was completed. Varocchio came to see it; he looked at it a long time in silence; it was infinitely superior to the rest of the picture. The artist's eye could not deny this, however grievous was the shock his pride sustained.

"Is this, in truth, your own work? No one assisted you?" said he to Leonardo, who stood by.

"It is indeed, Messer Andrea," eagerly replied the boy.

"Then I will not submit to be outdone by a child; I will never touch a pencil more." And Andrea Varocchio kept his word: he never painted afterwards.

After this Leonardo quitted Andrea, and pursued his studies alone. He resided at Florence, where his father had an estate. There is a characteristic story of him in these youthful days. Signor Pietro da Vinci had a favourite attendant in the field-sports, in which he delighted. One day he asked this man what mark of regard would be most pleasing to him in return for his services. The peasant answered that he would consider about it. One day he brought a piece of wood, cut from a large fig-tree, and requested that his young master, Il Signorino Leonardo, would paint upon it something to adorn his little cottage. The father asked his son to accede to this rather strange request for a peasant, and the young artist agreed, only resolving to astonish his father by his improvement. So he planed the wood smooth, filled up the little holes, and began to paint. His chosen subject was a Medusa's head, with its serpent-hair. For models he brought from the fields toads, vipers, lizards, and every kind of ugly reptile. From these he designed such a fearful-looking monster, that the boy almost shuddered at the work of his own hands. When the picture was finished, he brought his father to see it. Signor Pietro glanced round the room: his eyes fell on the Medusa: he started back with horror and surprise, and was about to run away from the vicinity of such a number of poisonous reptiles, when Leonardo assured him it was only a picture—his own work. "And now," cried the delighted boy, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm—"now I am quite satisfied; I have done what I wished. My picture has the effect I intended."

The proud and happy father lavished warm praise on his gifted boy; but he would not give a picture like this to the peasant. It was sold to a Florentine merchant for one hundred ducats, which is equivalent to about £22 of our money—a sum which, in those days, was considered as much as £400 is now. The Duke of Milan soon afterwards bought it for treble the sum for which it was first purchased. The ultimate fate of this curious picture is unknown.

In spite of his extreme youth, Da Vinci quickly attained to fame. His universal talents gave a certain degree of unsteadiness to his character, inasmuch as he would now and then leave his painting for all sorts of desultory studies. But he always returned to the one great object, and devoted himself to everything that would advance him in art. He was the first artist who thoroughly studied anatomy, in which his knowledge was very great. His writings on this subject are admired, and found most useful even in the present day. The sunshine of fame was now upon Leonardo wherever he moved: his extreme beauty and grace of manner, his wit and universal courtesy, made him the

delight of all circles. He indulged in luxurious dress and equipages, and had a number of the finest horses, for he excelled in all equestrian exercises. Yet all these expenses were defrayed by his unwearied industry in his art. Leonardo had a wonderful genius for mathematics and mechanics. He made all sorts of curious models and scientific inventions. This bent of his mind led him to form some wild projects, which were never realised.

About the year 1487, Leonardo left Florence, and settled at Milan, being received into the household of an Italian nobleman, Ludovico Sforza, who gave to the artist the care of his son's education, and appointed him president of an academy which he founded for the encouragement of art and literature.

Leonardo followed his patron to Pavia, where he spent some time; and on his return to Milan, about 1497, he began the most celebrated of all his pictures—"the Last Supper of our Lord." It was painted for the refectory of a Dominican convent; the moment chosen is when Christ exclaims, "I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." The calm dignity of the Saviour forms a beautiful contrast to the varied passions which agitate his disciples at his words; but it is next to impossible to speak in adequate terms of so sublime a painting. It has gradually faded from the convent walls, until now scarcely a trace remains; but there are some good copies, which have made the original well known.

In 1517, Cardinal Giovanni de Medici was elected pope, as Leo X. This noble patron of art made Rome the desired abode of its greatest followers, and thither came Leonardo da Vinci; but he found many competitors equal, and even superior to himself. Leonardo, now advancing in years, felt some anxiety from the rising stars of Raffaelle and Michael-Angelo, both of whom he had before met at Florence. Feeling himself unable to compete with these luminaries, he retired to France, where he concluded his career under the patronage of Francis I. In intimate friendship with this great monarch, he died at Fontainbleau in the seventy-first year of his age.

Da Vinci was a careful and laborious painter: he knew that genius was nothing without diligence. He was long in painting his pictures: on one portrait he spent four years. He neglected nothing that could add to his knowledge of art. It was his constant habit to carry with him a book, wherein he sketched heads and figures that attracted his attention. It is supposed that Da Vinci was the first who introduced engraving on wood and copper, if he did not invent these arts himself.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

On the 6th of March 1474, at the Castle Caprese in Tuscany, was born the child who was afterwards to become so renowned. Michael-Angelo was noble by birth; his father was descended from

the Counts of Canosa. Probably his wealth did not equal his patrician ancestry, for the proud nobleman sent his son to a grammar-school at Florence. A public school is no unusual place for genius to develop itself, and here it was that Michael-Angelo's soon shone forth. His facility in sketching—a talent always appreciated by schoolboys—made him popular among his young companions; they encouraged him, and their praises fostered the love of art in his bosom. This passion for drawing, however, was pursued in secret; for his father used all his efforts to discourage the boy, thinking, poor man! in his foolish pride, that it would disgrace the noble House of Canosa to produce an artist! He did not know that, but for that great artist, his ancient house would have been forgotten; and that now Michael-Angelo is remembered for his genius, not for his nobility.

The first story of the boy's progress in art is told of him in his thirteenth year. He borrowed a picture from a friend, and copied it with such exactitude, that it could hardly be distinguished from the original. A plan for a boyish deception came into his head: he confided the secret to one of his playfellows, and the two boys, with grave faces and many thanks, brought to the lender, not his own picture, but Michael's copy. He, worthy soul, discovered not the cheat put upon him, and was restoring with perfect composure the fac-simile to the place of the original, when Michael's playfellow could resist his mirth no longer, and his irrepressible laughter revealed the jest. This story became known; his undoubted success encouraged the boy, and to his father's horror he declared his first resolution to be an artist.

Most likely the incident of the borrowed picture influenced greatly Michael's future life; for in his fourteenth year we find him a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo, one of the best painters of the day, and who had studied under Giotto. Doubtless it was only after many struggles with his prejudiced father that Michael-Angelo obtained this favour; but when gained, he profited by it in proportion to the difficulty with which he had secured it. When fifteen, he one day saw a figure on his master's easel, drawn in a style which he considered far from perfect. He made outlines of the incorrect portions of the drawing on its margin. These outlines were far superior to the picture itself; and his own consciousness of this, and a mean jealousy unworthy of the noble art he followed, made Ghirlandajo ever after strive to depress and injure the bold and talented boy who had dared thus openly to compete with his master.

Michael-Angelo remained with Ghirlandajo only three years, during which time his improvement was owing to his own exertions, and not to his jealous master, who scarcely ever condescended to give him the least instruction. But perseverance often fully atones for the want of imparted knowledge; and so it was with Michael. Before he left the studio of Ghirlandajo, he

had availed himself of permission given to the pupils of Ghirlandajo, by Lorenzo de Medici, to study in an academy which that wise and generous nobleman had instituted for the advancement of sculpture. Here Michael still continued to improve himself, and attracted the attention of Lorenzo the Magnificent by his beautiful drawings. The academy was held, like those early ones of ancient Athens, in a garden. This garden Lorenzo supplied with beautiful sculpture, chiefly ancient—for the moderns were very far from perfection until Da Vinci's time—and hither the good nobleman often walked among the objects of his taste and delight, supplied by his own munificent hand, or amused himself in watching the progress of the young artists whom he had invited to study in his grounds, with a kindly liberality which now, alas! exists only in name.

In this garden of art the young Michael-Angelo one day saw a fellow-student modelling in clay—a branch of instruction then very uncommon. He felt a wish to do the same, and attempted an imitation, which Lorenzo, who happened to pass by, praised with such warmth, that the young artist determined to try his skill in marble. He begged a piece of broken marble and a tool from some workmen who were employed in ornamenting the palace, and cheerfully and eagerly set to work. He chose as his model a mask of a "Laughing Faun," which was lying in the garden, much mutilated by time. But Michael remedied all these defects in his copy, and likewise added some improvements from his own powers of invention. The mask was nearly finished, when, a few days after, Lorenzo again visited his garden.

"This is wonderful in a youth like you," cried the delighted nobleman. He examined the work, compared it with the original, and praised the several additions which Michael's genius had prompted.

"But," said this acute patron and lover of art, with a good-humoured smile, "there is one thing I do not quite approve, though it is but a slight fault in so good a work—you have restored all the old man's teeth; whereas, you know, a person of that age has generally some wanting."

The young man acquiesced in this sensible remark; and when Lorenzo had departed, he broke a tooth from the upper jaw of the mask, and drilled a hole in the gum, to show that it had decayed and fallen out in course of nature. On Lorenzo's next visit, he was so delighted with the ingenious way in which Michael-Angelo had followed up his patron's hint, that he gave the young artist an apartment in his house; made him a guest at his table; introduced him to the noble, wealthy, and learned that thronged the palace of the greatest of the Medici; and, in short, adopted him as his own son.

When only seventeen, Michael-Angelo executed for Lorenzo a basso-relievo in bronze; the subject was the "Battle of Centaurs."

When very old, the great painter once came to see this work of his early youth, and was heard to say that he regretted that he had not entirely devoted himself to sculpture. His next work was a "Sleeping Cupid." The wise of that age thought it impossible for modern art to produce anything equal to the antique; and they were not far wrong, for Michael-Angelo had not then arisen. So the dealer who purchased his Cupid had the cunning adroitness to stain it in imitation of the defacements of time, and bury it in a vineyard. He afterwards pretended to discover it by accident, and sold it as an antique statue to Cardinal San Giorgio. The praise it obtained induced him to reveal the secret; the deceived public generously forgave the trick, and the artist was invited to Rome, where Pope Julius II. commissioned him to erect a mausoleum. Michael's design was magnificent. When he showed it to the pope, his holiness inquired the cost of such a splendid work. Michael answered that it would amount to a hundred thousand crowns; and the pope liberally gave him permission to expend twice that sum. The mausoleum was commenced: Pope Julius was so delighted with it, that he had a covered way from his palace erected, that he might visit the artist at his work *incognito*. This was too great a favour not to excite the envy of a court. Ill words and unkind slanders were spoken of Michael. They reached the pope's ear, as it was intended, and he visited Buonarotti no more. Michael came to the Vatican, which had been at all times open to him; but it was not so now. A groom of the chamber stopped his entrance.

"Do you know to whom you speak?" asked the indignant painter.

"Perfectly well," said the man; "and I only do my duty, in obeying the orders my master has given."

"Then tell the pope," replied Michael, "if he wants me, he may come and seek me elsewhere himself."

The insulted artist returned immediately to his house, ordered his servants to sell his furniture, and follow him to Florence; and left Rome that very night. Great was the pope's consternation. Couriers were immediately sent after Michael. But it was too late; he had already passed the boundary of the pope's jurisdiction, and force was of no avail. The couriers reached Florence, and delivered the pope's letter. Michael's answer was this: "I have been expelled from the antechamber of your holiness without meriting disgrace; therefore I have left Rome to preserve my reputation. I will not return, as your holiness commands. If I have been deemed worthless one day, how can I be valued the next, except by a caprice alike discreditable to the one who shows it and the one towards whom it is shown."

Julius next wrote to the government of Florence, using these conciliatory words: "We know the humour of men like Michael-Angelo. If he will return, we promise that none shall offend him or interfere with him, and he shall be reinstated in our

apostolic grace." But Michael was inflexible. Again and again the pope wrote, and still this proud and high-spirited man refused to heed him. At last the chief magistrate of Florence became alarmed. He sent for the artist, and said, "You have treated the pope as the king of France himself would not have dared. We cannot bring him to war against the state on your account; therefore you must obey his will." The magistrate promised also, if Michael feared for his personal safety, to send him as ambassador to Rome, in which case his person would be inviolable. At last Michael relented, and met the pope at Bologna. Julius glanced at him with displeasure, and did not for some time deign to speak. At last he said, "Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you."

Michael answered with a slight apology for his conduct, which, however, was so haughtily expressed, that a prelate, who had introduced him, thought it necessary to observe—"One must needs make allowance for such men, who are ignorant of everything except their art."

Wise, and generous too, was the pope's indignant reply to this speech. He turned to the prelate: "Foolish man, it is thou who hast vilified Michael-Angelo; I have not. He is a man of genius, and thou an ignorant fellow. Depart from my sight this moment." And the contemner of art was forcibly driven from the room.

Michael-Angelo's first commission after this was a statue of Pope Julius. It was the work of sixteen months, and worthy of Michael's genius. But its fame was short: in a popular riot this statue was thrown down, dragged through the streets, and broken to pieces, in contempt of the pontiff whom it represented. The head alone was preserved by the Duke of Ferrara. After Michael had completed this statue, he returned to Rome, and again set to work on the mausoleum. But Julius had changed his mind, and determined to build the Sistine Chapel, to the memory of his uncle, Sixtus VI. This chapel Michael was to adorn with fresco paintings. His first attempt showed how universal were his powers of mind. He began to paint the ceiling; but the only scaffolding which the architect Bramante could contrive, was suspended by ropes passed through holes in the roof. Michael-Angelo asked how he was to paint a ceiling thus pierced with holes. Bramante could arrange no other plan; and Buonarotti invented some machinery so complete, that the carpenter who made it under his direction realised a large fortune, through Michael's generosity in allowing him to profit by the invention.

In twenty months the frescos were completed, to the delighted wonder of his friends and the envy of his enemies; all being the work of Michael-Angelo's own hand, unassisted by any one. The pope had almost daily climbed to the top of the platform to watch the artist's progress; and by his persua-

sions, Michael took down the scaffolding almost before the frescos were finished. Crowds of the learned rushed to the building to see this wonderful work. But when the pope had gratified his impatience by viewing the painted ceiling from below, he began to wish for more ornaments on the drapery of some figures —more gilding and show. But Michael's reproof was not long wanting.

"I have painted," said he, "men who were poor, nor wished for riches—holy men, to whom gold was an object of contempt. I will add nothing."

The Sistine Chapel was publicly opened on All-Saints' Day 1512. From that time to the present, Michael-Angelo's frescos have been acknowledged the most glorious triumph of art in any age. They consist of a series of colossal paintings, descriptive of the progress of the Christian religion, from the creation of the world until the last judgment of all men. To particularise them is impossible; and their praise has been a universal theme. Most of them are painted on the arched ceiling; and it is said that many figures were executed by the artist lying on his back on a heap of cushions; this being the only position in which he could reach them.

Three months after the completion of the Sistine Chapel, Pope Julius died. Leo X., who succeeded him, was by no means a warm friend to Michael-Angelo. But his fame was now too well established to suffer from this lack of favour. He was now growing old; but his energy and talents were unwearied. Beside that of the Sistine, another chapel was erected called the Paoline. For this he painted two pictures—the "Conversion of St Paul," and the "Crucifixion of St Peter." At the age of seventy-two, he was nominated architect of St Peter's. This magnificent building, the grandest temple in Christendom, was the design and erection of Michael-Angelo. It was the work of many years and many struggles. The artist had to contend with the poverty and illiberality of his patrons; and once they endeavoured to displace him. He had, in their opinions, not given light enough to the church in one portion of it.

"Three more windows will be placed there!" said Michael-Angelo.

"You never told us of that before?" replied a cardinal.

"Nor will I be accountable to you for declaring all that I do, or intend to do," cried the high-spirited painter. "It is yours to provide money, and keep off thieves: to build St Peter's is mine!"

This independent speech won the favour of the then pope, Julius III. From this time he placed unlimited confidence and regard in the artist, often saying that should Michael-Angelo die before himself, his body should be embalmed, and kept in the palace, that his mortal form should endure as long as his works. But Julius died in 1555; and his successor, Paul IV., insulted the

painter by wishing to *reform* the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine. Michael sent this message in answer:—"If his holiness will undertake to reform mankind, I will engage that my picture shall reform itself."

This pope plunged Rome into war and bloodshed. Michael-Angelo, then eighty-two years of age, took refuge in a monastery until these perilous times were over. It was with regret that he left this quiet abode to enter again on the turmoil of the world. He lived until the age of eighty-nine, and then died peaceably and calmly, uttering his last will in these words:—"My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, my worldly goods to my next of kin."

Michael-Angelo's countenance was like his mind—full of noble grandeur. Straight Greek features, a high and rather projecting forehead, with clustering hair and beard, give his portrait a character of sublimity which is like his works. These works were the grandest in conception and execution that mortal man could do—not beautiful, but sublime. It is often a reproach to a great man that his life is far inferior to his works; but Michael-Angelo was in every way a noble and good man, not winning, but austere in his virtue and simplicity of character at an age when the contrary was most in fashion. He was never married, and used to say that his works were his children, who must bear his name to posterity. He lived in study and seclusion, never ceasing to seek after knowledge throughout his long life. In his old age, he was found one day by Cardinal Sarnite walking alone in the ruins of the Coliseum. The cardinal expressed surprise. "I go yet to school," said Michael, "that I may continue to learn."

This great artist's soul was full of high principle: he scorned everything mean and dishonourable. His disposition was generous, and many a kindness did he show to inferior artists, and others who needed it. Sometimes his gifts were munificent. To his old servant Urbino he gave two thousand crowns: a donation in those days considered worthy of a monarch. This man died when Michael was eighty-two, and his aged master remained with him day and night in his last illness, and afterwards wrote this of him:—"Urbino's death has been a heavy loss to me, yet also an impressive lesson of the grace of God; for it has shown me that he who in his lifetime comforted me in the enjoyment of life, dying, has taught me how to die, not with reluctance, but even with a desire for death."

His poems were numerous, and all breathe the spirit of purest Christianity. The sternness of his character won little affection from his contemporaries, yet none ever breathed a word against him. The fame of Michael-Angelo's works will live for ever, and with that his memory as a truly great and virtuous man.

RAFFAELLE D'URBINO.

In 1483 there lived in the little city of Urbino a poor artist named Giovanni Sanzio. He had little genius to boast of, and less fame. He lived in a quiet humble way, not far removed from poverty, yet he was a good man, and his humility and simplicity of character prevented his being despised for his want of talent. He married a worthy and loving wife, but they were long childless. At last, in 1483, the year already mentioned, on Good-Friday, there was born to this worthy couple a son. This new addition to their happiness was joyfully welcomed by the father and mother. They christened the infant Raffaelle, after the angel Raphael in the Bible—a name of good omen; but little did the joyful parents think how that the name thus given by them would go down to posterity with the glorious affix of Raffaelle the Divine.

The father, Giovanni, had suffered much in his youth from being left to brave the world alone, so he would not part with his son, even to a nurse. Raffaelle was brought up in his parents' house—his mother being his constant nurse, his father his instructor. He was never sent to school, but spent his time in his father's studio, living among beautiful forms, having for his playthings brushes and easels, and thus imbibing a love of art from his cradle. No other children came to divide with him his parents' care and affection, and life was all sunshine to the gentle and beautiful child; for, like Da Vinci, Raffaelle possessed the added charm of great personal beauty. Even in manhood, his portrait, with its soft mild eyes, and long flowing fair hair, is like the face of one of his own angels; and in childhood he must have been most lovely.

Surrounded by art, it is not wonderful that Raffaelle should have been a painter when a mere boy. His father delighted to see this bent in his darling son, instructed him to the utmost of his power, and Raffaelle was soon a great assistance to him in pictures which he from time to time executed for the few patrons which he had in his native Urbino. This good and loving father was not slow to see that his limited powers in art were insufficient to supply the rising genius of his son, and no shame or mortified self-love hindered him from acting upon this knowledge. He went to Perugia, where lived Pietro Perugino, an artist who had by his own unwearied diligence raised himself from low estate until he had become one of the best painters of the day. But Perugino was gone to Rome, and Giovanni Sanzio had to wait a long time for his return. At last Pietro arrived, and the humble painter of Urbino obtained an interview with his higher brother in art. Giovanni had a winning manner, and his reverence for Perugino turned the latter's heart towards him. He listened to Sanzio's frank and simple account of his son's

talent, and his own wishes to place him under such a master: and at last consented to take the little Raffaelle.

Giovanni returned home, having accomplished his desire. One can well imagine what a hard struggle it was for the father to place his boy in other hands, and how many tears the mother shed at parting with her only child; and it throws no discredit on Raffaelle's history to have parents who were capable of such a sacrifice. Giovanni took his son to Perugia, left him to the care of Perugino, who had conceived a sincere friendship for the father of his new pupil, and then returned to his lonely home in Urbino.

Raffaelle had an excellent master in Perugino, as far as kindness went; from his instructions, however, he did not profit much. Perugino's style was hard and formal; now and then his attitudes were graceful, but his works, though praised in his day, were very inferior compared to those of his successors, and his one great contemporary, Leonardo da Vinci. Raffaelle copied his master's style so exactly, that his pictures at this period of his life cannot be distinguished from those of Perugino's. Having never known a higher style, the young artist went on calmly and composedly in this beaten track, winning much praise from the inhabitants of his native city, and of Perugia, who had no idea of a loftier standard of perfection than Perugino's. But a change was soon to come over the spirit of Raffaelle the Divine.

He had a friend and fellow-pupil named Pinturicchio, who was chosen by Cardinal Piccolomini to ornament the pope's library at Sienna. This young man invited Raffaelle to join him, and the latter assented, as he had now left Perugino, though the friendship and affection between the artist and his pupil continued undiminished until the death of the former. Raffaelle was only eighteen when he arrived at Sienna; there he, in conjunction with his friend Pinturicchio, painted ten large pictures, the subjects being taken from the life of Pope Pius II. While at Sienna, Raffaelle heard continually of the wonderful works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael-Angelo, then exhibited at Florence. He resolved to go thither, and judge for himself of their perfection. Great indeed was his delight and wonder when he beheld with his own eyes these master-pieces of genius. Leonardo's particularly attracted him, for Michael-Angelo had not then arrived at the zenith of his powers; and the inclination of Raffaelle was ever more to the beautiful than the severe and grand, so that doubtless he felt more sympathy with Da Vinci than with the giant Michael. He saw that he was yet but on the threshold of art; he felt his own weakness, and the defects of his master, and from that hour he changed his style, and followed Perugino no more.

His delight in these pictures which Florence contained, and his liking for the beautiful city itself, determined Raffaelle to remain there for some time. He formed many friendships with

the young artists there, by whom his rising genius was much honoured. His greatest friend was Lorenzo Nati, for whom he painted a beautiful picture of the "Holy Family." The Virgin-mother holds in her lap her divine Son, to whom the infant St John is presenting a bird, in childish delight. This painting was preserved by Lorenzo during his lifetime with affectionate veneration and care. After his death it was kept by his heirs. But a disaster took place: a falling of earth from the neighbouring mount, San Georgio, laid the house in ruins, and Raffaelle's picture was buried under the ashes. However, Battista, a son of Lorenzo, succeeded in saving the fragments, and carefully restored them. The picture still exists.

Raffaelle's stay at Florence was sorrowfully terminated. He had news of the illness of his aged parents; he went to Urbino, but both were no more. They had seen only the dawnings of their son's glory; but doubtless that was reward sufficient for their unselfish and devoted affection. Raffaelle gathered together all the worldly goods which they had left him, and quitted his native place for ever. He stayed some time at Perugia, where he painted a picture for a chapel, and another for the Camaldolian monastery. One of these he left to be completed by his ancient master, Perugino, and returned to Florence in 1505. There he studied his beloved art with patience and enthusiasm combined, by means of which his reputation increased yearly.

At this time Bramante d'Urbino, a fellow-citizen and distant relative of Raffaelle's, was in high favour with Pope Julius II., and architect of St Peter's. He invited his young kinsman to Rome, where Julius received him with great kindness, and appointed him one of the artists who were employed in painting the Vatican. Raffaelle surpassed his competitors so much, that the pope immediately ordered all the other pictures to be effaced, and the work to be intrusted to Raffaelle alone; and here the generous and grateful spirit of the young artist had an opportunity of shining forth. Among the doomed pictures, was one by Pietro Perugino; but Raffaelle could not bear that such an insult should be offered to his kind old master; he intreated earnestly that it might be spared. The pope, touched by this unselfish request, granted it, and the picture still remains untouched except by the hand of time.

The death of Julius II. happened while Raffaelle was engaged in this great work; but his successor, Leo X., by equal encouragement, enabled the artist to continue with a brave heart, and the paintings were finished at the end of nine years. The rooms they adorn are called the Chambers of Raffaelle. They consist chiefly of Scripture subjects, and almost rival the works of Michael-Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. During these nine years, Raffaelle found time to paint other pictures, and to study architecture under Bramante; so that, on the death of this relative, he was appointed architect of St Peter's in his stead.

For Leo X. Raffaelle also executed a set of twelve cartoons—a species of painting on large sheets of stiffened paper—representing passages in the New Testament. These cartoons were designs to be copied in tapestry in the Netherlands. Some of them are still preserved at Hampton Court, near London.

Raffaelle's fame was now at its height, and reached the ears of Albert Durer, the great German painter and engraver on copper. Albert sent his own portrait, and some of his engravings, to Raffaelle, who was so delighted with them, that he studied the art himself, and caused to be engraved several of his own pictures. He also, in return, sent to Albert Durer some beautiful designs of his own, which were held most precious by the German artist.

Raffaelle's greatest work, and, alas! his last, was "the Transfiguration of Christ," which he painted for Cardinal de Medici. In this he put forth all his powers, and it remains a lasting memorial of his genius. While engaged upon it, a sudden fever seized him, which, for want of proper treatment, proved fatal, and terminated his life in the prime of youth and talent. Raffaelle died on the day of his birth, Good-Friday, in 1520, aged only thirty-seven. His body was laid in state in his own studio, his scarcely-finished picture of the Transfiguration being placed above it, that his sorrowful friends might look from the lifeless form of the painter to his immortal work.

ALBERT DURER.

This great man was the first, and probably the best, of German artists. His family originally came from Hungary; they settled in Nuremberg, where Albert's father followed the business of a goldsmith. The boy was born in 1471, in the merry month of May, and in due time received the usual simple education of a burgher's son. Albert learned readily all that was taught him, and from his childhood was accounted a very clever boy. However, in those early times, it took far less learning to gain a reputation for ability than in our days. Martin Hapse was the name of Albert Durer's first master, under whose care he studied a little of drawing and engraving, so as to qualify him for success in his father's trade.

When his slight education was completed, Albert began to work in gold, under his father's direction. But this occupation was little suited to one whose mind was already full of art. Albert soon became weary of his trade, and longed to be a painter. So, after some few struggles between the goldsmith of Nuremberg and his refractory son, to whom the precious metals had no charm, it was at last agreed that young Albert should be placed as a pupil with Michael Wolgemuth, an artist and engraver,

though of inferior merit. With this man it was impossible for the youth to learn much; but his talents received a right direction, while at the same time he was instructed in other needful branches of study, such as arithmetic, geometry, and perspective.

In Germany then, as now, it was the custom for young men of every profession to complete their studies by travelling, that they might learn from actual experience, and by seeing the world, before settling down into the active life of manhood. Accordingly, Albert Durer, having remained three years with Michael Wolgemuth, set out on his travels. He went from town to town, painting for his livelihood whenever he could get sitters for portraits, and could find purchasers for the fancy pictures which he executed on his way. The young artist must have been happy in this course of life, for it was considered no discredit, but the contrary, and a wandering student found everywhere a welcome. Also it must have been pleasant to stroll leisurely through his own and foreign lands, everywhere gathering up information from nature herself.

Albert returned home when he was about twenty-six years old, and then it was that he exhibited his pictures for the first time in public. The one which is mentioned as his first work of any moment is "the Three Graces," depicting three graceful female figures, having a globe over their heads. This picture bears the date 1497. Thus Albert Durer's talents were by no means precocious, but matured by long study and observation. It was then customary for students of all professions to produce a *chef d'œuvre*, each in his own line, for which they received a public reward, and also a diploma acknowledging their excellence, if successful. Albert Durer, accordingly, painted a picture with the greatest care; it was highly praised, and the artist gained the wished-for diploma with more than usual honours.

After this triumph, Albert again set out to travel. He visited Holland, stayed some time there, and then proceeded to Italy. At Bologna he met Raffaelle, for whom he had always the greatest admiration. They had already corresponded and exchanged pictures. A pleasant meeting it must have been between these two great men, whose genius, remarkable in both from its diversity of character, formed such a strong contrast. Durer at this time was renowned as an engraver on copper and on wood. He was probably the first wood-engraver on record. It is said that, in executing his numerous designs, he found working on copper too tedious a process, and therefore conceived the plan of engraving on wood. He designed and engraved on wood thirty-six illustrations of the life of Christ, which were so beautiful and so much esteemed, that forgers arose to imitate them. One Marc Antonio Franci, a Venetian, copied them, and sold his own spurious productions as the originals of Albert Durer. The German artist hearing of this, immediately set off to Venice, complained

to the government of the injury done him by Franci, and claimed redress. A lawsuit was commenced, by which the dishonest Franci was reduced to beggary. He came to Albert Durer, praying him to forgive the wrong, and excuse him from paying a fine which it was out of his power to raise. The generous artist not only pardoned, but assisted him, and Franci erred no more.

Albert Durer had a miserable home. To please his father, he had married a neighbour's daughter, whose violent temper ruined her husband's peace. She was a beautiful woman, and Albert painted her several times, particularly in his Madonas. Her violence drove him from his own fireside, to seek elsewhere for the happiness which was there denied him. As we have seen, he travelled a great deal; when at home, it has been laid to his charge that he was prone to intemperance, and to nightly carousals with his companions. If so, it is sad to think that so fine a mind as Albert Durer's should be thus degraded; but, thinking of his domestic sorrows, he deserves our pity as much as our condemnation. He lived in a frugal manner at home, so that many considered him poor. He studied much; and several works of his, written in Latin, were published at Nuremberg after his death. They were chiefly on subjects connected with art.

Durer was ever in high favour with the great of his time. He found friends and patrons in the Emperor Maximilian, Charles V. of Spain, and Ferdinand of Hungary. Maximilian gave him a patent of nobility, but there is no account of his ever assuming his rank. Plain Albert Durer, the goldsmith's son of Nuremberg, is known to posterity as a great artist; no one ever thinks whether he bore a title or not. The emperor also gave him a pension, and loaded him with honours. Thus in everything, except his cheerless home and unhappy domestic life, Albert Durer was happy. His paintings are not very numerous; his chief talent lay in design, in which the fertility of his pencil was inconceivable. The noble simplicity and grandeur of Albert Durer's apostles have passed into a proverb.

Excepting the love for excess, which, it is to be hoped, is exaggerated by his contemporaries, Albert Durer was in private life a good man. He was a strict Protestant, honest and candid in his worldly dealings, and irreproachable in his principles. He died at Nuremberg April 6, 1528.

CORREGIO.

CORREGIO was one of the many great men to whom fame came only after death. His life was passed in comparative obscurity, so that those who would seek for his history must find it in his works alone. Even the date of his birth is uncertain; but it was

between the years 1490 and 1494. His real name was Antonio Allegri; but, like most of the painters of his time, he took his surname from the name of his birthplace, Corregio in Tuscany. Nothing is known of Antonio's father, except that he was a poor man, probably a labourer, and was unable to give his son anything but a very meagre education. Nor is there any record of his first essays in painting. Art must have come upon Corregio like inspiration. Unlike Raffaelle, he had never lived in studios, and probably had never seen a picture; nor, like Giotto, did some kind hand foster the dawning genius of the young peasant. Antonio had no master; and for his early perfection in art he was indebted entirely to his own talent and perseverance. He was one of those instances in which nature seems to do all without the aid of instruction. But such are very rare; and it is impossible, at this distance of time, and with the shadow of obscurity that hangs over Corregio's early life, to know how many years of arduous study he must have devoted to art before he attained to the perfection which charms us in his pictures.

Corregio never studied from the antique, and was ignorant of the works of his great contemporaries, as he was alike unknown to them. Nature was his guide entirely and alone. He used to say that he had his thoughts at the end of his pencil; and so indeed it seems from his pictures. He excelled in colouring; not gorgeous or dazzling, but sweet, and cool, and harmonious tints. His pictures look as if dipped in the freshness of early dawn. Corregio painted children with surpassing grace and beauty; and his Madonas have an angelic sweetness, which no artist has excelled except Raffaelle. If we may judge of a painter's own disposition by the character stamped upon his works, Corregio must have been most gentle and loveable, with a mind full of everything that is good and beautiful. One can fancy him as a kind father, playing among his children, and catching from them the natural graces which he afterwards fixed impenetrably on his canvas.

Corregio in early life fixed himself at Parma, which city he never left. Rome was then the centre of all that was great in learning and art; but Corregio was too poor to go thither without patronage, and too single-minded to weary himself with seeking that favour of the great, which seldom comes unsought. So he lived in obscurity at Parma, where art was little appreciated, striving hard to gain support for his wife and family. His life and struggles are now forgotten, but they must have been great. Annibal Caracci, who, fifty years after, visited Parma, and saw the works of Antonio, says, "Everything that I see astonishes me, particularly the colouring and beauty of the children, who live, breathe, and smile with so much sweetness and vivacity, that it is impossible to refrain from partaking in their enjoyment. My heart, however, is ready to break when I reflect on the unhappy fate of poor Corregio, and to think that

so wonderful a man, who ought rather to be called an angel, should have ended his days miserably in a country where his talents were never known."

Amidst all these difficulties, and with the cares of a large family, Antonio lived on—indigent, ever-labouring, yet often wanting bread. In these bitter circumstances were most of his pictures executed. We cannot but look with painful interest on these lovely and graceful creations, produced amidst sorrow and poverty. But the sorrow and the poverty are all forgotten now, and the pictures live still; the faces smile upon us, and we never think of the sad heart and wearied hand which conceived and executed them.

At last Corregio was chosen by the canons of the cathedral at Parma to paint its cupola in fresco. The subject was the "Assumption of the Virgin." Corregio painted the holy Mary, surrounded by happy spirits and adoring angels; the faces of the heavenly quire glowing with rapturous celestial joy. This was a subject fitted for Corregio's genius: it was his last and his greatest work. The innumerable company of cherubs—some singing, others scattering incense, and all full of holy delight—gave an opportunity for the display of that childlike grace which was peculiar to Corregio. The picture was wonderful—beautiful! But this was unacknowledged by the mean and cold-hearted dignitaries with whom the artist had to deal. When Corregio came to receive payment for his finished work, that he might joyfully take home the price of his labours to his poverty-stricken family, the canons found fault with the picture, and finally refused to give him more than half of the paltry sum originally promised.

Corregio's necessities were too overpowering to allow him to debate the point. He took the money, which his mean patrons paid all in copper coins. Corregio took the heavy burden on his shoulders. His home was six or eight miles from Parma, and he had to walk that distance under the burning heat of an Italian sun, laden with the weight of the copper, his heart sinking with despondency. He reached his cottage at last, and, thirsty and exhausted, drank plentifully of some water which his children brought. He was immediately seized with a fever, and lay down on his straw-bed, from whence he never rose. In three days Antonio Corregio was no more.

Corregio died in 1534. Not many years after, the great Titian, passing through Parma, heard of the picture in the cathedral, and hastened to look at it. A canon accompanied the illustrious stranger. Seeing Titian gazing fixedly on the painting, the priest hastened to tell him that it was a contemptible work, unworthy his attention, and was about to be destroyed.

"Destroy this picture!" cried the horror-struck artist. "Take care, man—take care what you do! It is a glorious work; and were I not Titian, I would wish to be Corregio!"

Corregio, uneducated as he was, left no writings behind him; nothing but his pictures. No one cared to remember the conversation of the obscure artist of Parma, whose existence even was only known after it had terminated. This was doubtless a great misfortune to the artist, but we can perhaps respect him the more that he was not a spoiled son of genius. Corregio's pictures are now among the most valuable productions of the old masters.

HANS HOLBEIN.

From these great Italian and German artists we now turn to one whose life and works we may almost claim as English, though he was himself of foreign birth—Hans Holbein. While, under the fostering of these great painters, art was advancing towards perfection in Italy, in England it was scarcely heard of. Holbein was the first artist in England, the rest were only limners of caricatured human faces.

Hans Holbein was born at Basil in 1498, or, according to some, in 1495. His father, John Holbein, was himself an artist, though of low order; however, he instructed his son as far as lay in his power. When very young, Hans painted a picture for the Town Hall of Basil, and two others for the fishmarket of this his native place. They were two unusual subjects—a "Dance of Peasants," and the renowned "Dance of Death." This strange picture attracted universal attention. It figured Death as a grisly skeleton, leading the dance with childhood, youth, and old age: the beauty of woman, the strength of manhood, and the feebleness of old age, being alike whirled along in the arms of Death. The vigour and effectiveness of the various groups, the quaintness of the idea, and the strange but solemn moral conveyed, won for the young artist great praise.

Not long afterwards there came an English nobleman to Basil. He saw Holbein's pictures, and earnestly invited him to England, where art, such as it was, began to meet with great encouragement. But Holbein, devoted to youthful follies, cared little for his future welfare, and declined the offer. Some years after he married; these new cares, with his own extravagance, kept him very poor. He listened willingly to Erasmus when he advised him to seize the former rejected opportunity, and proceed to England. Holbein's violent-tempered wife made his home miserable, so that he felt less reluctance to depart. He left Basil, and proceeded on his way to England, being so poor, that he was obliged to paint at each town to gain money for his travelling expenses onwards.

A story is told of Holbein like that of Giotto. While staying at Strasburg, he came to a painter there for employment, and was desired to show what he could execute. Holbein went away,

began and completed a very good picture, then painted a bee upon it in the most conspicuous part. He left the picture at this artist's house, procured money elsewhere, and went on his way from Strasburg. The artist seeing the picture, at first took the bee for a real one; then discovering his error, and delighted with the picture, sent everywhere for the unknown young man who could paint so well. The search was fruitless, for Holbein was far on his journey, leaving behind the clever picture, which, with his usual carelessness, he entirely disregarded.

Arrived in England, after almost begging his way thither, Holbein presented to Sir Thomas More the letter of his friend Erasmus. This great and good man immediately received him into his own house, where the artist resided, a contented and honoured inmate, for three years. Holbein one day, talking to his patron about his early life, informed Sir Thomas how he had long before been invited to England by a nobleman. The chancellor was anxious to know his name, but Holbein had entirely forgotten it. "However," said he, "I remember his face so well, that I think I could draw his likeness from memory." He did so; and More immediately recognised the noble and gallant poet, the young Earl of Surrey.

Sir Thomas now thought of introducing Hans Holbein to the king, Henry VIII.; but it required some skill not to offend the capricious and self-opinionated monarch. More hung all Holbein's best works, disposed in the best order, round his own hall at Chelsea, and then invited the king to a grand entertainment. Henry was so charmed with the sudden view of so many good pictures, that he inquired if the artist were alive.

"He is here, so please your Grace," cried the glad and kind-hearted Sir Thomas, pointing out Hans Holbein, whom the king immediately took into his service and especial favour, with a salary of two hundred florins per annum.

Holbein was now a courtier and favourite of the fickle Henry: no enviable position. His first patron, Sir Thomas, soon after fell a victim to that cruel monarch; yet, strange enough, it wrought no change in Holbein's position at court. Perhaps the real cause of this is best elucidated by an anecdote of Holbein at the time, which proves the opinion of Henry with regard to him. A nobleman of high rank came to visit the painter one day when he was particularly engaged drawing from the life. Holbein sent to request that his lordship would defer the honour of his visit. The nobleman, indignant at what he considered an affront, went up stairs and broke open the door of the painting-room. Holbein met him, and in a great rage pushed his intrusive visitor from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Calm reflection soon showed to the artist the danger in which he stood; he went immediately to the king and told the whole story. Soon after, the exasperated nobleman appeared, to claim vengeance for the wrong. Henry ordered the painter to ask pardon, which

Holbein did; but nothing short of his life would satisfy the enraged patrician. He declared this; upon which the king's manner changed, and he sternly replied, "My lord duke, you have now not to deal with Holbein, but with me. Whatever you do against him, shall fall tenfold on your own head. I can, whenever I please, make seven lords out of seven ploughmen; but out of seven lords I cannot make one Holbein."

After the death of Queen Jane Seymour, a new bride was proposed to Henry. Holbein was sent to Flanders to take her portrait; but she was rejected by the king of England. He drew the picture of Anne of Cleves, in which he flattered her so much, that Henry, charmed with her supposed beauty, married her. But the reality was found much inferior to the portrait, and Holbein's want of truth caused the death of his friend, Thomas Cromwell, who had urged the union; yet still the fortunate artist kept the royal favour.

Hans Holbein was universal in his capabilities; he painted equally well in oil, water-colours, and distemper, large pictures, or miniatures. He worked with great quickness, and his diligence was indefatigable. He painted many portraits of his royal master, and of Henry's numerous consorts, together with some historical pictures. There is a considerable collection of his paintings in the palace at Hampton Court. All his works were executed with the left hand.

Holbein spent the latter part of his life entirely in England, and died in London of the plague, before he had reached his sixtieth year. What became of his ill-tempered wife is not known. Hans Holbein never can be called a great painter; there is a ludicrous formality even in his best pictures. They are valuable, however, as authentic portraits of the great in the stirring times in which his lot fell. Holbein has also the praise of being in England, as Cimabue was in Italy, the reviver of art.

TITIAN VECELLI.

THE birthplace of Titian, or Tiziano, as his countrymen entitle the first of Venetian colourists, was the castle of Cadore in Friuli. His father's name was Vecelli, but little or nothing is known of his parents and his early life. Even the year in which he was born is disputed, some giving 1477, others 1480; but these matters are of lesser importance. Whether rich or poor, of noble or peasant lineage, Titian was one of the greatest of the Italian painters.

At ten years of age, the boy was taken from Friuli to live with an uncle at Venice. This worthy relative, struck with his nephew's talent in painting, procured instruction for him. His first master was Sebastiano Zuccati, of whose mediocrity, the fact

that he is only remembered by posterity as the early teacher of Titian, gives sufficient proof. Afterwards the boy was placed under the care of Giovanni Bellini, a name of higher note, though still not very celebrated.

This Giovanni Bellini was one of three—a father and two sons—who were the founders of the Venetian school of art. Of these, the elder brother, Giovanni, was much the best artist. He was highly esteemed in his own country, and his fame even reached to Constantinople. The Ottoman emperor, Mahomet II., sent a request to him, inviting him thither; but the Venetian senate valued their painter too highly to part with him: they sent his elder brother, Gentili, to the Turkish sovereign. Mahomet courteously received his guest, showed him all honour, and employed him to paint several pictures. Among these was one, the subject of which was the "Beheading of St John the Baptist." The emperor was one day looking at this, and pointed out to the artist some error which he fancied he perceived. To enforce his arguments, Mahomet had a black slave brought in and decapitated in his presence! This very despotic mode of proving a disputed question in art so terrified the painter, that he never knew peace until he contrived to escape from his polite host, and returned in safety to his own country and his brother Giovanni.

After this digression about Titian's first instructors, we must return to the young pupil himself. He advanced gradually in his studies, surpassing his fellow-student Giorgione, though the latter was no insignificant rival, and even arousing the jealousy of Bellini himself. When only eighteen, Titian painted a portrait of a Venetian nobleman called Barbarigo. This work gained much applause for the young artist, whose name was the first known beyond the limits of the studio of Bellini. Another of his early pictures was "Christ Paying the Tribute-Money." In this he competed successfully with Albert Durer, whose style was so different to the one which Titian afterwards made his own.

At this period of Titian's life, he admired so much the hard dry German style, that he invited artists from that country to his house, and became their assiduous pupil; but a time was soon coming in which a new light was to dawn upon him. It is said that Titian's friend and fellow-pupil Giorgione was the first to break through the trammels of Bellini's formal style, which both had hitherto so rigidly followed. However, for a long time he and Titian painted in conjunction: thus laying the foundation of that gorgeous manner of colouring in which they have never been surpassed, and which their pupils imitated, creating upon the ground-work which Bellini had laid the celebrated Venetian school.

But jealousy intervened to break the union of these two great masters. They quarrelled, and separated; and while they lived, the

friendship thus severed was never renewed. On whose side this rivalry began cannot now be known; but it is probable that the wrong lay with Giorgione, as he was certainly the inferior artist of the two, and Titian is represented as being in private life a most amiable character. It is always sad to have to note these rivalries and dissensions between men of genius. While Giorgione lived, he was in a great measure an obstacle to Titian's rise to fortune; but he died in 1511, and there was no longer any competitor to share the palm with Vecelli.

Soon after, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, invited the artist thither; and for this generous patron of art he painted the celebrated "Bacchus and Ariadne," which is now in our National Gallery. At Ferrara, too, Titian formed a strong friendship for Ariosto, with whom he interchanged tributes of admiration: the poet celebrating him in the *Orlando Furioso*, in return for a portrait which the artist painted of Ariosto.

Titian's fame was now established; and yet wealth did not come in proportion to renown. He was still a poor man, though he was received as a friend by nobles and princes. Perhaps he hid his poverty through pride, so that it never came to the knowledge of these his patrons. However, it is asserted that in 1530, when Titian's name was known all over Italy, the artist himself was in the deepest poverty. This was discovered by a friend, Peter Aretine, who considerately mentioned the painter to the Emperor Charles V. as a subject for his generosity. Charles knew how to assist genius without wounding its delicacy. He employed Titian to paint his portrait, for which he paid him a sum far above any the artist had ever received.

From Bologna, where the emperor was, Titian proceeded to Mantua and Rome, being honourably received at both courts, and using his pencil advantageously, chiefly in portraits of the great and noble of the day. He then rejoined Charles V., who had returned to Madrid, in which city Titian passed three years.

One of the most pleasant things that we have in Titian's life, is the long and intimate friendship that subsisted between him and his royal patron, Charles V., the great and good emperor of Spain, whose name is well known in history as one of the wisest and best sovereigns of Europe. From the time of the painter's first introduction to him at Bologna, Charles ever regarded him as a friend, and treated him as an equal. Not long after this first acquaintance, when the emperor had excited the jealousy of his courtiers by placing Vecelli at his right hand while riding, he made the well-known reply—"I have many nobles, but only one Titian."

Another incident, which a modern artist has made the subject of a fine picture, is recorded equally to the praise of this noble king. Charles was in the habit of paying Titian frequent visits in his studio, watching him while he painted, and conversing with him. Once, while thus occupied, the pencil fell from

Titian's hand; the emperor took it up, and presented it to the wondering artist, saying, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian."

The abdication of Charles, and his retirement to a monastery, are matters of history. The loss of his royal friend did not injuriously affect the interests of the painter. Charles's son and successor, Philip II., though a stern and bigotted man, and far less devoted to art and literature than was the higher mind of his father, yet showed much kindness to Titian. For him Vecelli painted the celebrated "Sleeping Venus." So highly did Philip regard this picture, that when his palace on the Prado was burned to the ground, his first anxious question was if the Titian Venus had been saved. He was answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the king, "every other loss is trifling."

Titian, now in the decline of life, at last left Madrid, and returned to his native Venice. Years seemed to abate nothing of his genius or execution, and one of his best pictures was painted at this time. It was a group of Ferdinand, king of the Romans, and his family. To paint it, Titian went to Innspruck; but with the exception of this journey, during the remainder of his life the aged artist never left Venice. There he was honoured by all: so much so, that the Venetian senate had, by a public decree, exempted him from paying taxes. He was respected by his brother artists, and was the friend of Michael-Angelo. The Emperor Henry III. paid Titian a visit in his old age. This personal honour was received with pleasure by the painter. He showed his later works to the monarch, who admired one so much, that he asked the price. Titian immediately presented it to Henry with the grace that one long used to courts well knew how to use.

Thus Tiziano Vecelli lived to the age of nearly a hundred, practising his beloved art to the last, though his paintings at this advanced period of life, as might be expected, were inferior to those executed in the vigour of his genius. Nevertheless, there was much that was noble even in the worst of the productions of Titian. He died of the plague in 1576, leaving behind him innumerable testimonials of his genius and diligence throughout a long life devoted to art. He was buried with public honours, such as were due to the memory of a man like Titian Vecelli.

SALVATOR ROSA.

In the little village of Renella, situated at a short distance from the lovely city of Naples, lived a humble architect named Antonio Rosa. At the time of which we are writing, Italy was groaning under the tyranny of foreign princes, who levied taxes as they pleased, and who kept the people in subjection by means of foreign soldiers and domestic spies. Ignorance and misery

prevailed throughout the land, agriculture was neglected, and trade and commerce were at a stand. No wonder, then, that Antonio Rosa suffered the most bitter poverty: his industry was of no avail, and his gains did not suffice for the support of his family, which consisted of two daughters. Towards the end of the year 1615, our hero, Salvator Rosa, was born; and as the birth of a male child is, by the Neapolitans, considered an especial blessing, the parents regarded this event as an auspicious omen. Antonio's next thought was to what trade he should bring up his boy. He had but one wish on the subject—namely, that his son should *not* be a painter; and effectually to prevent this, he yielded to his wife's proposition of dedicating him to the church. Accordingly, he was baptised in the little church of Renella by the name of Salvator, or Saviour; and as he became older, he was taught to recite prayers in Latin, and obliged to make his first attempts at reading in a book containing the Life of St Catherine. But all his parents' teachings were unavailing; the young Salvator could not master the difficulties of theology and philosophy, but bent the whole power of his mind to the study of nature. He rambled about the country, sketching the scenery around him on odd scraps of paper, and on his return home, was generally punished by a long task of Latin prayers, which he was desired to learn by heart. His biographer tells us, that once when he was forbidden to leave his room, he seized some half-burnt sticks, and covered the walls with beautiful drawings, much to the annoyance of his mother, who condemned him to do penance by attending all the services of the church during Lent. It is said that he once carried his sticks instead of his prayer-book to church, and that he employed himself during service in filling every vacant place he could find with drawings. The sticks were immediately burnt by the priest; and Antonio, resolving to place his son beyond the reach of temptation, sent him to one of the religious schools at Naples. The beauties of literature were now opened to him, and he devoted his whole attention to the study of the ancient poets; but scarcely had he begun to enjoy these, when he was obliged to turn his thoughts to the history of martyrs and saints, and to the mysteries of theology. We do not know how he succeeded in these studies, but it is certain that he left college before his education was completed, and returned to the indigent home of his childhood.

Salvator's mind now took another bent. Naples was at this time the city of music. An English writer who resided there says "that even the husbandmen played on the guitar, and took their fiddle to the fields with them," therefore we cannot be surprised at finding our hero following the general impulse. He not only composed the music, but also wrote the words of many songs; and we find that these were so popular, "that even the spinners and knitters used to chant them." His father

and mother were dismayed at this newly-awakened talent; but a yet greater disappointment was in store for them, for a domestic occurrence gave Salvator the opportunity of cultivating his natural talent, and he became, what his father had determined he should never be—a painter.

The beauty of Salvator's sister had captivated the heart of a young artist named Francanzani, who, seeing signs of talent in his brother-in-law, allowed him frequent access to his painting-room. Salvator's future course was now decided: the obstacles which lay before him only served to excite his ardour; and in his eighteenth year, this peasant youth left his home to seek his fortune in the world. He turned his steps towards the chain of mountains known by the name of the Abruzzi, in order to exercise his pencil among the recesses of these wild rocks. While wandering about here, he was taken prisoner by one of those troops of banditti which were at that time the terror of the neighbourhood. During his captivity, he is supposed to have exercised his pencil; and there is at Paris a battle-piece, which shows, in its composition, that he certainly was not unacquainted with the mode in which these lawless people carried on their warfare. Whether Salvator escaped, or whether he was generously liberated from his captivity, is not known; but his Italian biographer informs us that he wandered about the country for some time, suffering the hardships of poverty. At length he returned home, and found his parents in a most miserable condition. A few days after, his father breathed his last in his arms, leaving to the young artist the task of supporting the family. Alas! his poverty was so great, that he could not purchase the canvas on which to execute his designs: he was obliged to content himself with paper, and was accustomed to offer his productions to the keepers of stalls in one of the streets of Naples. The sum he received for them was hardly sufficient to buy bread for himself and his mother and sister; but nothing daunted, he steadily persevered, though too obscure to hope for the attention of any of the great painters who at that time flocked to Naples. At the head of these was Lanfranco, who had received an invitation to decorate the new church of Gesu. This man was one day riding through Naples, when he was struck by the beauty of a painting hanging at the door of one of the small shops. He stopped, and ordered it to be brought to him. The subject was "Hagar in the Wilderness;" and the figure of the unfortunate woman was so beautiful, that Lanfranco was convinced it was executed by a person of no ordinary talent. He inquired the name of the artist, and immediately commanded his pupils to buy whatever paintings they found bearing the name of "Salvatoriello," for such was the superscription on that of Hagar.

The demand was now great for our hero's pictures, and consequently his gains increased, and with these his industry and courage. But his path was not yet smooth. The pupils of

Lanfranco became jealous of this new rival, and laughed at him for the poverty which had forced him to sell his pictures to so inferior a class of tradesmen. Salvator replied with bitter sarcasms: he wrote epigrams, and even set them to music, but only increased the number of his enemies thereby. He had but one friend, Falcone, a painter, whose talent lay in the representation of war-pieces. This man generously allowed Salvator to study with him, and even introduced him to the court-painter, Spagnuoletto: but all this did him no good; he could not obtain regular employment; and famine attacked those for whom he was labouring. Determined to leave no chance of advancement untried, he resolved to go to Rome, and in his twentieth year he left the sunny town of Naples. He entered the "Eternal City" with his portfolio in his hand, and took up his abode in a small inn, with hardly money enough to defray his necessary expenses. Here he remained for some time, taking sketches of the country round, which he sold to the Jews for a paltry sum. His spirits at last became damped, his hopes blasted, and a terrible fever laid him on a bed of sickness. He was kindly taken care of by one of the charitable institutions in Rome. His life was saved; but his attendants recommended his returning to his native air, as the only means of preserving his health.

On reaching home, Salvator found that poverty had driven his mother to take refuge with her brother, and that his sister and her husband Francanzani were in the deepest misery. He resolutely determined to battle against misfortune; and, actuated by family affection, he entered with fresh zeal on his employment. The painters of Naples were, however, still his enemies, and their malice spared no opportunity of injuring him. Falcone stood his friend; but how could one person stem the tide of popular feeling? Salvator's health and spirits were fast yielding to the influence of despair, when the Cardinal Brancaccia sent to Naples for a young man to take charge of his household. A young fellow-student of our hero's was appointed to this situation, and having always entertained a respect for Salvator, asked him to accompany him to Rome, and gave him an apartment in the cardinal's house. Here he worked night and day; but for some months after his arrival, he did not succeed in procuring the patronage of any one able to rescue him from his obscure situation. At last he was presented to the cardinal, who, at once discerning the talents of the artist, gave him orders to paint the portico of the Brancaccia palace in fresco. He succeeded so well, that he was employed to paint an altar-piece for the church of Viterbo. One day, while he was at work upon this, he attracted the attention of Antonio Abbati, one of the fashionable poets of the day, who ever remained a steady friend to him, having been pleased not only with his talents, but with his modesty and gentleness.

As soon as Salvator had finished this task, he returned to Naples, where he found his brother artists still quarrelling one with another. Meanwhile the patrons of art at Rome had instituted two public exhibitions of paintings in that city, and a picture which Salvator had sent to a friend at Rome was placed in the hall of exhibition. It decided his fate: the best judges placed it above the paintings of Titian in merit, and nought was heard but praises and applause. No sooner did these reach our hero than he quitted Naples, and hired a house in Rome, where he received the visits, and secured the friendship, of all the great men of the day. Not only as a painter was he admired, but as a poet, a musician, and a man of general knowledge and acquirement.

In the midst of these happy days arrived the Carnival of 1639. The Carnivals of Rome were then, as now, very famous, and all the great men of the day contributed to the general amusement. Plays were performed, and cars were drawn through the streets, in which were men wearing masks, who danced, sung, and acted. Among these, at the Carnival to which we allude, was an actor, who announced himself as a Signor Formica, from Naples. He attracted the attention of all present by his wit, eloquence, and, above all, by his songs, which he accompanied with the lute. Various were the conjectures as to who or what this Signor Formica really was; and what was the surprise of the people when, on the last day of the Carnival, he removed his mask, and displayed the well-known features of Salvator Rosa the painter.

All Rome was now filled with his fame, and there was no longer any doubt of his obtaining that high rank which his ambition had so long desired in vain. No sooner was the Carnival past, than Salvator applied himself with increased diligence to his art, and numerous and beautiful were the pictures sent forth from his easel. Poverty was now unknown to him, and he became remarkable for the elegance of his dress and habits. Men of talent flocked around him, and his musical acquirements procured him admittance into the highest society. Orders for pictures increased in number, and he was at the height of his fame, when he received intelligence that his countrymen, the Neapolitans, headed by the fisherman Masaniello, had rebelled against the foreign tyrants who had so long held them in subjection. Shutting up his dwelling, he started immediately for his native city, and joining the insurgents, became one of Masaniello's best soldiers. The rebellion was quelled by the death of its leader, and Salvator, and his friend Falcone, escaped to Rome.

No sooner was his return made known, than his friends crowded around him, and he detailed, without any regard to prudence, the events in which he had borne a share. With his mind heated by ideas of liberty and patriotism, he pub-

lished several satires, and even painted and exhibited two pictures in the highest degree satirical, and even libellous. One of the cardinals took offence, and had it not been for the intervention of a friend, Salvator would have been thrown into a dungeon. This friend, Giovanni de Medici, offered him an abode at Florence, and thither he fled. That city was the residence of most of the celebrated men of the age, and Salvator found himself received with triumph by all. He still continued his professional labours, and the prices of his pictures became exorbitant.

At length our hero became weary of Florence, and in the year 1652 he returned to Rome: his enemies were either dead or dispersed, and he was again received with honour, and employed to paint even by foreign monarchs; but fresh persecutions arose, and again he fled to Florence. While there, he turned his attention to etching, and produced some most beautiful engravings.

Soon after this, Salvator returned to Rome to die. His faculties were becoming dimmed, his energy was gone, and he sunk into a state of complete listlessness. Disease was found to exist, and the case was declared incurable. He suffered fearful pain for several days, and at last, just as the priest was about to administer the sacrament to him, he breathed his last, aged fifty-eight. His body lay in state in the church of Santa Maria, and was afterwards interred in the vestibule of that edifice. A monument was erected to his memory, and his bust was placed upon his tomb. We will finish this short notice by a few remarks upon his character, given by one of his biographers. "He was a man full of warm affections; tender to those whom he loved; charitable, gracious, and generous; an enemy to falsehood, and eminent in whatever he turned his attention to." Here, then, we will take our leave of one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever produced; one whose life is an evidence to us of the power which determination and perseverance have in overcoming obstacles, and in leading man to even the highest pinnacle of fame.

VELASQUEZ—MURILLO.

Did space permit, biographic sketches and anecdotes of many other painters of eminence might be given. Among the great artists left unnoticed, are Tintoretto and Rembrandt, but some account of these has been already given in Nos. 72 and 54. Vandyke, eminent for his portraits, Rubens, the great master of the Flemish school of painting, and Claude-Gelee of Lorraine, whose landscapes are of unsurpassed beauty, might well also find a place in our list. Lastly, we might select for notice Velasquez and Murillo, who unitedly gave the highest reputation to Spanish art.

Velasquez (born 1594) rose, like all great painters, by an earnest self-dependence and study of nature. In this latter respect his tastes led him towards the grotesque. He painted peasants at their occupations, beggars lounging about the city, and natural objects, to all of which his pencil gave truth and vividness, whatever might be said of the subjects. There is a picture of his, painted at this time, representing a ragged old *aguador*, or water-carrier, giving water out of his barrel to a boy, which is much admired. Some of his friends tried to persuade him to pursue a higher style of art; but Velasquez always replied that in painting, the first requisites were strength and fidelity, and that delicacy would follow after. Velasquez devoted himself to no master in particular as soon as he had acquired the practice of his art. He adopted what was good in the style of others: his defects were certainly his own. While thus educating himself for the profession he had chosen, the young man wisely did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. He read and studied deeply; thus in the best manner qualifying himself for a high position in his art. Rarely, indeed, does an uneducated man make a first-rate artist, whatever may be his natural gifts. The paintings of Velasquez are little known in England, consisting chiefly of portraits and ecclesiastical pieces; but they are highly valued in his own country. He died in 1660.

Murillo, the greatest of all the Spanish painters, was born at Seville in 1618. He early manifested a strong taste for art, and having received a little instruction, he began to support himself by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to America. In that business he obtained full employment; but, inspired with higher desires, he resolved to go to Italy for improvement. His means, however, were totally inadequate to meet the expenses of such a journey. Yet when does real genius fail in resources. Collecting all his means, he bought a quantity of canvas, divided it into a number of pieces, upon which he painted subjects of devotion and flowers, and, with the produce of the sale of these, set out upon his journey, unknown to his relations and friends. On his arrival at Madrid, he waited on Velasquez, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and procured him employment of the highest kind. He did not, therefore, require to go to Italy, but continued to work and study in his own country. Many of the pictorial embellishments of the Escurial and other royal palaces were by his hand. Latterly, the career of Murillo was brilliant. His paintings, chiefly Scripture pieces, are full of inexpressible sweetness, and are now of the greatest value. One of his finest productions is in the gallery of paintings at Dulwich, near London, and is alone worthy of a pilgrimage to lovers of art. Murillo died in 1682, having shown in his life that earnest perseverance, along with proper natural qualifications, will surmount all professional, besides many other difficulties.

TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

II.—METALLIC.

VERY few of our readers, we presume, can be unacquainted with the leading characteristics of the metals—those treasures of the earth which meet with hourly illustration in the implements and utensils of civilised life. Their peculiar lustre, arising out of their opacity and reflective power with regard to light, their conduction of heat and electricity, their density, fusibility, ductility, malleability, and so forth, are features which, though differing in each, yet readily distinguish them as a class from all other substances. It is this density and hardness in some, this ductility and malleability in others, and the facility with which many of them can be amalgamated, that have rendered them such valuable aids to human progress, and made them available for almost every purpose of utility or ornament. Without them, indeed, any high degree of civilisation were impossible; they are essential to every process in agriculture, architecture, machinery, navigation—to every art, in fine, which marks the advancement of mankind from the lowest stages of barbarism. It is to these substances, then, that we would now direct attention; to their history, the localities where found, the modes of obtaining and preparing them, the purposes to which they are applied, their relative values, and other particulars, which may appear interesting to the general inquirer.

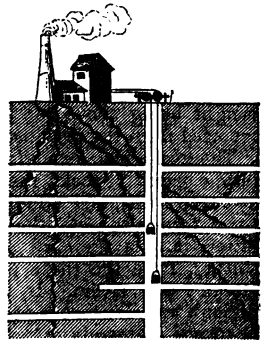
The metals, as found in nature, are seldom or never in a state of purity. It is true that the miner occasionally detects a fragment of native gold, native silver, and the like; that is, specimens of gold and silver, pure and ductile as from the crucible of the chemist; but such fragments are rare, and bear no appreciable proportion to the quantity that occurs in the crude state of *ores*. These ores are sulphurets, carbonates, oxides, &c. mingled with earthy impurities, generally situated in veins, sometimes disseminated through rocky masses, rarely in beds or strata, and distributed through the formations of all eras, but more especially through those of the primary and transition series. Thus iron, the most familiar and useful of all the metals, occurs in more than twenty different mineral states, being com-

bined with carbon, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, &c.; is found in veins in rocks of different formations; is disseminated through various rocks, so as to give to them a ferruginous aspect; and, as clay-ironstone, is interstratified with the clays and shales of the coal-measures. To arrange and classify the ores, is the study of the mineralogist; to determine their value, or the amount of metal, is the art of the chemist; to raise them from their various positions, is the labour of the miner; to separate the metal from the earthy impurities with which it is associated, is the work of the metallurgist; and to fashion it into implements, utensils, and machines, is the calling of the founder, blacksmith, mechanist, cutler, and others. As with the ores of iron, so with those of the other metals, only that few of them can be said to occur stratified like the clay or carbonaceous ironstone. It must not be supposed, however, that the respective metals always lie in separate veins—that copper, for example, is always the only metal found in a copper vein; or lead in a so-called vein of lead. The fact is, that though some one metal generally predominates, three, four, or even more metals, may be strangely combined and intermixed with the same veinstone. In our own island, the vein which contains lead as the principal metal, often contains silver, zinc, and cobalt: platina is generally associated with gold; manganese not unfrequently with iron.

Respecting the origin of the metals, geology and chemistry afford us no certain knowledge. We cannot tell why, or in what manner, the Creator has formed gold, or silver, or iron, any more than we can tell why he has created oxygen, hydrogen, or any other so-called *elementary* substance. Investigation has, no doubt, collected a vast amount of accurate data as to the nature of veins, and the ores which fill them; and we can speculate with some degree of certainty as to the causes which have contributed to these results. We see that subterraneous and igneous forces have at various epochs upheaved and rent asunder the stony crust of the globe; that the fissures so produced have been subsequently filled with mineral matter, differing widely in kind from the rock in which it is enclosed; and that, incorporated with this mineral matrix or veinstone, occur various metallic ores in films, strings, crystals, or shapeless masses. But whether this veinstone, with its associated metals, has been the result of infiltration from above when that portion of the globe was under water, of sublimation from igneous sources beneath, or of long-continued chemical and electrical agencies, science has not been, nor may ever be, able to determine; and even if it could determine, still the question would remain—Whence the substances we designate metallic? Are they further developments of previously existing bodies? Are any or all of them transmutable one into another under the operation of certain natural agencies? Or are they, in reality, elementary substances, each after its own kind? These are questions which have en-

gaged the attention of the scientific in all ages; years and lives have been spent in attempting a solution; and yet, except in the acquirement of more correct data whereupon to pursue the inquiry, man is no nearer to a satisfactory answer. It would be a curious revelation indeed, if we could detect nature elaborating substances possessing so many different aspects and properties from the same source; and more curious still, if man, imitating her processes, could accomplish the like results. Laying aside, however, these high aspirations, we observe in the present day many waters containing iron, copper, lead, and the like, in solution, which waters, gathering these ores from existing sources, transport them to new localities, where they combine with other substances, and form new deposits, as bog-iron ore, cupriferous marls, or auriferous sand. In time these sands, marls, and bog-silts, become true rocky strata, either to present phenomena analogous to the clay-ironstone of the coal-measures, or if subjected to igneous and other forces, to contribute, it may be, to the formation of new metallic veins.

It would here be out of place to enter into any scientific description of the metallic ores, or of the various conditions under which they geologically occur; nor would it be appropriate, in a simple account like the present, to enter on the technical details of mining and metallurgy. Suffice it to say, that while a little experience will enable any one to detect the common ores of the more common metals, years of experience, and the nicest tests, will often fail in guiding the mineralogist to a knowledge of some newly-discovered ore; and that, while certain metals are found in certain formations in one region, they frequently predominate in a very different formation in another. Again, as to mining, the methods adopted depend wholly upon the conditions under which the metallic ore occurs. The stratified ironstone of the coal-measures, for example, is mined precisely as coal itself, only that the layers being thin, the workings are not conducted upon such a costly and extensive scale. When the ore occurs in irregularly ramifying veins, as exhibited in the accompanying engraving, the workings become more complicated: shafts, adits, drifts, cross-drifts, and every process of excavation, is adopted to obtain the precious deposit, while engines for drainage, apparatus for ventilation, and other kindred machines, are erected above ground. Sometimes the ore may lie in superficial deposits, associated with sand, gravel, or other transported debris. In this case the deposit is simply turned over, picked,



washed, and sifted, so as to separate the ore from the worthless rubbish. The greater proportion of our gold ores is obtained in this way: the matrix in which it originally lay having been disintegrated, and borne down by rains and streams to the valleys where it now occurs. Again, as to metallurgy, though heat be the grand instrument of reduction, yet so different is the treatment of the different metallic ores as to roasting, smelting with fluxes, the application of amalgams, and the use of even more complicated chemical processes, that what is peculiar in each will be best adverted to under our notices of the respective metals.

GOLD.

As the most valuable and longest known of the metals, gold deserves to rank first in our catalogue. When pure, it is of deep and peculiar yellow colour, rather soft, and extremely heavy, having a specific gravity of 19·3; that is, nineteen times heavier, bulk for bulk, than pure water. It exceeds all the other metals in ductility and malleability: it may be beaten into leaves 1-282,000th of an inch in thickness, and a single grain may be drawn out into 500 feet of wire. Though soft, its fusing point is as high as 2016° of Fahrenheit; it is unchanged by fire with access of air—the hottest furnace producing no other effect upon it than to keep it in fusion, when it appears of a brilliant greenish colour. It expands during fusion, and contracts in cooling, more than any other metal. It is not acted upon by any of the common acids; but chlorine and nitro-muriatic acid (*aqua regia*) corrode and dissolve it, forming a chloride of gold which is soluble in water. The metal occurs in greater or less abundance in almost every quarter of the globe, and is obtained either in the native state, from alluvial sands and gravels, or in mineral veins in combination with silver, and often mixed with metallic sulphurets and arseniurets. In the native state it occurs in small crystals, in threads or granular fragments, which, when of a certain magnitude, are called by the name of *pepitas*. The largest known pepita is said to have been found in Peru, its weight being about 26½ lbs. avoirdupois; but masses have been reported from the province of Quito weighing 50 and 60 lbs.!

The geological formations in which gold occurs are the crystalline primitive rocks, the compact transition strata, the trachytic and trap rocks, and alluvial grounds of the current era. In the three former sources, the ores of the metal are *in situ*; in the latter, it is a travelled or transported product, being carried thither, from the rocks in which it was originally formed, by streams and rivers. In the former case, it is obtained by the difficult and dangerous process of mining; in the latter, the soil or gravel is merely turned over, and the metallic portions separated by hand-picking, washings, and siftings. It is thus obtained from *mines* in Brazil, Peru, Mexico, Carolina, Hungary,

Transylvania, and the Uralian Mountains; and from *sands* from the Peruvian, Mexican, and Brazilian rivers, the coast of California, several of the rivers of Africa, from the Rhine, Rhone, and Danube, in continental Europe, and in small quantities from Wicklow in Ireland, from Cornwall, and from the Leadhill district in Scotland. With the exception of iron, perhaps there is no metal more generally disseminated than gold; but in comparatively few localities is it sufficiently abundant to repay the cost of mining and collecting. The deposits, for example, in our own country, are quite insignificant; that of Wicklow, to be sure, yielded some years ago a few thousand ounces, but is now, we believe, abandoned like all the other localities. It is the New World which yields the great commercial supplies of the precious metals, and which, under more skilful modes of procedure, could readily supply double the amount, and that at little more than the present cost. Of late years, several English companies have attempted improved modes; but the systems of mining, the apparatus, the methods of reduction, are still exceedingly rude and wasteful. Mr Gardner, who recently travelled in Brazil, describes the gold field of that region, whether in veins or in alluvial deposits, as inexhaustible, but extremely irregular in the amount of production; a vein which, for weeks, had yielded only a few ounces, all on a sudden producing more than 100 lbs. in a single day. The following is the treatment of the ore, as practised at one of the most extensive mines he visited. "The ore is first removed from its bed by blasting, and is afterwards broken by female slaves into small pieces, about the size of the stones put upon macadamised roads, after which it is conveyed to the stamping machine, to be reduced to powder. This machine consists of a number of perpendicular shafts placed in a row, and heavily loaded below with large blocks of iron; these, being alternately lifted up to a certain height by a toothed cylinder, turned by a large water-wheel, fall down upon and crush the stones to powder. A small stream of water, constantly made to run through them, carries away the pulverised matter to what is called the strakes, a wooden platform, slightly inclined, and divided into a number of very shallow compartments of 14 inches in width, the length being about 26 feet. The floor of each of these compartments is covered with pieces of tanned hide, about 3 feet long and 16 inches wide, which have the hair on; the particles of gold are deposited among the hairs, while the earthy matter, being lighter, is washed away. The greater part of the gold dust is collected on the three upper skins, which are changed every four hours, while the lower skins are changed every six or eight hours, according to the richness of the ore. The sand which is washed from the head skins is collected and amalgamated with quicksilver in barrels, while that from the lower skins is conveyed to the washing house, and concentrated over strakes of similar construction to those of the stamping

mill, till it be rich enough to be amalgamated with that from the head skins. The barrels into which this rich sand is put together with the quicksilver are turned by water, and the process of amalgamation is generally completed in the course of forty-eight hours. When taken out, the amalgam is separated from the earthy sand by washing; it is then pressed in chamois skins, and the quicksilver is separated from the gold by sublimation. In the whole process, the loss of mercury amounts to about 35 lbs. a-month; but up to two months before my visit, it was nearly double that quantity. For a long time the gold dust was extracted from the sand by hand-washing in Bateias, after the Brazilian manner; but the process of amalgamation is found to be superior, requiring less labour, and extracting a larger proportion of gold. The *zillerthal*, or running amalgamation process, similar to that used in the Tyrol, has also been tried here, but was not found to answer, owing to the great loss of quicksilver. The roasting process has also been attempted; but although by this means the ore yields a much larger per centage of gold, the fumes arising from the arsenic were found to be so injurious to the health of the workmen, that it was abandoned." In different countries different metallurgic processes are adopted; but on the whole, that of stamping and amalgamating seems to be the readiest and most successful. The metallic grains found in the sands of rivers, do not require to be subjected to any metallurgic process, in the strict acceptation of that term.

The applications of gold are numerous and important; but in most cases it is used in an alloyed, and not in a pure state. This arises from its softness, and consequent liability to be worn down; the common alloys of copper or silver conferring the necessary hardness, without impairing in any appreciable degree the beauty and lustre of the more precious metal. In this condition it is employed for coin, plate, and a variety of articles of luxury and ornament, for which purposes it has ever been in the highest repute. It is also extensively used in the arts for gilding, conferring on materials often the most worthless the semblance of its own unrivalled beauty. The gold coin of the realm, commonly called *standard gold*, consists of 11 parts pure gold and 1 of copper; it is extremely ductile and malleable, but harder than pure gold, and therefore better calculated to resist the wear and tear of circulation. The colour of this alloy is deeper yellow than that of pure gold, and verges upon orange: 20 lbs. troy of it are coined into 934½ sovereigns; 1 lb. troy, therefore, produces 46$\frac{7}{20}$ sovereigns. It sometimes happens that a part of the alloy of gold coin is silver; hence the pale colour of some sovereigns as compared with others. The gold employed by jewellers, &c. is all less or more alloyed; and from the great skill now attained in putting rich surfaces on such alloys, it requires very considerable skill on the part of the purchaser to prevent deception. The art of gilding consists

in covering other substances with a thin coat of gold, which may be done either by mechanical or chemical means. The mechanical mode is the application of gold-leaf or gold powder; the chemical, by plunging the substances in solutions of gold, or by the electrotype process. The production of gold-leaf and gold-wire of such extreme fineness as we have mentioned, requires considerable ingenuity; and is all the more readily accomplished the finer the standard of the metal.

The probable supply and consumption of gold are generally estimated in conjunction with those of silver, the two conjointly forming the "precious metals" (page 9) of the economist and statistician.

SILVER.

This is another of the metals which have been longest known and esteemed, having been extensively employed from the earliest times in the fabrication of articles both of utility and ornament. Every one must be familiar with its peculiar white colour and great lustre; the epithet *silvery* conveying an idea not to be confounded with any other. In malleability and ductility it ranks next to gold, being frequently hammered into leaves 1-10,000th part of an inch in thickness, and drawn into wires finer than the human hair. Its specific gravity is only 10·5, and its fusing point 1875° of Fahrenheit. Silver is a widely-disseminated product of nature, occurring in the metallic or *native* state in fine threads or strings in various rocks, but chiefly in veins in primitive and secondary mountains. It is also found in combination with other metals, as lead, and with sulphur.

Silver, we have said, is very generally distributed; but the great sources of supply are Mexico and Peru in the New World. A considerable supply is also obtained from other parts of South America, from the Uralian Mountains, Austria, and Norway. In Britain it is found in small quantities, associated with lead—as in Derbyshire, at Alston Moor, Leadhills, &c.; and also in veins in the island of Anglesey. Most of the silver mines are situated in high, bleak, desolate tracts, which would never be inhabited by man, unless for the sake of the treasures in the rocks beneath. Those of Peru, for example, are found at an elevation of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, in a wild barren region, to which every necessary of life has to be brought from a toilsome and expensive distance; and yet towns like Cerro de Pasco, of 18,000 inhabitants, have there risen into life and activity. The silver veins of Pasco are extremely rich. "One of them," says a recent traveller, "runs nearly in a straight line from north to south, and has already been traced to the length of 9600 feet, and the breadth of 412 feet; another, which takes a direction from east-south-east to west-north-west, and which intersects the former, is known to the extent of 6400 feet

long, and 380 feet in breadth. From these large veins, numberless smaller ones branch off in various directions, so that a network of silver may be supposed to spread beneath the surface of the earth. Some thousand openings, or *mouths*, are the entrances to these mines. Most of these entrances are within the city itself, in small houses; and some are in the dwellings of the mine owners. Many of them are exceedingly shallow, and not more than five hundred deserve the name of shafts. All are worked in a very disorderly and careless way; the grand object of their owners being to avoid expense. The dangerous parts in the shafts are never walled up, and the excavations proceed without the adoption of any measures of security. The consequence is, that accidents, caused by the falling in of the galleries, are of frequent occurrence; and every year the lives of numbers of the Indian miners are sacrificed." All the other operations, it would appear, are as rude as the mining: the raising of the ore, the breaking and stamping, the separating of the silver from the dross, are all executed in a very clumsy, imperfect, and at the same time a very expensive manner. "The amalgamation of the quicksilver with the metal is effected by the tramping of horses! The animals employed in this way are a small ill-looking race, brought from Ayacucho and Cuzco, where they are found in numerous herds. The quicksilver speedily has a fatal effect on their hoofs, and after a few years the animals become unfit for work. The separation of the metals is managed with as little judgment as the amalgamation, and the waste of quicksilver is enormous. It is computed that on each mark of silver half a pound of quicksilver is expended. The quicksilver, with the exception of some little brought from Idria and Huancavelica, comes from Spain in iron jars, each containing about 75 lbs. weight of metal. In Lima, the price of these jars is from 60 to 100 dollars each, but they are occasionally sold as high as 135 or 140 dollars. Considering the vast losses which the Peruvian mine owners sustain by the waste of quicksilver, and the defective mode of refining, it may fairly be inferred that their profits are about one-third less than they would be under a better system of management." Within the last few years, however, a number of English companies have been drawn to South America, and, in consequence, mining has received a new impetus, and attention has been directed to the adoption of a more speedy and less expensive system of amalgamation. The different modes of refining and working the metal are too numerous and complicated to be here alluded to.

The numerous uses and applications of silver are well known. In its pure state it is too soft for coin, plate, and most ornamental purposes; but alloyed with copper in proper proportions, it becomes hard without being materially impaired in colour. The "standard silver" of British coin is an alloy of 11 oz. 2 dwt. of pure silver, and 18 dwt. of copper, to the pound troy; and this weight

is coined into 66 shillings. In the arts, silver is extensively used, particularly for silvering or plating other metals; and for this purpose, silver leaf and solutions of silver are applied much in the same way as in gilding. The oxide of silver is used for colouring porcelain; and the iodides and nitrates are the ingredients upon which the new processes of Daguerreotype and Calotype mainly depend. The only pure acids which act upon silver are the nitric and sulphuric, producing respectively nitrates and sulphates of considerable importance. The nitrate, for example, is the strongest and most manageable caustic known in surgery, being applied as a common black wash, or as *lunar caustic*, which is merely the nitrate melted, and run into moulds after evaporation. A solution of two drachms of the nitrate of silver in an ounce of water, coloured by a little sap green or Indian ink, forms the marking ink of the laundress; and when a nitric solution of silver is mixed with alcohol, a violent effervescence ensues, and *fulminating powder* is produced. This powder is one of the most dangerous compounds known, exploding with violence upon the slightest friction of hard bodies, or when struck, rubbed, or heated. It is used in the preparation of lucifers, percussion-caps, Congreves, and the like.

Respecting the supply of the precious metals—gold and silver—Mr M'Culloch reckons the total available annual produce of the South American and Mexican mines at £5,600,000; of the United States, £100,000; the European, £750,000; and the Russo-Asiatic, £2,600,000—making in all, £9,050,000. The total annual consumption he sets down at £6,050,000; namely, for the United Kingdom, £2,500,000; France, £1,000,000; Switzerland, £450,000; the rest of Europe, £1,600,000; and North America, £500,000. Commenting on the future supply of these metals, the same authority remarks, "that there are not merely probable, but good grounds, on which to anticipate a large future increase of the annual produce of the mines and washings in most parts of the world. The late increase of the latter in Russia has been quite extraordinary; and if it should go on for any considerable period, it would have a powerful influence over the value of gold, and would not only sink it as compared with silver, but as compared with all other things not produced with the same increased facilities. It is reasonable also to suppose that the produce of the South American mines should be gradually increased. The anarchy which has so long disgraced and desolated the country cannot continue for ever; and means have lately been taken for reducing the price of quicksilver, the high cost of which has latterly contributed more than anything else to paralyse the efforts of the miners."

IRON.

Every person knows, or ought to know, says a high authority, the manifold uses of this truly precious metal. It is capable of

being cast into moulds of any form; of being drawn out into wires of any desired strength or fineness; of being extended into plates or sheets; of being bent in every direction; of being sharpened, hardened, and softened at pleasure. Iron accommodates itself to all our wants, our desires, and even caprices; it is equally serviceable to the arts, the sciences, to agriculture and war; the same ore furnishes the sword, the ploughshare, the scythe, the pruning-hook, the needle, the graver, the spring of a watch or of a carriage, the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass, the cannon, and the bomb. It is a medicine of much virtue, and the only metal friendly to the human frame. The ores of iron are scattered over the crust of the globe with a beneficent profusion, proportioned to the utility of the metal; they are found under every latitude and every zone, in every geological formation, and are disseminated in every soil. It has also been well remarked by another authority, that he who first made known the use of iron, may be truly styled the Father of Arts and Author of Plenty.

The metal thus eulogised is of a peculiar gray colour, and strong metallic lustre, which is capable of being heightened by polishing. In ductility and malleability it is inferior to several of the metals, but exceeds them all in strength or tenacity. At common temperatures it is hard and unyielding; it is, too, one of the most infusible of metals, its fusing point being 3480° of Fahrenheit; but this disadvantage is counterbalanced, for all practical purposes, by its possessing the property of *welding* in high perfection. Iron is not a dense metal, its specific gravity being only 7·78. When exposed to air or water, it absorbs oxygen with rapidity, and becomes an oxide, or rusts. It is attracted by the magnet, and may itself be rendered permanently magnetic. It is found *native* in very small quantities; but, as already stated, its ores, amounting to about twenty in number, are all but universally diffused. Of these ores, about ten are worked by the miner either for the sake of the metal they contain, for use in their native state, or for some principle (as sulphur, arsenic, chromic acid, and the like) which they contain. The chief metal-yielding ores are—the red oxides of iron, included under the name of red hæmatite; the brown hæmatite of the mineralogist; the black oxide or magnetic iron ore; and protocarbonate of iron, either pure or in the form of clay iron ore. The three former occur in veins or nests in primary formations, and supply the finest kinds of iron, as those of Sweden and Hindoostan; while clay ironstone, from which most of the British iron is extracted, occurs chiefly in the coal formation, imbedded in the clays and shales, either in bands or balls. The countries in which iron is manufactured on an extensive scale, are Britain, France, Belgium, Sweden, Saxony, Austria, Spain, and the United States—in all of which the supply will suffice, even at the present enormous demand, for ages to come.

The forms in which the metal commonly appears in the arts, are cast iron, malleable iron, and steel; substances of such immense and varied importance, that a short outline of their nature and mode of production cannot fail to interest the intelligent reader. The ore being brought from the mine, the first process is that of roasting or calcining it in a kiln, in order to drive off the water, sulphur, and arsenic, with which it is more or less combined in its native state—an operation by which it loses one-sixth of its weight. The roasted ore is then subjected to the process of *smelting*, by which it is reduced to a metallic state by means of fusion. This operation is conducted in a blast furnace, charged from the top with certain proportions of iron ore, of coke or coal, and of limestone—the last acting as flux or promoter of fusion. In order to produce the degree of heat necessary for the fusion of the ore, its intenseness is promoted by the forcing in of a current of air, for which purpose the agency of steam is now commonly employed. The fluid metal is allowed to run out from time to time, and conducted into moulds formed of sand, for the various articles made of cast iron; or it is conveyed into channels for the *pigs*—the form in which cast iron is sold as a raw material, and the produce of which averages in Britain about 60 per cent. The term *pig iron* was given by the workmen: the metal being run off from the furnace in a main channel, which they call the *sow*, and the bars at right angles to it, like *pigs* attached to the teats of their mother. The quality of pig iron depends upon the nature of the ore and fuel employed; but it is common to divide it into foundry-iron and forge-iron—the former being adapted for castings, the latter for malleable purposes. To convert pig into *bar* or malleable iron, it is first refined, an operation chiefly conducted in the "puddling-furnace," by exposure to a strong heat, while a current of air plays upon its surface. By this means any undecomposed ore is reduced, earthy impurities rise to the surface as slag, and carbonaceous matter is consumed; and the more thorough the separation of these, the better the iron. As the purity of the metal increases, its fusibility diminishes, until at length, though the temperature remain the same, the iron becomes solid. It is then, while still hot, beaten under the "forge hammer," or subjected to the operation of rolling, by which its particles are compacted, and its tenacity greatly increased. By these several processes the metal is converted from a fusible, hard, and brittle substance, to a tough and elastic bar, which is hardly fusible; and which, from its property of yielding and altering its form under the hammer, has acquired the name of *malleable* iron. There are various qualities of malleable iron, according to the processes followed; and what is strange, the most perfect processes will not bring the iron of one district up to the same standard as another, nor will the forging of one season be equal, even in the same furnace, with the forgings of another season.

Bar iron is converted into *steel* by being exposed to the action of heat, in contact with carbonaceous matter; and is *tempered*—that is, rendered harder, more elastic and brittle—by immersion, when red-hot, in cold water. Steel is thus a peculiar stage of iron, depending on the quantity of carbon which it contains, though we are unable to give a criterion for that quantity. Pig iron contains more carbon than steel, and steel about 1 per cent. more than wrought iron. Steel is, therefore, an intermediate step in the transition of pig to wrought iron. It has, consequently, been produced by melting these substances together; by which means the pig iron has imparted to the wrought iron so much of its carbon, as would serve to reduce it to a kind of steel. There are three kinds of steel—blistered steel, shear steel, and cast steel. *Blistered steel* is made by placing alternate layers of wrought iron and carbon in a furnace exposed to considerable heat. The steel thus made is found to contain small bubbles or blisters, and the process is termed "conversion" or "cementation." *Shear steel* is made by choosing proper pieces of blistered steel, about 3 feet long and 1½ inch square. Half-a-dozen of these are heated in a box with a flux, such as sand or clay, to the required pitch. These being hammered under a tilt, are welded into what is called single shear; the process performed over again gives double shear steel. This article, properly prepared and cast into ingots, becomes *cast steel*. Before the introduction of Heath's process (which consists in smelting shear steel with an admixture of carburet of manganese), all which was to be worked into a fine edge, was made of iron procured from one mine only—that of Dannemara in Sweden. It was consigned to one house at Hull, at a cost of £38 per ton, and in quantities not exceeding 1100 tons per annum. Since the adoption of Heath's process, steel having all the beauty of cast steel, and all the welding advantages of shear steel, can be manufactured from any sort of iron, at a rate not exceeding £15 per ton.

The uses of these three substances—cast iron, malleable iron, and steel—are so numerous and varied, that it would be impossible, even within the limits of our sheet, to give anything like a satisfactory detail. In one or other of its forms, iron is now employed for almost every purpose to which wood, or any of the other metals, can be applied in the arts of civilised life. In agriculture, architecture, ship-building, the fabrication of machinery, railways, the construction of implements and utensils either for the objects of war or peace, and in the formation of all those articles which come under the designation of *hardwares*, its importance is pre-eminent—conferring upon Britain a wealth, power, and pre-eminence which, but for the presence of her coal and iron, she could never have attained. But though iron is thus important, abundant, and common, it is by far the most difficult of the metals to bring into a state fit for use; and the discovery of the methods of working it seems to have been long posterior to

the use of gold, silver, and copper. At what time it began to be made in this country, there is no means of ascertaining: iron-works are said to have been established by the Romans in the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire; but be this as it may, it is not till a comparatively recent period that the manufacture began to assume anything like a national importance. "Down to the seventeenth century," we quote the Cyclopædia of Commerce, "the ore was entirely smelted with charcoal; and there was a considerable number of furnaces in those districts where wood and iron were plentiful, particularly the Weald of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; but in course of time, wood-fuel becoming scarce, the trade was threatened with decay. Many attempts were made during the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, to retard the decline by the use of pit-coal, but without effect; the simple hand-worked bellows, or the more powerful water-movement, which produced a sufficiency of blast for charcoal, having little effect upon coal; and the number of furnaces, which in 1619 was estimated by Lord Dudley (who in that year obtained a patent for smelting with coal) at 300, fell off towards the middle of the eighteenth century to 59. Science, however, came to the rescue of one of our greatest staple manufactures. In 1760, Smeaton erected a cylinder blasting-machine for the Carron Company, which, after some improvements, enabled the same furnace that formerly yielded 10 or 12 tons weekly, to produce 40. Shortly after this, Watt's improvement of the steam-engine, and its application to iron-works, not only revived the trade, but enabled it to distance all foreign competition. Ores that formerly could not be worked with profit, either from their inherent intractableness, or from the small proportion of metal they contained, were now advantageously submitted to the furnace, and more metal was extracted from the richest ores. Various improvements also took place in the manufacture of bar iron, particularly by the substitution of hammering machinery for hand labour; by Mr Cort's invention of 'puddling' (1783)—the great distinction of coal-made iron—and also by that gentleman's patent (1784) for the rolling of iron; while at the same time the extent of the iron-works were greatly enlarged, and improvements made in the form of the furnaces. Of recent inventions, by far the most important is the substitution of the *hot* for the cold blast, by artificially heating the currents of air impelled into the furnace. This discovery of Mr Neilson of the Clyde Iron-Works, operates by obtaining a larger quantity of metal with a less degree of fuel. In 1829, with cold air, 1 ton of iron consumed 8 tons 1 cwt. of coal; in 1833, with hot air, the same quantity of iron was procured with only 2 tons 5 cwt. of coal."

The result of these successive improvements and inventions, present the statistician with some of the most astonishing facts in the history of British manufactures. In 1740, the quantity of

iron made in the United Kingdom did not exceed perhaps 25,000 tons; after the cylinder invention, it rose in 1796 to 124,879; in 1802 it was estimated at 170,000; in 1828 it rose to 702,584; in 1839 to 1,512,000; and at the present time it cannot fall much short of 2,000,000 tons! It is true that the trade is subject to rapid and extensive fluctuations, the production rising and falling to the amount of several thousand tons, and the price ranging from £6 to £14, or even higher, a ton; but the immense demand now made by railways both at home and abroad—by ship-building, bridge-building, and the like—is not likely to suffer any considerable decline for several years to come. The other countries producing iron to any extent are—France, Belgium, Sweden, Saxony, Austria, Spain, and the United States; the whole furnishing an aggregate supply somewhat less than that of Great Britain, though in the last-mentioned country the trade has increased prodigiously since the application of the hot-blast to American anthracite has proved successful. At home, the chief seats of the iron trade are—Staffordshire, Shropshire, South Wales, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire in England; Lanarkshire and Stirlingshire in Scotland; in Ireland there are no iron-works of importance. The manufacture of hardwares, machines, engines, iron-steamers, locomotives, &c. is now more generally diffused throughout the country, though Birmingham and the towns around it still maintain their supremacy in general hardwares; Sheffield in cutlery; Manchester, Glasgow, and Dundee, in machinery; Glasgow and Liverpool in ship-building; and Carron in cannon and other heavy castings. At present (1847) the annual value of this metal, including under that term every form of cast and malleable iron, may be safely estimated between nine and ten millions; while the annual value of hardware manufactured partly from iron and other metals is not less than eighteen millions. This last estimate is exclusive of watches, plate, jewellery, &c. which are valued by Mr Jacobs at somewhere about three millions.

COPPER.

This was one of the earliest known of the metals, and not less extensively used than known by the nations of antiquity; its tenacity and durability rendering it the best substitute for iron, ere man had learned to reduce that precious but more refractory metal. It derives its name from the island of Cyprus, where it was extensively mined and smelted by the Greeks, who employed it, either pure or in an alloyed state, in the fabrication of their domestic utensils and implements of war. It is a metal of a beautiful red colour, and considerable lustre, very malleable and ductile, but more capable of being hammered into leaves than drawn into wire. In tenacity it yields to iron, but surpasses gold, silver, and platinum, a wire of only 1-10th of an inch being strong enough to support a weight of 300 lbs. Its specific gravity

is about 8·8, and its fusing point 2000° Fahrenheit—that is, nearly a white heat. It is found occasionally in a native state in films, strings, or amorphous masses, but in no considerable quantity. The most remarkable masses of native copper hitherto discovered are said to be one in Brazil, which weighed about 2620 lbs., and another in the bed of a stream to the south of Lake Superior, which measured not less than 15 feet in circumference! The great source of the commercial supply is, as in the case of the other metals, from ores, of which the most common and productive are copper pyrites—that is, copper in certain combinations with sulphur and other metallic impurities. In this state it is found in almost every mineral district in beds—as the *kupfer-schiefer*, or copper-slate, of Germany—but more commonly in veins in primitive and secondary mountains. Copper mines are largely worked in England, Chili, Cuba, Germany, Sweden, and Siberia; less extensively in France, Spain, Hungary, and Norway; and recently, with great promise, in Australia.

The English mines, says an authority already quoted, were scarcely worked prior to last century; they are chiefly situated in Cornwall, where the most common ore consists of copper, iron, and sulphur, in nearly equal proportions, and is called yellow copper ore, or copper pyrites; veins are also worked in the counties of Devon, Anglesea, and Stafford. Owing to the want of fuel in Cornwall and Devon, the ores are shipped from these counties to South Wales, to be calcined and smelted, principally to works situated on the navigable rivers of Swansea and Neath; the smaller quantity of material being thus carried to the greater, while the vessels load back with coal for the use of the mining steam-engines. The quantity of metallic copper yielded by the ore is commonly about 8 or 9 per cent.; and the fuel consumed ranges from 15 to 18 parts for every part of metal produced. The total quantity of copper mined in Britain in 1820 amounted to 8127 tons; now it is considerably more than double that quantity, and valued at little short of £2,000,000. This supply is more than sufficient for the demand of the United Kingdom; hence considerable shipments in pigs, sheets, nails, wires, &c. are made to the East Indies, China, United States, West Indies, Brazil, Canada, and Holland. Besides the produce of British mines, considerable quantities of ore have of late been imported from Chili, Cuba, and South Australia.

The uses of copper are numerous and highly important, the metal ranking next to iron in real commercial value. It is used, as is well known, for coin, for sheeting or sheathing the bottoms of vessels, for boilers, and a great variety of implements and utensils; in the manufacture of blue and green colours; and in medicine. Alloyed with zinc, it forms *brass* and *pinchbeck;* with tin, *bell-metal* and *bronze;* with tin and silver, *speculum metal;* and with tin and nickel, the now common compound argentane, or *German silver*. All these alloys are of infinite use, entering

into the fabrication of almost every species of machinery, implement, utensil, and ornament. Though thus vieing with iron in its applicability to the purposes of civilised life, its salts and solutions, unlike those of that metal, are highly poisonous; hence the frequent evils arising from the use of neglected or ill-cleaned culinary utensils of copper. Water containing copper in solution, is changed into a bright blue by the addition of a little hartshorn or liquid ammonia; and by immersing a piece of polished iron or steel in any liquid containing copper, the surface will soon become coated with a film of the latter metal.

LEAD.

This is another of the metals which have been long and extensively used in the arts of civilised life. It has a grayish-blue colour, with a bright metallic lustre when newly cut, but soon tarnishes, and assumes a dull earthy aspect on exposure to the air. Its texture is close, like that of gold and silver; its specific gravity is about 11·36; and it is very malleable and ductile, but soft and unelastic. It is one of the least sonorous of the metals; melts at the low degree of 612° Fahrenheit; soils the fingers when rubbed; and emits a peculiar odour. Though readily oxidised by exposure to the air, the oxidisation does not proceed far; hence its durability for roofing, and other external purposes. "Perfectly pure water, such as distilled water," says Brande, "put into a clean leaden vessel and exposed to the air, soon oxidises and corrodes it, and delicate tests discover oxide of lead *in solution* in the water; but river and spring water exert no such solvent power. Hence it is that leaden cisterns are used with impunity for the preservation of common water; and that the crust which forms upon the metal, effectually prevents all further action. As this crust partly consists of carbonate of lead, which is very poisonous, great care should be taken to prevent its diffusion through the water upon any occasion, as by scraping or cleaning the cistern."

Fourteen or fifteen ores of lead are known to mineralogists; but that of *galena*, a sulphuret of the metal, is the only one occurring in sufficient quantities to become an object of mining and metallurgy. It is found but sparingly in the primitive crystalline rocks, more plentifully in the transition schists and slates, and most abundantly in the transition and mountain limestones. The principal lead-mining countries are Britain, Saxony, Bohemia, and other states of Germany; Spain, France, and Missouri in the United States. The lead mines of Britain are of great importance; and those of Derbyshire are said to have been worked prior to the Roman invasion. The most productive at present are situated in Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Derbyshire, Flintshire, Isle of Man, and at Leadhills in Scotland. Nearly the whole produce is derived from galena, in the proportion of about 85 per cent. of pure metal. The ore, after

being washed and picked, is roasted, in order to expel the sulphur, and is then mixed with fuel, and placed in the smelting furnace, from which it is run in pigs. The amount of lead annually smelted in Britain is estimated at 48,000 tons or thereby; which, at the present price, would make the value of the produce little short of £1,000,000 sterling. About 15,000 tons are annually exported, partly in pigs, and partly in sheet, shot, red-lead, and litharge.

Metallic lead is employed for numerous purposes in the arts: rolled into *sheets*, it is used for roofing, lining of cisterns, tea-boxes, &c.; cast into *pipes*, it is used for conducting of water, gas, and the like; and alloyed with arsenic, and dropped through perforated trays from lofty towers, it forms *shot* of various sizes. Alloyed with tin in different proportions, it constitutes *solder* and *pewter*; and with antimony and tin, it forms *type* and *stereotype metal*. Combined with oxygen, it constitutes *massicot*, a protoxide of a pale yellow colour; *litharge*, also a semicrystalline protoxide, obtained in separating silver from lead ores, enters largely into the composition of flint-glass; *red-lead*, a dutoxide, is extensively employed as a pigment, and also in the manufacture of flint-glass; *white-lead*, a carbonate of the metal, is a well-known paint; as is also the beautiful yellow chromate; while the acetate of lead, commonly known as *sugar-of-lead*, is employed for various purposes in the arts and in medicine.

TIN.

Tin was known to the ancient nations of the Levant, who obtained it chiefly from Spain and Britain. It is a white brilliant metal; has a slight taste and smell when rubbed; is malleable to a considerable degree, but is inferior in ductility and tenacity. Its hardness is intermediate between that of gold and lead; its specific gravity is about 7·2; it melts at 442° Fahrenheit, and at a white heat takes fire and burns with a bright flame. It oxidises but slowly on exposure to air and moisture; hence its value in coating or tinning more oxidisable metals, as iron. Tin is rather a rare metal; and is principally found in primitive rocks, where it occurs chiefly in veins, but partly also disseminated and in beds. There are only two ores of the metal known—the double sulphuret, which is rare; and the native peroxide, from which the commercial supplies of the metal are obtained.

This latter ore is found abundantly in Cornwall and the western district of Devonshire; in Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary; in Chili and Mexico; and in Malacca and Banca in the East Indies. The tinstone of Britain is chiefly obtained from mines; but considerable quantities are sometimes discovered in alluvial soils—the debris of rocks in which the ore was originally imbedded. The ore is reduced by grinding, washing, roasting, and smelting; and is cast in blocks or bars of about 3 cwt. each. The annual produce of the British mines

is estimated at 4000 tons, worth from £65 to £80 a ton. About 1500 tons of unwrought tin are annually exported, principally to France, Italy, and Russia; and this, exclusive of tin, pewter-wares, and tinplate, to the value of £400,000 yearly, sent to the United States, Italy, Germany, France, the colonies, &c. The amount of crude tin brought from the East is very variable, ranging generally between 500 and 1500 tons a-year.

The uses of tin are both numerous and important. Besides being employed in the formation of a variety of utensils, it is largely used in tinning copper and iron-plate, to protect them from rust—an art which originated in Saxony, and was made known in Britain about two centuries ago. Alloyed with lead, it forms pewter; it enters into the composition of type-metal and solder; it is used in the process of enamelling; in silvering looking-glasses; by dyers and calico-printers, when solved in muriatic acid; and largely in the form of foil or leaf.

MERCURY OR QUICKSILVER.

This is a well-known metal, of a brilliant silver-white colour, fluid and mobile at ordinary temperatures; hence the name *live*, or *quick*, silver. In this property of fluidity, it differs from all other metals—never being solid, unless when subjected to a degree of cold equal to 40° below zero. In this condition it has been obtained by arctic explorers, who, under extreme depressions of temperature, found their barometers and thermometers useless, and who, for curiosity's sake, have shot bullets of it from their muskets. Its specific gravity is about 13·57; thus ranking above all other metals, with the exception of platinum, gold, and tungsten. It is found native in small quantities—that is, in minute dewy globules; but for commercial purposes it is always extracted from the ore called *cinnabar*. This ore is a bisulphuret of the metal, of a red colour, massive and crystallised, occurring in veins, and distributed variously through the matrix of the veinstone. It is found but sparingly in the primitive rocks; the principal deposits of the mercurial ores being, in all parts of the world, in the middle Secondary strata; that is, in the upper portions of the coal-measures, and in the magnesian limestone and new red sandstone. In these formations the ore occurs either in irregular veins, or is combined with the sandstones, bituminous schists, and indurated clays.

The most productive mines of cinnabar are those of Almaden, near Cordova in Spain, of Idria in Austria; and of Huancavelica, in Peru, at an elevation of 14,500 feet above the sea. Quicksilver is also produced in several of the Chinese provinces, and sparingly in one or two localities in Rhenish Bavaria. The mines of Idria, which were discovered in 1497, yield annually about 150 tons of the pure metal; but could readily supply four times that amount, were it not for certain absurd restrictions

imposed upon the produce by the Austrian government. The veins at Almaden, which range from 12 to 20 feet in thickness, have been worked for nearly three thousand years; at all events, Pliny records that the Greeks imported red cinnabar from Spain seven hundred years before the Christian era, and that Rome in his time annually received 700,000 lbs. from the same province. At present the produce of metal may be from 1100 to 1200 tons, giving employment to upwards of 1000 miners and smelters. The usual method of reducing the ores is by distillation. The minerals brought out of the mine are broken up, and picked by women and children, and then in some places the richer ores are separately burnt; but it is more usual, and considered more economical, to mix the richer with the poorer ores, and expose the whole mass together to the action of heat in closed retorts, which also contain a certain proportion of limestone. The retorts, filled with the mixture of ore and limestone, are ranged, to the number of twenty or more, in recesses of a furnace; and heat being applied, each retort is made to communicate with a vessel of water, in which the vapours of the mercury are condensed. In the mines of Idria a ruder method is adopted; the ores are roasted in a kind of oven, and the vapours ascend into condensers, where the little drops of mercury collect, and are conducted into a porphyry vessel placed to receive them.

The imports of mercury into this country, chiefly from the mines of Almaden, are about 2,200,000 lbs. annually, of which little more than an eighth are retained for home consumption. The remainder is re-exported, principally to South America, Mexico, the United States, and the East Indies; while smaller shipments are made to Russia, Belgium, and other countries. During the war, when the intercourse between Europe and America was interrupted, the price of quicksilver rose to such a height in the latter country, that it answered to import it from China; but since the peace, this traffic, we believe, has been abandoned. From the peculiar character of the metal, it is transported either in iron bottles, in small leathern bags, or, as from China, in short joints of the bamboo.

Mercury is principally employed for amalgamation with other metals, chiefly gold and silver, so as to extract them from their ores; and it is almost solely for this purpose that it is imported into South America and Mexico. It is used also in gilding, in silvering mirrors, for filling thermometer and barometer tubes, and for various philosophical apparatus. In medicine it is employed in several forms: the whitish insipid powder termed *calomel* is the protochloride of mercury; and the acrid, nauseous, white substance, known as *corrosive sublimate*, is the bichloride. This sublimate has recently been extensively applied as an antiseptic in the prevention of the dry-rot in timber, in the mildewing of sailcloth, and the like. Mercury is also used in the making of vermilion, that beautiful pigment being prepared

from an artificial cinnabar, composed of 8 parts of mercury and 1 of sulphur. When sulphur and mercury are triturated together in a mortar, the former gradually disappears, and the whole assumes the form of a black powder, denominated *ethiops mineral;* if this powder be heated red-hot, it sublimes, and on a proper vessel being placed to receive it, a cake is obtained, of a fine red colour, which, when reduced to powder, forms the vermilion of commerce.

ANTIMONY.

This metal was discovered by Basil Valentine in 1490, and has since been extensively employed in medicine, in the composition of printing types, stereotype plates, music plates, and the like; and also in the manufacture of the white metal utensils now so generally used as substitutes for silver. When pure, it is of a silver-white colour, is brittle, has a specific gravity of 6·8, and melts readily at a red heat. When heated in open crucibles, it gradually combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and flies off in the form of a white vapour. It is the oxide, or rather oxides of the metal (for there are several) which are used in medicine, their general effects being purgative, sudorific, and emetic. The metallic ore of commerce contains sulphur and other impurities, and is much more easily fused than the pure metal, which has a hardness about that of gold. This ore is found at Rosenau in Hungary, in Saxony and the Hartz, in Spain, France, Siberia, Mexico, the Indian Archipelago, and in Cornwall and Ayrshire in our own island. As yet the ore has been imported into this country chiefly from the East; but the recently discovered veins in Ayrshire are likely soon to yield the main supply. It is usually of a lead-gray colour, is crystallised, possesses considerable splendour, and is very apt by the uninitiated to be mistaken for an ore of lead. *Crude* antimony is the name given in commerce to the sulphuret of the metal, after being separated from the impurities of the ore by fusion, and a species of filtration; and *regulus* of antimony is the pure metal, after being separated from the sulphur. The powder of the sulphuret is very black, and was employed by women in ancient times to stain their eyebrows and eyelids.

Antimony is never applied to any useful purpose as an independent metal, in consequence of its brittleness and liability to corrosion; but it forms several valuable and extensively-employed alloys. Thus, alloyed with lead, in the proportion of 2 to 6, and a small addition of copper, it constitutes the metal used for printing types; mixed with lead alone, the compound forms the rather brittle plates upon which music is engraved; and an alloy of 112 lead, 18 antimony, and 2 block-tin, forms the stereotypes from which the present sheet is printed. Hard pewter is made of 12 parts of tin and 1 of antimony; and the Britannia or white-metal spoons and teapots now so much in use are composed of 100

tin, 8 antimony, 2 bismuth, and 2 copper. Antimony also unites with iron, forming a hard whitish alloy; and the smallest portion entering into the composition of gold, renders that otherwise soft and ductile metal brittle and unmalleable. The manufacturer of pastes or factitious gems employs the oxide of antimony to give colour to his so-called beryls, Oriental topazes, and yellow diamonds.

BISMUTH.

This metal, known to Agricola in 1530, is of a brittle crystalline texture, brownish-white in colour, nearly 10 in specific gravity, and fusible at the temperature of 476°. Its hardness is between that of copper and lead; it is scarcely malleable, breaks under the hammer, and cannot be drawn into wire. Bismuth is by no means a common metal, and is usually obtained in a combined state in Cornwall, Bohemia, Saxony, and Sweden. As met with in commerce, it is generally mingled with impurities of iron, arsenic, or other metals.

It is used as a *flux*—that is, for communicating fusibility to other metals; *solder*, for example, consisting of 1 bismuth, 5 lead, and 3 tin; it is also employed in the formation of some kinds of pewter, printers' types, and various metallic mixtures. Eight parts of bismuth, 5 of lead, and 3 of tin, constitute the fusible metal, sometimes called Newton's, from its discoverer, which melts at little more than 200°, or under the heat of boiling water, and may be fused over a candle in a piece of stiff paper, without burning the paper. A small addition of mercury aids the fusibility; and such alloys are sometimes used in taking casts of anatomical preparations. Bismuth forms the basis of sympathetic ink; and the powder called *pearl-white*, used in medicine, is obtained from the nitrate of the metal, which, when dropped into water, falls down in that form. The nitrate has also been employed as a mordant for lilac and violet dyes in calico printing.

ZINC.

Though known as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, the numerous and important applications of this metal are for the most part of very recent date. Its distinguishing characteristics are, bluish-white colour and lustre; specific gravity 7; at common temperatures, tough and intractable; but heated to between 220° and 320° Fahrenheit, it becomes malleable and ductile, so that it may be hammered out, rolled into sheets, and even drawn into wire of such tenacity, that 1-10th of an inch in diameter is capable of sustaining a weight of 26 pounds. Heated beyond that point, say between 400° and 500° Fahrenheit, it again becomes so brittle, that it may be reduced to powder in a mortar: it melts at 700°. The metal is obtained from two ores—namely, *calamine*, a native carbonate;

and *blende*, a native sulphuret. These ores occur in two geological positions—namely, either in the native or in the magnesian limestone, associated with galena and sometimes with cadmium.

Zinc ores are found in Britain, especially in Flintshire, Derbyshire, and Cumberland; but the quality of the British metal is inferior to that of Germany, from whence, *via* Hamburg, about 170,000 cwt. are annually imported, commonly as ballast for ships bringing wool. Of this amount, about one-half is kept for home consumption, and the remainder for exportation, chiefly to India, which, previous to 1820, obtained her supply from China. "These ores," says Brande, "are roasted and mixed with charcoal; the mixture is put into a kind of crucible, closed at top, and perforated at bottom by an iron tube, which passes through the grate of the furnace into water; and the vapour of the zinc distils downwards through the tube, and is condensed in the water. The first portions are impure, containing arsenic, and often cadmium, in which case the vapour burns with what the workmen call a *brown blaze;* when the *blue blaze* appears, the zinc is collected."

Zinc being a cheap and light metal, its specific gravity varying from 6·8 to 7·1, and one which, when superficially oxidised, long resists the further action of air and water, it is now employed as a substitute for lead in lining cisterns, covering roofs, forming water-spouts, and the like. It has also been used of late in the manufacture of kitchen and dairy utensils, but not without doubt as to its being deleteriously acted upon by the presence of acids. It is likewise wrought into buttons, and other small wares; and zinc-plates have been a considerable while in use in the transfer of printing, under the title of *zincography*. Its sulphate and oxide are employed in medicine; and, as already described, with copper it forms the well-known alloy, brass. Though the action of water upon zinc be scarcely appreciable, after it has once been coated with the oxide, yet the addition of a little acid (as sulphuric) dissolves and removes this coating, and further oxidation proceeds with rapidity. It is this action which renders zinc so powerful a generator of electricity in the voltaic pile or battery.

COBALT.

Cobalt, discovered by Brandt more than a century ago, is a reddish-gray brittle metal, somewhat soft, fusible at a temperature a little below that required for the fusion of iron, of 8·5 specific gravity, and possessing magnetic properties. The finest ores are found in Saxony, where it received its name (*kobold*, a devil); a term applied to it by the miners, who considered it unfavourable to the presence of the more important metals. It is never used in a separate state; but the impure oxides of the metal, called *zaffre* and *smalts*, are extensively used as colouring materials. Thus the oxide of cobalt is an invaluable article in

the manufacture of porcelain and pottery, all the blue colours of which are derived from that substance. When fused with glass, it communicates a blue tint to that material, without impairing its transparency; and what is especially valuable, this colour is not impaired by very high temperatures. So great is the colouring power of oxide of cobalt on vitrifiable substances, that 1 grain gives a full blue to 240 of glass! Cobalt blue, or Thenard's blue, is a beautiful pigment, prepared from the phosphate of cobalt, and now largely employed by decorative painters, and sometimes by artists as a substitute for ultramarine. Smalts, of which we annually import about 146,000 lbs., are prepared principally in Norway and Germany. Zaffre, of which we import more than double that amount, is manufactured chiefly in Saxony and Prussia.

NICKEL.

This metal, discovered by Cronstadt in 1751, is of a brilliant white colour resembling silver; ductile and malleable, and capable of receiving a high polish; specific gravity about that of cobalt. According to Brande, it is found in all meteoric iron; but its principal ore is a copper-coloured mineral found in Westphalia, and called *kupfer-nickel*, nickel being a term of detraction used by the German miners, who expected from the colour of the ore to find that it contained copper. The cobalt ores are the most fruitful sources of this kupfer-nickel, or speisse. Alloyed with copper, it forms argentane, or German silver; and since this compound became an object of commercial importance, the extraction of nickel has been undertaken upon a considerable scale. It is also employed in potteries, and in the manufacture of porcelain. It is, to a certain degree, susceptible of magnetism, and mariners' compasses may be made of it.

MANGANESE.

This is a very brittle metal, of a dusky white colour, and without either malleability or ductility, having a specific gravity of 8. The substance known in commerce under that name, however, is the peroxide, or the black oxide of the metal. It occurs native in the Hartz mountains, in Piedmont, in the Mendip hills in Somerset, and the counties of Devon and Aberdeen. It is found in a variety of forms: most commenly it is of an earthy appearance, and mixed with other ingredients; but sometimes in crystals of a black colour and metallic lustre. This mineral was described by Scheele, in 1774, as a peculiar earth; but in the same year Gahn showed that it was the oxide of a true metallic substance. The metal separately is of no known use, but the peroxide, as a source of oxygen, is largely employed in the decomposition of common salt for the production of chlorine for bleaching. It is also used by potters and glass-makers as a glaze or pigment; and lately it has been used in calico-

printing as the source of certain brown colours. From its cheapness, it is now the only substance used by the chemist for the production of oxygen gas for experimental purposes. The ore of manganese, known in England by the name of *black wadd*, is remarkable for its spontaneous inflammation with oil. The pure metal can only be kept in closely-stoppered bottles, under naphtha, like potassium; because, when in contact with air, it speedily gets oxidised, and falls into powder.

ARSENIC.

This metal, discovered by Brandt in 1733, is exceedingly brittle, of a strong metallic lustre and white colour, running into steel-gray. Its specific gravity is 5·9; it volatilises, emitting a strong odour of garlic before it fuses, at a temperature of 365°, and is readily inflammable. The pure metal, however, being very soft, is of little value, and is not used in the arts. It is the softest of all the metallic bodies, and so brittle that it may be easily reduced to a very fine powder by trituration in a mortar. The arsenic of commerce is the white oxide of the metal, or, more accurately, *arsenious acid*—a compound which is obtained chiefly in Bohemia and Saxony, in roasting the cobalt ores for making zaffre, and also by sublimation from arsenical pyrites. In this state it is generally met with in cakes, brittle, white, faintly sweetish in taste, and more or less translucent; for medicinal purposes, these cakes have to undergo sublimation, in order to get rid of sulphur and other impurities. In the shops it is usually sold in the form of a white smooth powder, not unfrequently adulterated with chalk or gypsum—an adulteration, however, which can be easily detected by burning a little, when the arsenic volatilises and the additions remain. Arsenious acid, though one of the most virulent poisons, is used in medicine, forming a notable ingredient—for example, in what are called ague drops. It is also employed as an ingredient in *Scheele's green* and other dyes, in the manufacture of flint-glass, and by candlemakers, to impart to their candles a white and waxy appearance. With sulphur, arsenic forms two compounds, known in commerce by the names of *realgar* and *orpiment*; the former a red sulphuret found in Bohemia and Saxony, and used as a pigment, as well as in pyrotechnical compositions; and the latter a yellow sulphuret, found native in China, South America, &c. and produced artificially in Saxony, and employed in dyeing and calico-printing. The finer native varieties are reserved for artists.

With respect to the poisonous qualities of arsenic: "When it has been taken in large doses," says Mr Brande, "it produces violent spasmodic pains of the stomach and bowels, attended by a sense of heat and constriction in the mouth and throat, an increased flow of saliva, tightness about the head, itching of the face and neck, and nausea. These symptoms are succeeded by

vomiting and purging, and excruciating pains; the pulse, at first full, hard, and frequent, sinks and becomes irregularly feeble; and clamminess of the skin, cold sweats, purple spots, and convulsions, precede death. Should the patient escape this catastrophe, it often happens that hectic fever, paralysis, and mental and bodily debility attend him for the remainder of his days. It is often said that the bodies of persons poisoned by arsenic are very prone to putrefaction; but this does not appear to be always the case. After death, the stomach and bowels are usually found inflamed, but often slightly so; and it appears, from Sir Benjamin Brodie's observations, that this poison kills by some peculiar action upon the heart and nervous system. The treatment of persons thus poisoned consists in promoting the vomiting by an emetic, composed of a solution of twenty grains of sulphate of zinc in two ounces of water, aided by copious draughts of warm barley-water or gruel; but the most effective means of getting rid of the arsenic is by the use of the stomach-pump, which, when immediately resorted to, has often saved the patient. The only ready means of ascertaining the presence of white arsenic, is by heating the suspected substance upon a red-hot coal, or in the flame of a candle, when it will emit the peculiar arsenical odour resembling that of garlic; but the treatment of persons poisoned by arsenic, and its detection in doubtful cases, must be left to the medical man and the chemist. It is impossible too strongly to represent the evil which results from the unfettered sale of arsenic, and from the unwarrantable use of it as a poison for rats, and as a veterinary remedy; for it is thus that it finds its way into culinary vessels, gets accidentally mixed with articles of food, and that bottles which have contained it are used for beer, wine, &c. Its sale should be rigidly prohibited by all save regularly qualified druggists."

PLATINUM.

Platinum, or Platina, was unknown in Europe till about the middle of the last century, when it began to be imported in small quantities from South America. It is of a whitish silvery colour; hence its name, from the Spanish word *plata*, silver. It is the heaviest, the most difficult of fusion, the most ductile, and the most flexible of the known metals, having a specific gravity of 21·5, and capable of being hammered into leaves, or drawn into wires, of extreme tenuity. Its hardness is intermediate between that of copper and iron; and though very infusible, it is malleable, and capable of being welded at a white heat, either one piece to another, or to a bit of iron or steel. It is not in the least affected by the action of air or water, and is not attacked by any of the pure acids; but is dissolved by chlorine and nitro-muriatic acid. In scarcity, beauty, ductility, and indestructibility, it is thus hardly inferior to gold. When a perfectly clean surface of platinum is presented to a mixture of oxygen

and hydrogen gas, it has the extraordinary property of causing them to combine, so as to form water, and often with such rapidity as to render the metal red hot.

As already stated, platinum was discovered about 1741; but it attracted little notice until the mode of purifying it, and rendering it malleable, was discovered by Dr Wollaston. It is found in the metallic state in Brazil and Peru; at Antioquia in South America; in Estremadura in Spain; and latterly, in considerable quantities, in the Uralian mountains. Its appearance, in the rough state in which it is imported, is that of small grains or scales, of a metallic lustre, darker than silver, and extremely heavy. In this state it is combined with palladium, rhodium, titanium, iron, gold, or other metals. The particles are seldom larger than a pea, but pieces have been found as large as a hazel-nut; and in 1831, a mass of native metal was discovered in Demidoff's gold mines, in Russia, weighing upwards of 20 lbs.!

The perfection with which vessels of platinum resist the action of heat and air, of most of the acids, and of sulphur and mercury, renders them peculiarly valuable in many chemical applications; so that, notwithstanding the high value of the metal, which is between four and five times its weight of silver, it is now much employed for crucibles, retorts for the distillation of sulphuric acid, mirrors for reflecting telescopes, by gunsmiths, and others. Its property of being welded, either one piece with another, or with iron and steel, admits of many useful applications in the arts. From its scarcity and indestructibility, it has been proposed to use it for coinage; and we believe coins of the respective values of 3, 6, and 20 silver roubles are now current in Russia.

PALLADIUM.

This rare substance was discovered in 1803, by Dr Wollaston, when experimenting on the ores of platinum. As yet it has been found only in combination with the ores of that metal, which it greatly resembles in colour and lustre. It is ductile and malleable, has a specific gravity of 11·8, and its fusibility is intermediate between that of gold and iron. It is oxidised and dissolved by nitric acid; its properties, however, are yet imperfectly known, nor is it, so far as we know, applied to any economical purpose, unless sometimes for the graduated scales of astronomical instruments. The Wollaston medal of the Geological Society of London is appropriately made of palladium.

RHODIUM.

Rhodium, so called from the Greek word *rhodon*, a rose, on account of the red colour of some of its salts, was discovered in 1803 by Dr Wollaston, associated with palladium in the ore of platinum. It is of a whitish colour, difficult of fusion, and extremely hard and durable, with a specific gravity somewhat less

than that of palladium. It forms valuable alloys with the other metals, particularly steel, and would be extensively employed in the arts could it be obtained in abundance. It has been used for the points of metallic pens.

OSMIUM.

This metallic substance, says Brande, was discovered by Tennant in 1803, associated with the ore of platinum. Its peroxide is extremely volatile, and has a peculiar pungent odour, which suggested the name of the metal; namely, *osmé*, an odour. It is a very rare product, and has not, either in a simple or combined state, been applied to any useful purpose.

IRIDIUM.

Iridium, so named from *iris*, a rainbow, in consequence of the colours exhibited by its solutions, was discovered by Tennant in 1803, associated with the ore of platinum. It is heavy (its specific gravity being 18·6), brittle, whitish, and, when carefully polished, resembles platina. One of its most remarkable characters, is the difficulty with which it is acted upon by acids. It forms several oxides and chlorides, and combines readily with carbon.

TUNGSTEN.

This metal, sometimes called *Wolframium*, after Wolfram, and also *Scheelium*, in honour of Scheele, who first examined the nature of the tungstate of lime, was discovered by the Messrs Delhuyart in 1781. It derives its name from the Swedish words *tung*, heavy; and *stein*, stone: its ores being the native tungstate of lime, and the tungstate of iron and manganese. As a metal, it is white, hard, brittle, very difficult of fusion, and has the high specific gravity of 17·56. Heated to redness in the open air, it burns into the peroxide, or tungstic acid.

TELLURIUM.

This scarce substance, discovered by Müller in 1782, has only been found in small quantities in the gold mines of Transylvania, where it occurs in the metallic state, combined with gold or silver. It derives its name from *Tellus*, the goddess of the earth; is white, brilliant, brittle, and easily fusible, with a specific gravity of 6·2. It is combustible, and forms oxides known as tellurous and telluric acids. We are not aware of any economical purpose to which it has been applied; its price and rarity indeed prevent its application.

MOLYBDENUM.

This name, from the Greek word *molybdos*, lead, was originally applied to the native sulphuret of molybdenum, under the impression that it was an ore of lead. Hielm, in 1782, proved this opinion erroneous, and showed that the ore was that of a peculiar

metal; but the original name was continued. It is white, brittle, very infusible, and of a specific gravity about 8·6. It occurs in nature sometimes as a sulphuret, sometimes as molybdic acid, and at others as molybdate of lead. It forms two oxides and an acid; but these, as well as the pure metal, are too rare to be employed in any manufacture.

URANIUM.

This rare metal was first detected by Klaproth in 1789, who named it after the planet *Uranus*, which was discovered about the same time. It occurs in the black mineral called *pechblende*, a sulphuret of uranium, found in the mines of Saxony; and also in *uranite*, a double phosphate of uranium and copper, found in Cornwall. It has been reduced to the metallic state by various devices; but it has hardly the appearance of metal to the naked eye, being a brittle grayish substance, with a specific gravity of 9. Little indeed is known of it as a metal; and from the rarity of its ores, it is not likely to be of any use in the arts.

TITANIUM.

This metal was discovered, according to Brande, by Gregor, in a mineral from Cornwall, called *menachanite*. Its characters, however, were first ascertained by Klaproth in 1794, who gave to it the name of titanium. It has since been detected in copper-coloured crystals, in the slag from the iron-furnaces of Wales and Yorkshire. These crystals are pure titanium, are very brittle, so hard as to scratch crystal and steel, and very light, having a specific gravity of only 5·3. It will not melt in the heat of any furnace, nor dissolve when crystallised, even in nitro-muriatic acid; but only when in fine powder. Traces of this metal may be detected in many irons, both wrought and cast; its presence in small quantities is said not to impair the malleability of iron. There are several ores of titanium, but none of them has been hitherto applied to any use.

COLUMBIUM.

This is another of those rare but unimportant metals, which have been detected by the research of modern chemistry. It was discovered by Hatchett in 1801, in a mineral from Connecticut in North America. It has since been extracted from the mineral called *tantalite*, found in Sweden; hence the name tantalium, by which it is sometimes known. It combines with oxygen in two proportions, the second of which forms an acid. It has hitherto had no application to the arts.

CERIUM.

This metal, named after the planet Ceres, "was discovered," says Brande, "in 1803, by Hisinger and Berzelius, in a Swedish mineral termed *cerite*, and has since been found by Dr Thomson

in *allanite*, a mineral from Greenland. It is said to be of a whitish colour, brittle, very difficult of fusion, and volatile when intensely heated; but we are scarcely acquainted with it in its metallic state." It is generally exhibited in the laboratory of the chemist, in the form of chocolate-coloured powder, which assumes a metallic lustre when rubbed; it does not conduct electricity well, like the other metals, and its specific gravity is unknown.

CADMIUM.

This metal was discovered by Professor Stronmeyer of Gottingen, about the beginning of 1818. It occurs chiefly in Silesia, combined to the extent of between 2 and 11 per cent. with several ores of zinc, and is reduced to the metallic state by a somewhat complicated process of solutions and precipitations. The pure metal has the colour and lustre of tin, and is susceptible of a fine polish. It is soft, easily bent, filed, and cut, and soils like lead any surface rubbed with it. It is harder and more tenacious than tin, and emits a creaking sound, when heated, like that metal. It is very ductile, and may be drawn out into fine wire, and hammered into thin leaves without cracking at the edges. Its specific gravity is somewhat less than 9; it is very fusible, melting at a point much below redness. Its scarcity prevents its employment in the arts; but its oxide and sulphuret, which respectively produce fine brown and orange-yellow colours, are said to be used as pigments. The sulphate of cadmium has been applied to the eyes for removing specks of the cornea.

CHROMIUM.

Chromium—from the Greek word *chroma*, colour—discovered by Vauquelin in 1797, is a metal resembling iron in colour, brittle, and difficult of fusion. It is rarely to be found in its metallic state; but several of its compounds, as chromate of iron and chromate of lead, are well known in commerce. The former, a compound of oxide of chrome with protoxide of iron, is found in Unst in Shetland, in France, and near Baltimore in America. It appears massive, or in crystals of a dark colour and imperfect metallic lustre. It is employed in the manufacture of chromate of potash, a yellow salt, largely manufactured for the use of calico-printers. Chromate of lead is found native in the gold mines of Berezof in Siberia, in the Ural Mountains, and in Brazil, and is easily prepared, by mixing chromate of potash with a soluble salt of lead. It occurs massive and crystallised, of a deep orange-red colour; but when reduced to powder, it becomes orange-yellow. It forms an excellent pigment, and is used both in oil and water colours, in calico-printing, and in dyeing. The other compounds chiefly in use are the *oxide of chromium*, employed to give a green colour to glass and to porcelain; and *chromic acid*, which, from its property of destroying

most vegetable and animal colouring matters, is advantageously employed in calico-printing. It is this acid which gives colour to the ruby; and the green of the emerald is owing to the oxide of chroma.

VANADIUM.

Vanadium, from *Vanadis*, a Scandinavian deity, was discovered so recently as 1830 by Professor Sefström of Fahlun, in iron prepared from the iron of Jahberg in Sweden. It has also been detected in a lead ore from Wanlockhead in Scotland, and in a similar mineral from Zimapan in Mexico. "Vanadium," we quote Dr Ure, "is white, and when its surface is polished, it resembles silver or molybdenum more than any other metal. It combines with oxygen into two oxides and an acid.

"The vanadate of ammonia, mixed with an infusion of nut-galls, forms a black liquid, which is the best writing ink hitherto known. The quantity of the salt requisite is so small, as to be of no importance when the vanadium comes to be more extensively extracted. The writing is perfectly black. The acids colour it blue, but do not remove it, as they do tannate of iron: the alkali, diluted so far as not to injure the paper, does not dissolve it; and chlorine, which destroys the black colour, does not, however, make the traces illegible, even when they are subsequently washed with a stream of water. It is perfectly fluent, and being a chemical solution, stands in want of no viscid gum to suspend the colour, like common ink. The influence of time upon it remains to be tried."

THE METALLOIDS.

This term is given to a class of substances which are undoubtedly metallic, but which cannot be kept in that state unless carefully excluded from the action of air and water. They are the rare and scanty products of the laboratory, and are of themselves of little value; but united with oxygen, they form the *earths* and *alkalies* so important in the operations both of nature and of human economy. They are the triumphs of modern chemistry, which has already determined the existence of thirteen, and hinted the probability of others. Those known are—potassium, sodium, calcium, aluminum, silicium, magnesium, lithium, yttrium, glucinum, thorium, zirconium, strontium, and barium. A short account of the nature and properties of the two first will be sufficient to convey an idea of the whole group, seeing that the earths and alkalies, of which they are the basis, have been fully described in the Tract devoted to minerals. (No. 130.)

Potassium is a metal deeply interesting, not only from its own marvellous properties, but from its having been the first link in the chain of discovery which conducted Sir Humphrey Davy through many of the formerly mysterious and untrodden labyrinths of chemistry. It is obtained by a somewhat com-

plicated process from cream of tartar, or more directly from potassa, by the aid of the voltaic battery. At an ordinary temperature it has a silvery lustre, is soft, can be cut like bees'-wax, and has a specific gravity so low as ·86. At 32° it is brittle, with a crystalline fracture; at 50° it is malleable; at 60° it becomes semifluid; at 120° it is entirely fluid; at a heat approaching to redness, it begins to boil, and is volatilised; and, heated in the air, it takes fire, and burns vividly. It has a stronger affinity for oxygen than any other known substance; hence the difficulty of preserving it in a metallic state. When thrown upon water, it instantly takes fire, and moves about violently upon the surface, burning with a red flame till it be consumed; that is, until it be entirely precipitated in the form of potass. The burning of potassium in water, or on plates of ice, is a common experiment with chemical lecturers; and certainly nothing can be better calculated to arouse the interest of an audience, than the fact of a substance burning in contact with that element which is universally employed as the extinguisher of fire. Potassium, as a metal, is of no known use; but every one must be acquainted with the value and applications of its oxide—potash.

Sodium, the metallic basis of soda, was obtained by Davy, in 1808, by processes similar to those employed in the procuring of potassium. It is a metal much resembling the latter in its general character; is soft, malleable, fusible at 190°, and burns when heated in the open air. When thrown upon water (its specific gravity being only ·97), it does not burn, but floats about upon the surface, and rapidly disappears, being converted into soda, which is dissolved in the water. In the air it oxidises less rapidly than potassium; but still it soon gets covered with a crust of soda, and therefore can only be kept in a closely-stoppered vial, or coated with some protecting substance. The same remarks are applicable to the other metalloids: on exposure to air or water they all rapidly pass into oxides, are inflammable, and if heated in the air, burn with great brilliancy.

This peculiar inflammability of these metalloids has given rise to the supposition among certain geologists, that such substances may exist within the globe, where water finding its way to them, they explode and burn, fusing the rocks among which they occur, creating various gases, and producing caverns, fissures, eruptions, and other phenomena attendant upon earthquakes and volcanoes. As yet, our knowledge of the earth's crust at great depths is excessively limited. We know little of the chemical and magnetic operations which may be going forward among its strata; and we are equally ignorant of the transpositions which may take place among its metallic and earthy particles; but judging from what we do know, this hypothesis, however ingenious, seems by no means adequate to the results produced. It is true that there occurs nothing among

the products of volcanoes at variance with its assumptions; but the magnitude, the universality, and the perpetuity of volcanic action, point to a more stable and uniform source, that source being the internal heat or residue of that igneous condition in which our planet originally appeared.

Such are the Metallic Treasures of the Earth; a class of substances which, either separately or in combination, administer to almost every purpose of civilised life. It has been said of man, that he is born to consume the fruits of the earth; with equal justice it might be remarked, that he is born to consume its minerals and metals, for not a step can he advance beyond the rudest forms of existence without their presence and assistance. He might endure as the South Sea Islander, the North American Indian, or the still more degraded Esquimaux; he might hunt, or fish, or pluck the fruits of the palm-grove; might build a hut, cook his food, or even weave for himself a rude garment; but this would be the limit of his perfection till he became acquainted with the metals, learned to fashion his implements of them, began to construct machinery, and generally to enter upon that condition of life which separates the savage from the civilised. The history of our own island furnishes by far the most striking illustration of this doctrine. Without our mines of iron, copper, tin, lead, &c. and without our abundant stores of coal to smelt and prepare them, where would have been our substantial homes, fitted with every comfort and elegance?—where those implements by which the soil is tilled and cultivated?—where the inventions by which our unequalled clothing, useful and decorative, is produced?—where, in fine, the countless applications of machinery by which we are borne with rapidity over the land and across the ocean, by which knowledge is increased and disseminated, by which all that administers to our convenience and refinement is produced, and by which the sum of human toil is abridged, and our countrymen as a nation raised from the condition of a mere animal to that of a humanised existence? It is not overestimating the importance of the mineral produce of Britain to place it before even that of the soil itself; for granting that we could have tilled the globe, and reaped the most luxuriant harvests, altogether without the aid of metallic implements, we would have still been deficient in all the higher efforts of humanity—in our dress, dwellings, ships, vehicles—in literature and science—in fact, in all that power and pre-eminence which, as a people, we now enjoy.

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

A MORAL TALE FROM THE GERMAN.*

I.

SLY OLD NICHOLAS.

IN a rich and pretty village, which stands in the celebrated kingdom called "Somewhere," and which in summer-time produces the finest cherries and blackberries in the world, dwelt an old farmer named Nicholas, who never troubled himself with any very nice distinctions between his neighbours' property and his own. At night he would go out into the fields, dig up the finest plants he could find in his neighbours' farms, and transplant them into his own; and the next morning, when the theft was discovered, and when he was taken to task regarding it, he would say, "What do you mean? I went to bed early yesterday evening, and I know nothing about it. It must have been some wicked goblin who did it. However, as the plants are now in my field, there they shall remain, and no mistake." Thus there arose trial after trial between him and his neighbours; but

* This half-serious half-comic tale, and the tale which succeeds it, are translated from an interesting German Christmas-book, entitled "*Der Zauber-Garten*"—"The Magic Garden." The author is Heinrich Smidt, a writer well known to the lovers of this peculiarly German school of popular fiction. We have taken the liberty of paraphrasing a few passages.

Farmer Nicholas laughed at them all, for he managed matters so cleverly, that no one could convict him of the fraud.

There was one individual who had seen him, and this was an orphan boy called Love-Truth, whom the farmer had taken in for charity's-sake—that is to say, whom he fed on scanty fare, and kept at work from morning till night. But little Love-Truth never murmured or repined; for he was firmly convinced that all would go right with him some time or another. You may perhaps inquire whence he had this conviction? Before he came to the farmer, he had been adopted by an old woman called Martha, who was now dead, but who, upon her deathbed, had predicted that there was happiness in store for him yet; and he felt so assured of this, that he was often even tempted to feel proud in the prospect of his future greatness.

It happened at last that the old farmer one night carried off several fine heads of cabbage out of one of his neighbours' fields. Love-Truth was witness of the transaction, and the next morning he declared that he would not hold his tongue any longer, but would tell everybody what a wicked man his master was.

At first the old farmer was terrified, and tried to prevent him; but Love-Truth ran out into the village and told it to the first person he met, and then to a second, and a third, till every one knew it. Meanwhile, however, Farmer Nicholas, who was not long in devising his plan, ran to the village magistrate, who was not very particular about the sort of justice he dealt out, and promised him a few broad dollars if he would help him out of the scrape.

"That I will!" cried the magistrate; and he summoned little Love-Truth before his court. He interrogated him very sharply; and as the poor boy could give no proof of the transaction beyond the simple statement—"Indeed, indeed I saw it myself," the farmer was acquitted, and poor Love-Truth sent away from the court to the house of correction as a malicious calumniator.

The old people went home to their houses, and said to their children, "Lay well to heart this bad example which Love-Truth has given you. Farmer Nicholas was his benefactor, and yet he tried to ruin his reputation and good name! He is a bad boy."

"This is a bad business for me," thought Love-Truth, as he sat in his prison, and looked at the water-jug which stood beside a piece of coarse bread. "All this comes for my telling the truth; while sly old Nicholas, who has told lies, sits over his beef and his beer in his comfortable parlour, and laughs at me. But no matter. Mother Martha told me that truth was a good thing. In christening me 'Love-Truth,' my parents had no object but to make me always tell the truth; and that I shall surely do, even were I to suffer far more for it than I am now doing."

Everything in this world, bad as well as good, has an end. Little Love-Truth's term of imprisonment at last expired, and the jailor brought him before the magistrate once more. There,

in the presence of the whole parish, he was again sharply reprimanded, and with this reproof discharged from prison. Thereupon Farmer Nicholas stood up, and after lecturing him severely, forbade him to set foot over his threshold. The neighbours all applauded this, and declared, one and all, that they would never give a morsel to so unprincipled a young reprobate, much less take him into their house.

All this filled the poor innocent boy with grief; he burst into tears, and cried in a piteous voice, "Where am I to go to then?"

"What do I care?" said the magistrate, who heard this, with a brutal laugh. "As far as I am concerned, you may go to the land where '*Good-for-Nothings*' grow!" And they all retired, and left him to his fate.

"But how shall I ever find my way there?" thought Love-Truth, sobbing as if his heart would break; just as if the land of 'Good-for-Nothings' were a country, the road to which might be read upon the finger-posts, or travelled in a postchaise!

Many of my readers, both old and young, will wonder that Love-Truth took the magistrate's words so literally; but they must recollect that the magistrate passed for the best of men, and one whose word no one would venture to question; and, besides, the poor boy himself had been trained all his life to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

II.

LOVE-TRUTH'S WANDERINGS.

Love-Truth now began his travels; that is to say, he marched straight out of the village, and followed the high road, without ever thinking where it should lead him. And a very long journey indeed it did lead him; till in the evening, when he could walk no farther, he stopped at a cottage door and begged a crust of bread and a night's lodging.

"We will bring you to the innkeeper," said the people of the house; "and if he should ask you any questions, tell him you fell in with robbers, and were plundered by them. This will excite his compassion, and he will be kind to you."

"No, no," said Love-Truth; "I shall not say that, for it would be a falsehood. The truth is always the best; and you should be ashamed to try to make me tell a lie."

The cottagers took this exceedingly ill; called him a saucy young fellow; and after cudgelling him soundly, turned him from their door. He was thus forced to sleep in the open air, and would have died of hunger, had he not found some berries upon the bushes under which he slept, which stayed his hunger a little. As for thirst, he was at no loss for a draught of water from the spring.

In this way he travelled onwards through this strange country

for a considerable time. In the daytime he journeyed on without ever resting; and in the evening he had to contend with the people whom he asked to give him a lodging, for they always wanted, in one shape or another, to make him tell a falsehood; when they failed in this, they would grow angry, and drive him out of their house, declaring that they would have nothing to do with so obstinate a youth, who, notwithstanding all their advice, would persist in knocking his head against the wall.

Love-Truth was sadly cast down at this. He avoided almost altogether all intercourse with men. The want of his ordinary nourishment was beginning to waste his strength away; his hair hung wildly about his temples; and his dress was so tattered, that he was ashamed to let himself be seen.

It was well for him that at last he reached a house where a better reception awaited him. This house lay in a delightful country of alternate hill and valley, amid rich pasture and tillage lands, intersected by silvery rivulets. The little wayfarer stood still for a while, to enjoy the beauty of the prospect, which at that time bespoke all the rich promise of an abundant harvest; and then proceeded towards the house, the master of which advanced to meet him, and asked him what he wanted.

As soon as he learnt the poor boy's wishes, he made him sit down on a shady bank, and desired a maid-servant to set a little repast of delicious milk and fruit before him. Love-Truth enjoyed it heartily; and when his meal was finished, the man asked him who he was, and whither he was bound.

The soft and gentle voice of the stranger won so completely upon the boy, that he told him his whole history from the beginning to the end. The stranger listened very attentively, and when the tale was ended, took a little flute out of his pocket, upon which he played a beautiful air. The boy listened to the air for a few moments; but he soon became unable to restrain himself, and unceremoniously exclaimed, "Do not take it ill, kind, good sir, that I interrupt your music, but my heart is oppressed by keeping silence, and I cannot help repeating to you that I have told you nothing but the truth, and that I am not capable of uttering a falsehood."

"Very good, my dear boy," said the gentleman in a caressing voice, putting the flute into his pocket. "I am not a bit angry with you for interrupting me. However, it is now late, and I shall only say that I am most happy to receive you into my house. You shall be taken care of."

The gentleman went back to the house, and sent out a servant, who took charge of the boy. He was first of all placed in a bath; and after he had bathed, and had his hair dressed, the servant placed several suits of clothes before him, telling him that his master had given orders that he should select one for himself from among them. The poor boy was thrown into the utmost embarrassment, for he had never seen such rich clothes in all his

lifetime, and was at a loss where to turn his choice. At first he fixed upon a suit of light-blue velvet, trimmed with silver lace; next he thought of a second, which was crimson embroidered with gold; a third was white, a fourth violet, and each was trimmed either with gold or silver. At last he found one which pleased him more than all the rest, though it had neither gold nor silver. It was green—a fresh lively green—the very tint of the early leaves when, in the first days of spring, they return to deck the naked branches, and seem, as it were, to sport with the dazzling sunbeams.

"This is the one which I shall ask from your kind master," said he to the servant, who immediately assisted him to dress, and then brought him back to the gentleman. Upon their way down they passed a large mirror, in which Love-Truth saw himself reflected from head to foot. He could not believe that it was really himself, so entirely different was his guise from what it had been, when, that very noon, he had seen himself in the neighbouring mill-pond, and was almost horrified at his filthy appearance.

His host placed before him a variety of dainties, the names of which the poor youth scarcely knew, but which, nevertheless, he found extremely palatable. During his meal he chatted kindly with him, and at last dismissed him to his bed, which was prepared in a quiet, retired apartment.

"This is pleasant," said Love-Truth to himself. "For the first time in my life I have been kindly treated because I told the truth. I see it is not yet quite banished from the world, as that hateful old woman told me last night when she was trying to get me to tell a lie!"

There is no doubt that our little friend would have said a great deal more, had he not been overpowered by weariness, and fallen asleep in the midst of his reflections. However, in a dream he saw old Mother Martha, who looked tenderly on him, and in her own sweet voice said to him, "You must not grow tired of doing what is right, my child; in the end, be assured you will reach your destiny, and all will be happy." With these words she disappeared, and the little boy saw (still of course in a dream) a vast plain, planted with trees, spread out before him. When he looked more closely, however, he saw that Farmer Nicholas was perched upon the first tree, and his old enemy the magistrate upon the next.

"Do tell me," said the boy, "what brings you upon this tree, so far away from home? Come down, I beg of you."

"Alas!" cried the farmer and the magistrate both together—"alas, that we cannot! We are stuck fast here!"

"How is that?" asked Love-Truth.

"Is it possible, then," said the two old wretches, "that you don't know that this is the land of 'Good-for-Nothings,' to which we banished you? They grow here upon the trees, as

pears and apples grow elsewhere; and you may see us here in our full bloom and splendour!"

"Well, well," thought the boy, "you have just met with your deserts; and if there be an autumn in this country, and you fall off the trees, as the fruits do elsewhere, you can go home again, and resume your malpractices!"

He went onward, and saw plainly that there was a person upon every tree, and that they all cut a very rueful figure. There were people of all classes, high and low, growing promiscuously together; for in this mysterious region—which, by the way, is not to be found in any book of geography—the distinctions of rank are not in use. These things, and much more, Love-Truth saw in his dreams, which kept him fully occupied till the bright morning awakened him.

"What a heap of nonsense is all this that I have seen in my dreams!" said he to himself while he was dressing. "And yet it is very curious, after all, that the features of all the people whom I saw growing on the trees, from old Nicholas and the magistrate downwards, are so impressed on my memory, that I shall know them again after a year and a day. I must actually have been, therefore, in the land where 'Good-for-Nothings' grow—and grow high up in the air too, where every one can see them—not in the ground, like potatoes or turnips. It is an excellent plan; and it is a pity it is not so everywhere, that people might be better able to be on their guard against wicked men."

III.

THE FLUTE.

The servant now returned, carrying him a most delicious breakfast; and when he had breakfasted, conducted him to his host, who invited him to take a walk. He asked him how he had passed the night, and laughed when his young friend told him all the absurd things which he had been dreaming during his sleep.

"It is always so," he said after some time—"it is always so in life. In our dreams we often see what we cannot comprehend; and however true and certain what we have seen may be, yet if we relate it, people will not believe us, but will call us fools and deceivers. Do not speak of this, therefore, to any one; nobody would thank you for it, and it is no one's business where you have been. Nevertheless, it was the land where 'Good-for-Nothings' grow which you saw."

"And so plainly too!" said Love-Truth. "So distinctly did I see the people growing on the trees, that I almost think I should know them again, were I to meet them in the streets."

"That is a most important point," said the stranger; "keep it in your mind, and it will be of use to you. A dream is a dream;

but it is different in real life. There is no country where 'Good-for-Nothings' actually grow upon the trees; but the good and bad are intermingled everywhere with one another. It is important, therefore, to be able to distinguish them, in order to be on one's guard against the bad; and I advise you to do so when you shall resume your journey, or it will be worse for you."

"Alas!" cried Love-Truth sadly, "must I then continue my journey farther? Heaven help me! where shall I ever find so good a gentleman? Oh keep me with you! I will gladly labour all I can for you; and I will be most grateful for the love you have shown me."

"It cannot be, my son!" was the reply. There is no post in my household which you could fill; and, besides, you should not then have an opportunity of advancing in the world, as I am sure you will do one day or other. I would advise you, therefore, to resume your journey without delay, and not to return to my house till you shall have succeeded. Your equipment is now sufficiently respectable, and here is a silk purse full of gold pieces; for without these, people do not get on in the world, whether they tell truth or falsehood."

"Farewell, then, my kind host!" sobbed the boy. "I shall follow your advice."

"One word more," continued the stranger. "Do you see the little flute which I played yesterday when you were speaking to me? Keep it carefully, and prize it beyond the richest treasure in the world. Should you ever meet any one of whose dispositions in your regard you are not certain, you need but begin to play on this flute, and you shall see something wonderful."

Love-Truth received this new gift with the greatest gratitude.

"I shall now take leave," said he; "but first give me your blessing, as though you were my father, for as such I love and honour you."

"That I will," replied the stranger; "and you shall see me in my true form, for you are worthy of this favour."

With these words the kind old man disappeared, and a tall female figure stood before him, on whose forehead blazed a light, dazzling as the sun, while her eyes shone like the evening and morning star. Her robe was pure and white as the falling snow; in her hand she held a golden mirror. As the boy gazed upon her in amazement, and fell on his knees in wonder and reverence, she smiled tenderly upon him, and laying her hand upon his head, said to him—"I am TRUTH, and I bless thee as my beloved son. Go thou forth into the world; withstand evil, do good, and thou shalt be happy all thy life long."

As she spoke, a golden cloud descended from heaven, and enveloping this glorious being completely, yet so as to leave her still visible, bore her slowly aloft. But before she disappeared altogether, she called out once more in a loud voice, "Be on thy guard, that thou thyself mayst not fall into the snares of false-

hood. If so, thou art lost for ever, beyond the power of man to rescue thee."

As she uttered these words, she was hidden amid the clouds from every human eye.

"Never, never!" cried the boy, stretching forth his hands, as if to grasp the retreating form.

IV.

NEW ADVENTURES.

Love-Truth started up, and resumed cheerfully, and with lightened spirits, the wanderings thus agreeably interrupted. In a morning fresh and lovely, and in a country so charming and so retired, it would be hard for any one with an innocent heart to feel otherwise than happy in his journey. The birds were warbling their merry lays, and hopping lightly from bush to bush, and from spray to spray. Love-Truth drew out his flute without thinking of it, and began to play, in order to while away the time. But the little birds sang on unconcernedly, and without interruption, for the birds of the air tell no lies.

Love-Truth now entered a wood; and after he had walked about a mile, he began to feel tired. He turned aside, therefore, from the main path, and soon found a quiet spot, entirely surrounded by bushes, where he could rest himself without fear. He laid himself down, therefore, on the mossy turf, and fell into a pleasing sleep. In a short time he was awakened by a loud noise. He sprang up, and looked through the bushes to ascertain the cause of the confusion. What a sight met his eyes! On a large open space a multitude of huntsmen, in rich hunting-suits, were hurrying about in groups; each of them carried a well-filled game-bag, and wore a silver hunting-horn at his side; and the more distinguished had horns of pure gold. A large tent was already pitched, and an enormous fire was blazing, on which were roasting a buck, together with several fawns and hares; an immense cask, too, was rolled into the centre, and a spigot had just been inserted into it, to give free vent to the rich red wine which it contained.

At last a stately man, in a dress richly embroidered with gold, made his appearance. He was evidently the chief of the party, for every one stood up and made a profound reverence to him, whereas he merely touched his hat, and stood bolt upright as before. Every sound was hushed: you might hear the quivering of the leaves upon the trees: and thus Love-Truth was able to catch every word which was spoken.

"Call my cup-bearer," cried the stately personage.

Presently there appeared an officer in a rich uniform. He approached with a low reverence, and with every expression of deferential submission.

"I am thirsty," said the stately gentleman; "bring me a cup of my favourite wine."

"I am literally in despair, may it please your majesty," replied the cup-bearer. "The chest in which the wine destined for your majesty was packed, has been broken by the carelessness of the servants, and it will be some time before I can get any more. But this awkwardness shall meet with exemplary chastisement."

"That will do me no good," said the king angrily (for it was himself); "and my thirst will be as bad as ever. It is too bad that I, who am obliged to pay so much for the expenses of my cellar, cannot get as much as will satisfy my thirst. Bring me some water at least."

Meanwhile Love-Truth had been looking sharply at the cup-bearer.

"Aha, my good friend!" thought he, "have we not met somewhere before now? Can it have been in my dream, and not far from old Nicholas and the godless magistrate?"

In an instant he seized his flute, and put it to his lips. The instrument began at once to give forth the most delightful music; and in a moment the cup-bearer, from whom the king had turned angrily away, commenced to speak a second time.

"Yes, your majesty," said he; "the wine which I bought for you is no longer to be had; but do not believe that it was spilled through the awkwardness of the attendants. God forbid that it should be so wasted! No, no; I drank it all myself, with the help of a few good friends, thinking that the other wine was quite good enough for your majesty."

The unfortunate cup-bearer, as he spoke thus sorely against his will, was in a cold perspiration with anguish and vexation. The king turned sharply round upon him.

"Ha!" said he; "what is this? Confess, you scoundrel; and repeat what you have said, I suppose, in your drunken unconsciousness!"

The cup-bearer, out of his wits with terror and anxiety, flung himself upon his knees before the king.

"Oh, your majesty!" he faltered, "it was not I who uttered these ill-natured words. It was some mischievous goblin, in order to get me into a difficulty. I am as honourable a man as any in your empire, and am incapable of anything dishonest."

"Stay a moment!" thought Love-Truth; "my time is come now, and I must put an end to this." He stepped briskly from his concealment in the bushes, and bowing low before the king, addressed him aloud.

"Do not believe him, your majesty. What he says as true, is false; and what he represents as a falsehood, is the downright truth. I know this man perfectly well; and I know that he grew in the land where 'Good-for-Nothings' grow!"

The cup-bearer cast a savage look upon the boy, and would have choked him on the spot had he dared.

"What silly fellow is this we have got now?" said the king, fixing his eyes upon him.

"My name is Love-Truth, my lord king," he replied. "I am the son of Truth, and have received from her her best blessing. I am therefore an enemy of all lies, and I delight in bringing them to light, however they may try to skulk into concealment. Put your question once more to this man, and ask him whether he has not often been at these tricks before, and you shall hear what will astonish you."

The king followed the boy's advice, which indeed he could not disregard. The cup-bearer crossed himself, as if against the Evil One, protesting that he was an honourable man, and that the king had not in all his dominions a more faithful servant.

Meanwhile Love-Truth began to play upon his flute, when, on a sudden, a change came over the cup-bearer.

"Ah, your majesty," he sputtered out, "do not place any confidence in what I was saying! It cannot be concealed any longer that I am one of the greatest cheats to be found in your whole court, although the chief cook, the court tailor, and the first hairdresser, are not bad in their way. You pay for good wine, it is true; but it is only in the bills it makes its appearance, for I always purchase miserable stuff; and whatever good wine remains since my predecessor's time, I drink myself."

As he spoke, the unhappy man's hair stood on end in horror: but he could not help himself—he was irresistibly compelled to speak these words. The king's immediate attendants, who did not feel their own consciences clear, and who were afraid of a similar fate for themselves, began to run about in all directions. They declared that the youth with the flute was a great conjurer, who had conspired against the welfare of the country, and whom it would be necessary to render powerless for evil, else all order should be overturned in the state.

Luckily for little Love-Truth the king thought otherwise. He had taken a great fancy for the boy, and the pieces which he had played upon his flute charmed him exceedingly.

He therefore ordered the courtiers to be silent, and the cup-bearer, who had confessed his knavish practices, to be arrested. He then called the boy to his side, and began to question him about his history, which Love-Truth told most naturally and without the least reserve.

"It is a very wonderful story," said the king, "and one which might well be doubted, did it not come from one who claims to be the son of Truth. But at all events, whoever you are, you may be of great use with your precious flute, and may lead to a great deal of good. What would you think, therefore, of entering my service at once?"

Love-Truth did not reply immediately, but put the flute once more to his lips. Instantly the king, quite involuntarily, resumed his discourse.

"You may trust me, my son," he said; "I mean honestly by you: nor am I angry with you for putting myself to the test, whether I were speaking the truth. Truth is a good thing, and no one ought to despise it. I now, therefore, repeat my proposition, that you shall enter my service."

As the king spoke, Love-Truth threw himself at his feet.

"You are truly a noble king," he exclaimed; "and it shall be the greatest happiness of my life if I can attain to your friendship."

The king now ordered dinner to be served; and when it was over, the horns began to play gaily once more. The tent was then struck, and all the service packed up; for the king was returning from a long journey, and yearned anxiously for another sight of his princely home.

V.

OLD NICHOLAS ONCE MORE.

The party proceeded joyously from the forest; and after a day or two they reached a country which appeared familiar to Love-Truth. By and by he saw the spire of a village church.

"Beyond a doubt," said he, "that is my native village. How I should wish to let the people see what has befallen me! I should like, too, to make Farmer Nicholas and the magistrate confess, before the assembled parish, that they have accused me wrongfully."

When he had resolved upon this, he begged of the king to grant him a short leave of absence. The king not only granted his request, but also gave him a number of attendants to accompany him to his destination, and conduct him back to the royal train.

You may be sure it caused no little excitement when Love-Truth made his entry into his native village with this stately train of attendants. Old and young ran together in crowds to see the youth who arrived with so splendid a retinue. But when they saw at last that it was little Love-Truth, their astonishment knew no bounds; they clapped their hands together in amazement, and ran after him with loud shouts; whilst he, without noticing them in the least, marched straight to the village court-house.

Now it so happened that just as the procession arrived, the magistrate and old Nicholas were standing together in front of the court-house door, engaged in an earnest conversation. They also recognised the boy immediately, and looked at each other, as if to ask, "What is the meaning of all this?" The magistrate was the first to regain his self-possession.

"Let him alone!" said he; "I shall soon get rid of him."

Little Love-Truth approached the pair, and demanded of them that, in the presence of his attendants, and of the inhabitants of the village, they should publicly declare his innocence.

"Do you hear," cried the magistrate in a violent rage—"do you hear what the little rascal says? Is it possible that audacity could go to such lengths? He left this without a penny—now he returns, splendidly attired, and with his pockets full of gold. He must be a most finished robber, and the fellows whom he has along with him are his accomplices in roguery."

But in the meanwhile Love-Truth had pulled out his flute, and began to play his old air upon it.

"Oh fie! oh fie!" interrupted the unlucky magistrate. "What is this? What words are those which are forcing themselves into my mouth, and which I cannot restrain? My good neighbours, don't believe what I said to you about this boy—it's all a falsehood!"

The villagers were all struck dumb with wonder; and the amazement became still greater, when the speaking mania fell on Farmer Nicholas also.

"Yes!" they cried, both in one breath, "the boy is innocent: we invented a pure calumny against him, because he brought our knavery to light. For you must know, and we freely and honestly confess it, that we are the greatest knaves to be found in the whole world. There is not a man in the entire parish whom we have not robbed of some portion of his property, to fill our own coffers with his money and substance!"

This was enough for his purpose. Love-Truth therefore put up his flute once more.

"You see now!" said he to the multitude. "They have freely confessed of what spirit they are the children, and what kind of broth they have been brewing for you all this time, and making you eat. Whether you will be satisfied with this any longer, is your own affair: it is no concern of mine. Fare-you-well, then, and drink my health, I pray you!"

He gave them a few of his gold pieces, and retired along with his train.

You will be anxious perhaps to hear what the villagers did with the dishonest magistrate and his accomplice. I am sorry that I cannot precisely tell you; for when I asked young Love-Truth the last time I saw him, he told me that he did not himself exactly know, but that the punishment cannot have been a trifle, for when he had left the village, and was on his way to overtake the king, he heard a loud cry of pain behind him, such as would bespeak very rough treatment indeed.

Such folks, I am sure, deserved no better.

VI.

INVOLUNTARY CANDOUR.

Very soon after the king reached the capital, and took up his quarters in his palace, Love-Truth also arrived. The king, how-

ever, at the moment, could not pay much attention to him, and merely nodded familiarly as he entered, being engaged with very important business; for he was just giving audience to his prime minister, who was laying before him an account of his administration during the absence of his majesty. This account, however, was not a very gratifying one. The country was represented as "exceedingly impoverished; the people refused to pay the taxes which had been imposed; and the expenditure was becoming more and more heavy. In these circumstances, he could offer his majesty but a small sum of money, and must beg of him to diminish his expenditure as much as possible."

So far all went well: but what was the amazement of the bystanders when a few notes of a flute were heard, and the minister was observed, of his own accord, to resume his statement.

"I must own," he said "that it is very simple in your majesty to believe all that I and my colleagues say to you. Your subjects, you must know, do pay the taxes freely; and even if they did not, we have ways and means to compel them to pay the last dollar. The fact is, that we do not hand you over the receipts, but keep them for ourselves. It is with this money we pay for our splendid fêtes, and our costly collections of works of art; and we expend a portion in purchasing estates in foreign countries, that we may have a secure place of refuge should you, sooner or later, discover our villany, and banish us from your court—a consummation, however, which we do not at all fear; for you are far too kind, not to say too simple, for that."

While he was telling these fatal truths, the premier was enduring the most excruciating anguish, and a cold perspiration trickled down his face; but do as he would, he could not hold his tongue. When at last he ceased, he fell down in a swoon, and gasped for breath. The indignation of the king was beyond all expression.

"Drag out the unprincipled traitor," he cried, starting up from his seat, "and cast him into chains. Throw him into the deepest dungeon in the prison, and scourge him without mercy!"

The guards executed his commands without delay.

"It was no one but Love-Truth who did this," said the king; "I heard his flute distinctly. Come hither, my son, till I clasp your hand, and thank you for the service which you have rendered to me and to my kingdom."

He advanced to the king, who clasped him affectionately in his arms. The courtiers were all out of their senses with astonishment about the unknown youth, who had so speedily attained to the favour of the king; for as yet they were not in possession of the true state of affairs.

From that day forward, life at court was entirely a new thing. Love-Truth was never suffered to leave the king's side; and

even when he had to hold an important and strictly confidential conference with a distinguished embassy or a foreign prince, Love-Truth was always present—though generally concealed behind a screen or a cabinet—and never failed to play his flute at the critical moment.

You may well believe that in this way many a strange revelation was effected, and many a treaty was broken off; for the ambassadors were forced to declare, in despite of themselves, that their intentions were not honest, and that they looked only to their own interest. And when they were thus obliged to retire in confusion, they could have torn their hair in rage at their conduct; for they knew that they had but a sorry reception to expect at home, and could not for their lives conceive how it happened—the history of the flute being to them a secret.

The whole court, too, underwent a thorough purification. Almost all the old courtiers were dismissed, and their places filled up by new officers, who had been tried beforehand, without being aware that they were subjected to the test.

There was only one in the whole court whom Love-Truth never could reach, and that was the court-fool. It is an old proverb, that "children and fools tell the truth;" but it was not so with this fool. A more thorough liar never breathed; and it was his boast, when among the friends whom he trusted, that he had never told the truth in his life. This, though he did not advert to it, was true; and thus arose the anomaly that a falsehood may become the truth. This fool was so cunning, however, that he never would come near Love-Truth and his flute when there was a third person present. On the contrary, when he was alone, he went to him without the least apprehension, and would banter him on his love of truth.

"You are a fool," he would say to him, "to be so exact in sticking to the truth. You thereby expose yourself to a thousand annoyances; you never can enjoy yourself heartily; you have not a single friend but the king; and even he, too, will get rid of you, as soon as he shall be able to dispense with your services. On the contrary, look at me: I never tell the truth, and yet every one flocks to me, and seeks my society. I tell them what they like to hear, and what flatters their vanity; or I make jests for them, at which they laugh. They invite me to their entertainments, feast me with their choicest delicacies, send me wine and dainties to my own house, and recommend themselves to my patronage. You might be equally fortunate if you chose, instead of moping through the world like a hermit as you do."

These suggestions, and a thousand similar ones, made not the slightest impression on Love-Truth. But still he thought that it was hard (and could not help saying to himself that it was so) to live for the truth alone; and that one must have great firmness of purpose if he would adhere strictly and undeviatingly to it.

VII.

THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

I have hitherto abstained from telling that the king did not live alone in his palace. He had a most charming daughter, a very miracle of beauty, who not only had been brought up with the tenderest care, but, as the sole heiress to the throne, was possessed of wealth almost beyond calculation.

It may well be believed that, in these circumstances, there was no lack of suitors—and these, too, of the highest rank—who aspired to the hand of the princess, and would fain have borne away so precious a prize. But Princess Roseleaf, for this was her name, manifested no disposition to yield to their addresses; for as yet, among all who had presented themselves, there was not one for whose sake she could be induced to leave her father.

At length, however, a young prince arrived whose merits were the theme of universal admiration. This was Prince Fair-hair—so called from his rich golden locks, which hung in luxuriant masses over his neck and shoulders. The proposals of this youthful prince were of the most earnest kind; he was resolved to win the hand of the princess, and did not apprehend any refusal, as he was himself a rich and powerful sovereign. It is hardly necessary to say that he was received at court with all conceivable honours, and that the king himself presented his distinguished guest to his daughter. The prince had been staying above a month at the court, and in the society of the princess. He had already pleaded his affection for the lady, and he now pressed her father anxiously for an answer. But the king was unable to give him any; for whenever he mentioned the matter to the princess, she remained perfectly silent. She was exceedingly modest and pious, and became alternately red and pale when her father pressed her to say whether she would marry the fair-haired prince.

"There is no help for it," said the king to himself at last. "I must make her speak, even against her will. The prince is becoming importunate, and I have no right to keep him any longer here without an answer. I shall speak to Love-Truth: he will come to my aid."

Love-Truth accordingly was summoned to the king; and they both repaired to the apartments of the princess, who received them very affectionately. Her father once more introduced the subject of the prince, praised the nobleness of his character and the excellence of his heart, as well as the exceeding beauty of his hair; and concluded by saying that it was absolutely and indispensably necessary that he should receive his answer on that very day. But now also, as on all former occasions, he had been but talking to the air: he received not a word of reply. The princess blushed over and over again, and looked straight

before her, never raising her head, and playing with her pearl necklace.

Hereupon the king, who had indeed anticipated this result, gave a sign to Love-Truth. He produced his flute, and drew a few exquisite notes from it. I wish you could have seen what a change was instantaneously produced in the princess. She arose from her seat, and looked around with perfect self-possession; and at length she advanced a step nearer to her father.

"Dear father!" said she in a firm voice, "I do not know what has come upon me, nor whether the music is the cause of my present sensations; but I feel that my whole nature is completely changed. Of all the princes whom I have seen until now, there is not one who made the slightest impression on me, and I was always rejoiced when, one after another, they took their departure. It is not so with Prince Fairhair: he is an elegant and accomplished man, and if you command me, I shall not refuse to marry him; but I implore you not to command me to do so, for there is another whom I love yet more dearly."

"Ha!" thought the king. "And who can this be?"

But it was in vain that he ransacked his brains to discover whom his daughter could possibly mean; for wise as he was, he was not clever enough to penetrate her secret.

"Yes, my dear father!" she continued with the utmost composure—for Love-Truth was still playing on his flute—"what I have said is the truth, and the person whom I mean is not far from us at this moment."

This was a fresh cause of amazement to the king; for in the entire court he knew no suitor of the princess but Prince Fairhair, nor could he guess where else she could have met any one. He therefore begged her to explain herself more distinctly, and to tell him explicitly of what prince she was speaking.

"I know nothing of any prince," replied Princess Roseleaf. "The person whom I mean is no other than our own Love-Truth, who is playing so beautifully at this very moment! I love him dearly, and I should most willingly take him as my husband."

At this point she suddenly stopped short; for Love-Truth, when he heard the princess's declaration, had dropped his flute in terror, and was creeping about on the floor in search of it!

The king was excessively surprised at this announcement. What was to be done? He commanded his daughter, in a tone of great severity, never to utter such silly stuff again; ordered Love-Truth to "begone, both himself and his flute;" and then went out in a rage, to give free vent to his ill-humour.

His first care, of course, was to dismiss Prince Fairhair with the best possible grace under the circumstances; for he felt that for him there was not the least shadow of a hope. It was an affair of great delicacy; the king was quite delighted when it

was arranged; and in the joy of his heart, he presented a silver post-horn to the postmaster, who supplied the prince with horses for his home journey.

Meanwhile Love-Truth had fled from the palace in the greatest affliction, and ran to the gardens, where he sought out the most private arbour, in order to meditate on what had just occurred. The words of the princess had filled him with excitement. What he never could have had courage to think of before, he now acknowledged to himself—that the princess was a young lady of such extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, that the man who should be fortunate enough to obtain her hand could not fail to be the happiest of mortals. It was now that, to his deep mortification, the recollection of his humble birth forced itself upon him: a poor peasant boy as he was, he never could aspire to such an alliance.

Above all, he was afflicted to think that he must leave the court immediately, for he was accustomed to unqualified obedience; and the king had ordered him to go away. Here, too, was a new anxiety! Where was he to go to?

VIII.

THE TEMPTER.

On a sudden, while he was in this mood, the fool presented himself.

Now I must inform my readers that this fool was not a fool in reality, but only adopted the disguise of one, in order to be admitted to the court; for fools are freely admitted for the sake of the amusement they afford. This fool, then, was no other than FALSEHOOD in disguise! She delighted in disseminating her stories everywhere, and produced endless mischief thereby: for when have falsehoods done anything but mischief, to put out of view altogether the evil conscience which every liar carries about with him in his breast?

Now, Falsehood had all along known very well that Love-Truth was in reality the son of her sister Truth, who had sent this youth into the world in the hope of restoring, if possible, her credit, which had been somewhat on the decline. And as the two sisters, Truth and Falsehood, had long been living in constant hostility, and mutually took advantage eagerly of every opportunity of injuring one another, Falsehood conceived that it would be a most excellent joke if she could seduce into her own service young Love-Truth, whose office it should have been to disseminate truth.

"My poor lad!" said this crafty lady, completely dropping for the time the character of the fool, and putting on the semblance of the liveliest sympathy, "people tax us fools with insensibility, and say that our hearts are but hearts of straw; but I can assure

you that I feel the most sincere interest for you, and that I would most gladly do all that lies in my power to serve you. But no physician can apply a remedy till he has been informed of his patient's ailment. Tell me, therefore, what is the matter with you?"

Love-Truth could not find heart to tell about the princess; and —so dangerous is the very presence of Falsehood—he was on the point of assigning a different cause; luckily, however, he recollected himself in time, and said nothing at all about it. He told, therefore, with great sorrow, that the king had ordered him off.

"Ah, my poor young man!" cried Falsehood, bursting into a loud laugh; "you, Love-Truth, to be ordered away! That would be a sad affliction to your mother! Still, the king must be obeyed, at all times and in all circumstances. But where will you go?"

"Alas! unfortunate that I am, I do not know," said Love-Truth, who was again affected almost to tears. "But I am lucky to have fallen in with you at this moment. Fools are always very cunning people, and I have no doubt you can tell me where I shall find a home."

"Ha!" cried Falsehood with a knowing look, "do you think so? Well, I think I could recommend a comfortable place of residence, where people who follow my advice are always very acceptable: it is the habitation of a pleasant-spoken gentleman. But there are different modes of travelling to different places. You cannot climb up a mountain in a vessel under full sail; nor can you drive across the sea in a coach-and-four. In the same way you cannot visit the gentleman I speak of with the pipe of Truth in your hand. If, therefore, you set out on your journey, and I advise you to do so without delay, give me your flute to keep for you. It will be most secure in my hands, for who would come to a fool to search for a thing so important and so valuable?"

"And would you be so good as to keep it safe for me?" asked Love-Truth.

"You may depend upon me," said Falsehood.

"And will you promise not to make any bad use of it?" added Love-Truth.

"I will not touch it even once," replied his companion hastily.

"If so," replied the youth, "I may venture to intrust this rare and precious treasure to you. But I have not yet heard how I am to make my way to this great and hospitable personage?"

"It is the easiest thing in the world," Falsehood assured him. "You have but to place yourself under my guidance; I shall put you upon the road, and then you need only act the part of a hypocrite."

"What is that?"

"It is only to disguise your real feelings, and seem to be what you are not. Many people are highly accomplished in

this art, and by that means obtain a respectable character with very little trouble. In some countries which I could mention, hypocrisy is quite the fashion, and it is a fashion I am rather fond of encouraging; for those who follow it, are under the agreeable delusion that acting a lie is not the same thing as telling one. Now surely you can put on a little hypocrisy as well as everybody else?"

"That I will never do!" exclaimed Love-Truth indignantly; "and I will never speak a word to you more if you dare propose such a thing to me again!"

"Just as you please," said Falsehood, turning away in a pet; and she was on the point of going off, when a breathless messenger arrived from the king, to order Love-Truth immediately to the presence of his majesty, who desired to speak with him.

"Now we shall have it!" said Falsehood. "You will now get your passports and travelling charges, and then you can travel merrily over hill and dale. But without my aid you cannot get out of the difficulty. Be on your guard, therefore, what you do. I shall be on the watch till the close of your audience, in order to be ready to advise with you. Only take care that you are permitted to escape at all!"

IX.

A NEW TEMPTATION.

With a heavy heart Love-Truth repaired to the royal presence. But his audience turned out to be very different from what he had anticipated.

The good-natured king took him affectionately by the hand, told him he had been a little hasty when he saw him last, but that he did not mean all that he had said. He had since calmly considered the matter, he said, and was now convinced that Love-Truth was not responsible for what Princess Roseleaf had said; and as for his ordering him to begone, he had entirely forgotten it; a decision which was very grateful to our young friend, if it were not for the preliminary lie which he had been required to tell.

"However," continued the king, "what I wished to say to you further is, that I love my only daughter more than all the world, and am not able to refuse her any wish, however slight, which she expresses. Since the fatal adventure with the prince, I have again spoken very seriously with her, and she has solemnly assured me that she will not have any one but you as her husband."

"Alas, alas!" thought Love-Truth, "how could it ever come to pass that I should be a king's son-in-law?"

"I have not forgotten," continued his majesty, "how much I owe to you. I know that it is through you my kingdom has

become the happy land it now is, and that for all this you have received no reward beyond my bare gratitude. This is a proof of your great disinterestedness; and besides, I know that both your head and heart are in the right place. But at the same time you must see that I cannot permit the princess to marry a peasant youth, and therefore you must first make a figure in the world before there can be any idea of the marriage at all. 'Out of nothing, nothing can be made.' He who would build must first dig a foundation, for there are no such things now-a-days as castles in the air. Now, all these embarrassments would be removed if you were of noble blood. Examine well, therefore, whether it may not be so. It is quite possible that, by some mischance, you were carried away from your parents, and placed at nurse in the village. I know that you are Truth itself, if I may so speak. If, therefore, you tell me that you are of noble birth, I shall at once believe you, and ask no further evidence. I will then ennoble you at once, get you adopted by some foreign power, and, under the title of 'Prince So-and-so' you shall marry my daughter. Go, therefore, for the present; consider well what I have said, and return to me to-morrow, 'Count Love-Truth.'"

Poor Love-Truth never dreamt of such a turn to the conference. He was taken completely by surprise, and did not know whether his head or his heels were uppermost, when he found himself in the garden, and his former companion, Falsehood, by his side.

"Well!" she eagerly inquired; "how did it end? Have you your passports in your pocket? When are you to set out?"

"Passports indeed!" cried Love-Truth. "This is a very different affair from passports." And he detailed to his eager companion every word that he could recollect; and that was no trifling matter, for he remembered the whole conversation almost word for word.

"Well," replied Falsehood with a roguish smile, "did I not know you to be such an extraordinary lover of truth, I would at once pronounce this to be a lie; whence you may infer how incredible all that you have been telling me must sound. However, I do believe you; and you now see plainly that you cannot get over telling the falsehood. After all, it is only once in your life; and then how much depends upon it! The king has made the thing easy enough to your hand, and you cannot think of not complying with his wish."

"Alas!" cried poor Love-Truth, trembling from head to foot with agitation—"alas! I never could bring my lips to pronounce it, no matter how much I might desire to do so!"

"Poor youth!" said Falsehood in a compassionate tone, "you are, indeed, in a pitiably helpless condition; but I will come to your aid, and will support your first tottering footsteps."

She began and told him one of the prettiest stories you can imagine about an unfortunate young prince who was kidnapped by an old gipsy wife in his early childhood. It was one of those tales which have not a single word of truth in them, but which are, nevertheless, so interesting and delightful, that you are led to believe them even unconsciously. Even Love-Truth suffered himself to be taken in by this tale; and when he parted from his companion, and retired to his bedroom, he appeared all but resolved to allege this, or some similar story, on his own behalf, in the audience of the following day.

X.

WAKING AND SLEEPING DREAMS.

While Love-Truth was preparing to retire to rest, his imagination became more and more excited. Regarding himself now as a prince, and the husband of the princess, he could hardly calm the wild beatings of his heart. He did not touch his flute for an instant; nay, he would not venture even to cast a look upon it, as though an evil spirit had taken up its abode in it; whereas it was really himself, and his own heart, that were under such influence. He was vacillating between the lie and the truth; but the scale was considerably inclined towards the former; and when he drew the coverlet over his head to compose himself to sleep, he had almost taken the resolution.

But I must go on to tell what befell Love-Truth during the night. He little knew that Falsehood spent the night upon his very threshold, in order to be as close as possible to him!

He had hardly fallen asleep, when he found himself in an entirely unknown land—the Land of Dreams. Old Mother Martha appeared to him here, but she did not look tenderly on him as she had done in his dream on the night that he spent in the house of Truth; but she wore a dark and scowling look, and repelled him harshly from her, crying out in a most reproachful tone, "Lying villain!"

Love-Truth was so terrified at this, that he actually took to flight, and never stopped running till he was completely exhausted.

"She called me a 'lying villain,'" thought he; "and well might she scowl darkly upon me, since I have deceived my king!" for in his dream it seemed to him that he had actually told the lie which he had contemplated.

But what was his amazement when, on looking around, he discovered that he was once again where he had been before in a dream—in the land where "Good-for-Nothings" grow. Of the reality of this dream he never doubted.

After a while he perceived four trees, on which were growing, as he had seen them before, old Nicholas the magistrate, the

cup-bearer, and the prime minister. They were looking at one another, and had many a droll story to tell about the schemes and the knavish tricks which they had played; and they seemed to employ themselves in relating them. In the midst of these four trees, with these living fruits upon them, stood a fifth, which was still unoccupied. No sooner did the four worthies see Love-Truth approach, than they burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"We have him!—we have him!" they cried. "He is come among us also—the rascal who caused our ruin! Welcome, young Good-for-Nothing, to the country of hypocrites and liars! Come, climb up and take your place amongst us!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when Love-Truth, whose eyes were ready to drop out of his head for shame, felt such an excruciating pain in his legs, that he roared aloud with torture. At the same moment he felt himself whisked suddenly aloft; and when he attempted to resist the invisible power which overmastered him, he became conscious that he was perched upon the tree, and had grown firmly to its branches. "Have mercy on me!" cried Love-Truth almost distracted, and his heart ready to burst with sorrow and remorse; "this is the consequence of telling a lie! All my life-long I shall continue to grow, stuck fast upon this tree, a laughing-stock for the whole world, and an object of remorse to myself! How shall I ever endure it? But I have deserved it richly; why did I allow myself to be seduced?"

While he poured forth these and similar lamentations, the tears streaming down his cheeks, his neighbours mocked and tormented him without mercy, for they resolved to repay him doubly and trebly for what he had brought on them. At last, to fill up the measure of his misery, Falsehood made her appearance, and now no longer in the shape of a fool, but in her own natural form. She appeared as a female—one moment tall, the next moment short; now beautiful, now hideously ugly. You never could be sure of her, for she was perpetually assuming new shapes, just as lies do. And it was the same with her dress as with her figure: to one the colour of her gown appeared yellow, to another black; a third thought it red, and a fourth white; and yet when you looked close at it, the black had turned green, and the red was blue! This singular figure, so well calculated to inspire terror, advanced with a watering-pot in her hand, and commenced watering the trees on which the Good-for-Nothings were vegetating, in order that they might grow and increase in falsehood. And when the liquid made its way through the roots into the branches, and thence to the unlucky fruits which grew above, it burned them right sharply, and caused most excruciating pain—the punishment of the crime which they had committed.

"I have deserved it!—I have deserved it!" sobbed Love-Truth. "I will bear all patiently, as indeed I must. If I dare venture

to cherish any wish, I have but one; and that is, that I might be able to return to that noble lady the flute which she intrusted to me with her own hands, now that I am no longer worthy to use it!"

But lo! on a sudden, a loud peal of thunder was heard; sheets of lightning flashed from heaven to earth; everything around was enveloped in flame, and trumpets echoed upon every side. From the clouds above there issued a mighty voice. "Away, thou wretched phantom of Falsehood!" it cried; "away from earth with thee! The kingdom of Truth draweth nigh!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when the whole grove sank down, and a deep abyss was formed, into which Falsehood plunged headlong with a fearful yell! The light clouds began to descend, and a radiant mist was diffused over the earth. The voice from on high cried out, "Look up!" Love-Truth—who, in the crash of the fall from the tree, had been flung senseless on the earth—awoke, and arose uninjured from the ground. He looked around, and saw upon a resplendent throne the goddess of Truth, in precisely the same guise in which he had seen her before, at once solemn and affectionate. She beckoned to him to approach.

"Thou hast here seen," she said, "whither a lie leads. Take warning, therefore, for the time to come! But as thou hast been betrayed into one false step, I shall take away from thee the flute which I intrusted to thy keeping, for this precious talisman must be borne by no mortal hands but those of one who is free from every stain, and whose soul has never admitted even one prevaricating thought. Thou, nevertheless, hast, as man, done according to thy best ability; and therefore I release thee now with my full pardon and my best blessing!"

The goddess of Truth then placed her hands upon his head, and with tears of joy he fell at her feet; and at last, imagining that in the features of the goddess he could recognise those of his own old Martha, he uttered a loud scream, and awoke from the dream which had caused him so much anguish and terror!

"God be praised!" he faltered, clasping his hands—"God be praised that it is all a dream, and that I have not told the lie!"

XI.

THE REWARD OF TRUTH.

Love-Truth sprang out of bed, and hurried on his clothes. He saw that it must be late, for the sun shone brightly and cheerily into the window, and the birds sang and twittered merrily in the branches.

His first thought was to search for his flute; but it was nowhere to be seen, though he had a perfect recollection of the place where he had left it the night before; and as the door

had been bolted inside, it was a clear proof that no one could have entered the room during the night.

"I have not been deceived in my dream, therefore" said he. "Oh sacred Truth! forgive me, I pray thee, for hesitating even for one moment whether I should adhere to thy service. I humbly accept the punishment which thou hast sent me, and I vow that, from this moment forward, I shall be true to thee until death."

It was with a lightened heart that he now followed a messenger, who came at this moment to summon him to the king. He entered the throne-room, where the king was seated with his daughter, surrounded by the lords and ladies of the court. The king bowed graciously to him, and proclaimed in a loud voice—"Be it hereby known to all whom it may concern, that it is our royal will to do honour to this youth, who now stands before us, and who calls himself Love-Truth, in consideration of the services which he, beyond all who had gone before him, has rendered to our kingdom. For this reason, and seeing, furthermore, that the heart of our daughter is affectionately fixed upon him, we are purposed to offer for his acceptance the fairest gift which it is in our power to bestow—the hand of our beloved child. Let him therefore stand forth, and declare to us, upon his honour and credit, that he is sprung of a respectable, noble, and distinguished family, and we will forthwith embrace him in presence of our court as our chosen son-in-law."

Love-Truth bowed low before the king. "With deep emotion," he said, and the tears glistened in his eyes, "I acknowledge the honour which your majesty deigns to destine for me. It is a gift precious and enviable beyond what any monarch on earth has it in his power to bestow. But great as is the temptation to venture, in the hope of securing so precious a treasure, all that man could do to obtain it, yet must I freely renounce what my generous king offers for my acceptance; my birth gives me no title to a palace. I am neither the son of a prince nor nobleman, but of a simple peasant."

As he made this confession, his heart grew light and his spirit free, and he looked around with conscious dignity. Princess Roseleaf burst into tears. The king advanced to the youth where he stood. "If by thy birth," he said, "thou art the son of a peasant, yet by thy spirit art thou a great man, and worthy to be a king's son! Well hast thou stood the test! We are well acquainted with thy parentage. Hadst thou attempted to deceive us in the least particular, we should have driven thee for ever from our presence; as now, on the contrary, we take thee to our bosom! The external rank which is wanting to thee, we shall ourselves bestow. Kneel down!"

Love-Truth obeyed the command, and knelt down. The king drew a golden sword, touched the youth's neck three times with its blade, and cried out with a loud voice, "As Love-Truth, the peasant's son, didst thou kneel down; arise, 'Sir Love-Truth of

Trueburg,' our most trusty friend and councillor, our son-in-law, and the husband of our beloved daughter! Herald, make proclamation of this joyous event throughout the land!"

The king placed the princess's hand in that of the young knight of Trueburg. A loud shout of joy resounded through the palace; the people all crowded in to congratulate the king and the bridal pair; but it was never known which of these congratulations were sincere, and which the contrary, for the flute was not at hand to test them. The trumpets sounded; the drums beat; in a word, every sound of jubilee was heard. The only exception was, that no gunpowder was fired off on the occasion; and for this simple reason, that gunpowder had not yet been invented. The heralds sprang upon their steeds, gallopped away far and near, through town and country, and proclaimed the glorious event to all who listened to them.

We could have wished to close here our veritable history; for, as to what remains—the wedding, and the festivities which attended it—pleasant as it is to take a part in such gaieties, yet it is very tantalising merely to hear or to talk about them. All this, therefore, we pass over in silence.

But there is one thing which we cannot omit to mention before we close—the flute has never since been found!

And, after all, when we consider the matter closely, perhaps it is as well; for, not to speak of the multitudes of people now-a-days whom its notes would consign to the land where "Good-for-Nothings" grow, we fear it would be hard to find any one in these times who could play upon it; and it would be necessary to lay it up in a corner of some museum, as a curious relic—a relic, too, whose genuineness there would be many found to question.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF SILLY NICHOLAS.

Once on a time there lived a rich and extensive merchant, who was preparing to despatch a large ship to a distant country. When she was just ready to sail, he called the whole crew together.

"My good fellows!" said he, "you are going on a long and difficult voyage in this ship, and will have to work hard to earn money for me; it is only fair, therefore, that you also should have your opportunity. In the country to which you are bound there is plenty of money to be made, if a man only knows how to turn his purse and his wits to good account. I give you all permission, therefore, to take with you whatever

wards you may be able to purchase, and all that you make by the transaction shall be your own. And moreover, whoever, on your return, shall turn out to have been the most successful, shall receive a premium from myself; for it is always right to encourage industry and enterprise. There are still two days at your disposal; turn them, therefore, to good account, for on the third morning from this you shall set sail."

The sailors, it need hardly be said, hastened on shore, and each, according to his own views, endeavoured to invest his little capital profitably. Among the number, however, there was one poor friendless lad, who had just been bound apprentice in the ship, and as he had received no wages as yet, was of course without a single penny to make a purchase. The poor fellow was greatly dejected, and could not help envying his shipmates, as they returned on board, panting under their burdens, and gloating over their dreams of future treasures. At last it occurred to him that he had an old aunt in the city who had the character of being a very wise woman, and had helped many a one out of a difficulty by her counsel. He betook himself to her, therefore, and bade her good-morning.

"Good-day, Silly Nicholas," she replied; for this was the name her nephew commonly went by, not being supposed to be very much over-burdened with sense. He sat down upon an old stool opposite his aunt, and told her a long roundabout story of all that had occurred, and how he was the only one who was obliged to let the golden opportunity pass.

"I don't wonder at it in the least, my son," she replied. "It was often your poor father's case before you, and is no novelty in my family. But you might have saved your visit to me, for I am poor, and have nothing to give you. There is small store of either goods or money in this poor little house."

Silly Nicholas began to cry. "They are making game of me already on board, even without this," said he; "and if I now go back without anything, I shall never have a moment's peace the whole voyage."

The old aunt was struck by this. "For once in his life," said she, "the poor wight has spoken sense. Well, then, never mind. I have no gold nor diamonds, it is true, to give you; but I have a very valuable article, which, if you only use it as you ought, will make a man of you; and this I will give you."

"What can it be?" thought Nicholas, when she went out to fetch it; and what was his amazement when she returned with an old coffee-mill, so rickety, that it was almost falling to pieces! The old dame read his disappointment in his looks. "My son," said she, "you must not despise a gift because its exterior is unpromising. This mill contains, and will supply to you, every necessary of life (I do not mean gold or jewels), if you only employ it judiciously, and do not abuse it."

"And how am I to use it?" he inquired.

"I will show you," replied his aunt. "Is there anything which you would particularly wish for at this moment?"

"Ah, my dear aunt," said Nicholas, "I have not eaten a morsel to-day; and I should like of all things a couple of penny rolls."

The old dame set the mill upon the table, and said very slowly and deliberately—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Some fresh penny rolls, I pray!"

In an instant the mill was in motion, and before long a roll, fresh from the oven, came forth, and then a second, and a third! But when a fourth made its appearance, the old dame suddenly cried—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

And in a moment the mill was at rest! Silly Nicholas had looked on in silent wonder; but silly as he was, he at once perceived the use to which it might be turned; and therefore, while he was eating his penny rolls, he learned very accurately from his aunt both the rhymes which were to be employed. He then shook her affectionately by the hand, took his mill under his arm, and went aboard ship in the highest spirits. When his shipmates saw the old coffee-mill, they burst into a loud laugh, and ridiculed him without end. Silly Nicholas, however, let them enjoy themselves, stowed his mill away in a quiet corner, and for the rest of the voyage they were all so occupied with their plans of future operation, that they forgot it altogether.

At length they reached their destination; and Silly Nicholas, who had been thinking, the whole voyage through, how he could best turn his capital to account, went to the captain and asked leave to go on shore for the purpose of transacting a little business.

"I will give you leave certainly, my boy," said the captain; "but I fear you will make no great hand of it."

"Time will tell," replied Nicholas; "but, as a specimen, I engage to produce for you, at a moderate price, within four-and-twenty hours, any sort of merchandise you may desire."

"A bargain!" said the captain, resolved to amuse himself with the lad's (as he believed) simplicity and silliness. "All my poultry have been eaten during the voyage, and I am longing for some fresh chickens. Bring me, therefore, to-morrow, a couple of dozen, and I shall not only give you the leave, but pay you well for the fowl."

Silly Nicholas cheerfully took his mill under his arm, and sauntered leisurely through the city, till he reached a quiet and retired spot fitted for his operations. He first made a large

wicker-cage, and placing his mill before the door, repeated his rhyme—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Fine fat poultry now, I pray!"

The mill began to turn, and in a few moments out popped a beautiful chicken, and flew, crowing and clapping its wings, into the cage. Nicholas watched closely, and when the full number of two dozen was completed, cried out—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

As soon as this task was finished, he lay down on the grass beside his birds, and fell asleep perfectly happy. Next morning he presented his poultry. The captain kept his word honourably, paid him a dollar for each of the chickens, which were a rarity in that country, and gave him a month to employ for his own private advantage. Silly Nicholas had observed in the market-place a large wooden booth, where some itinerant jugglers had held their exhibition. This he hired, and he got a painter to print over the entrance in large letters—

"ALL SORTS OF GOODS SUPPLIED HERE FOR HALF-PRICE AT A DAY'S NOTICE."

Having made these preparations, he placed his mill in a quiet corner, and sat down to abide the result. Next morning a customer presented himself.

"Is it true, sir," said he, "that on a day's notice you supply goods at half-price?"

"Certainly," said Nicholas; for we must henceforward drop the prefix which he deserved so little.

"If so," said the stranger, "I request you will supply me tomorrow with six wagon-loads of corn. There has been a great dearth this harvest, and I shall pay you a hundred gold dollars for it on the spot."

"Agreed!" cried Nicholas. "Let your horses be here tomorrow."

He kept his word; and when the wagons were loaded, the horses could scarcely move them from the door. The man gladly paid the hundred dollars, and something over, and went his way.

By this transaction Nicholas soon established a character, and his mill was seldom allowed to stand idle. He was in a fair way of soon being a rich man; but what pressed most upon him was, that his month's leave was nearly out, and the captain was not willing to extend it, for he expected to be able to turn his apprentice's talents to his own private advantage.

This fact was quite notorious, and every one in the city pitied the poor young man, that, with such prospects, he should be

compelled to return to his former degrading occupation. They advised him to run away; but he was too honest to follow the advice, and resolved to submit to his fate if he could find no honourable means of avoiding it.

In this crisis of his fortunes the minister at war came to him one day, and told him that, having heard of his great fame, and of his extraordinary resources, he had come in the hope of being released from great embarrassment. The sultan, his master, had suddenly commanded a grand review of the army, and they were all in the greatest perplexity, as, in consequence of the non-arrival of cloths ordered from England and Leipsic, the body-guards were not all provided with their new uniforms. "If, therefore," said he, "you can produce within two days two thousand scarlet caftans with white facings, of this pattern, you shall share the profits with myself, and I will get you named Army-Contractor to his Majesty the Sultan. This appointment will free you from your present obligations, and will be but a step to higher promotion."

Nicholas promised to do his best; and before the end of forty-eight hours, the two thousand caftans were punctually delivered. The minister kept faith honourably, and three hours before the expiration of the captain's leave, Nicholas received a large parchment patent, whereby he was named "Court-and-Army Contractor to the Sultan."

No one was more indignant at this than the captain. He could no longer reclaim his apprentice, now that he had been created a nobleman, nor compel him to share his wealth with himself. He therefore tried every means to discover Nicholas' secret, and was constantly spying about his workshop. At last an opportunity offered. Nicholas had gone out to a neighbour's house, and had omitted to close the door as carefully as usual. The captain went in, and searched every imaginable spot; but that day's goods had all been removed, and there was nothing to be seen but the four bare walls. At last, just as he was going to retire, he spied a little recess, and, on examination, discovered in it the old coffee-mill which Nicholas had brought on board, and which had been the subject of so much ridicule. He recollected, too, that Nicholas had taken this with him when he came on shore.

"Beyond a doubt," said he, "this mill must be the work of some great conjuror, and does everything the silly fellow wishes to have done. I had better seize on it at once, and hereafter, by force or stratagem, I shall discover the way to use it, and then I am a made man!"

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand to seize it. But at this moment Nicholas, who had come in meanwhile, and overheard his old master's soliloquy, cried out suddenly—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Stout oak cudgels now, I pray!"

when lo! the mill began to turn furiously, and a multitude of cudgels issued from it, and belaboured the unfortunate captain's back till they left it black and blue, and in a most melancholy plight. He shouted and stormed, alternately threatening and imploring for mercy; but in vain. The castigation continued, and indeed became more violent; for the mill was constantly setting new cudgels in motion, and when the early ones fell off, there were ever new recruits to take their place.

"Ah my dear, sweet Master Nicholas!" sobbed the unfortunate captain, "do, pray do, stop this cudgelling, or I shall expire. Oh—oh—oh! Why did I ever call this stupid young rascal, who by right should be my servant—why did I call him 'sweet Master Nicholas?' Stop this moment your infernal tricks, you worthless scoundrel, or I shall hang you up at the mast-head like a weathercock; there you shall dangle while there is breath in your body! Oh murder! murder!"

Nicholas, instead of answering him, pointed to the blue caftan—his uniform as an officer of the court—which sheltered him from all the captain's menaces.

"Yes, yes!" the wretched man replied; "I was wrong when I spoke so disrespectfully to your excellency. I regret it bitterly; and if you will only have pity on my wounded back, I shall never forget myself so again."

"Well, I am beginning myself," said Nicholas, "to think that you have got quite enough to teach you never to lay your hand on another's property again. I shall open the door for you therefore, and you may go about your business; but be sure never to attempt such a trick again, else you shall not escape so cheaply."

The captain flew, as if he had wings, through the open door, and all the cudgels pursued him merrily. But as soon as he was a short distance away, Nicholas cried—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

The cudgels ceased, therefore, and the unfortunate captain was left to pursue his way in peace, as well as his pains would permit him: but from this day forth he entertained a deep grudge against Nicholas, and vowed and declared that he would leave no stone unturned to get possession of this magic mill, and, if possible, to revenge himself some other way. For a long time he planned and planned, but in vain, till at length a thought occurred to him which appeared very feasible. He could not set about it at once, however, for he was obliged to wait till the traces of the cudgelling had disappeared. But the delay only made his hatred the more deep and bitter, and the very moment he was well, he went straight to Master Nicholas, offered him his hand, told him that they should mutually forgive and forget, and in evidence of the sincerity of his reconciliation, invited Nicholas to a splendid entertainment at the principal hotel, to which he had asked a number of his friends.

Nicholas, who was naturally a good-humoured youth, at once accepted the invitation. The wine proved very attractive, and in a short time Nicholas had taken quite enough for the captain's purpose. He would gladly have sliced off the poor fellow's ears as he lay, but the presence of Nicholas's friends compelled him to bridle his revenge; and while they were engaged in conveying Nicholas to bed, the captain hastily repaired to the poor youth's house, having previously abstracted the key out of his pocket, and began to search for the mill. He found it without difficulty, concealed it carefully under his cloak, flew like lightning to the ship, and lest, when Nicholas had slept off his drunken fit, he should raise an alarm about the robbery, ordered the ship to put to sea without a moment's delay.

Late in the evening Nicholas awoke, and was greatly surprised to find himself in bed in a strange place. After a little, however, calling to mind the occurrences of the day, he was dreadfully alarmed; for he saw that what had happened with the captain and his friends was a concerted plan, and that they had availed themselves of his insensible condition to play a villanous trick upon him. He flung on his clothes, and hurried without delay to his house; but found, to his indescribable affliction, that his precious treasure, the origin and foundation of his wealth, was gone.

Still he resolved to do his best, though he feared it was too late, to recover his treasure. Summoning his neighbours to his assistance, therefore, he went down to the river where the ship had been lying. But alas! she had long since set sail, and now had reached the open sea, where it was hopeless to attempt pursuit. Sick at heart, and deeply downcast, he returned to his house, and from that moment he was of course compelled to leave his orders unexecuted, and to break up his establishment. The people in the city said he had speculated too far, and had run out his capital. But Nicholas himself knew where the shoe pinched, and quietly betook himself to the country, where he had time, in his cooler moments, to reflect that he was better off than he thought at first; having contrived, while his trade lasted, to lay up a considerable sum, sufficient to purchase a very nice property, on which he lived till a good old age, pouring blessings on his old aunt and her still older coffee-mill.

Meanwhile the thief was sailing over the deep sea, and chuckling at his good fortune. He indulged himself in thinking what a multitude of speculations he would embark in, till he should at last be the first man in the land. "And then," said he, "I shall break the old mill to pieces, lest any one else should grow as rich as myself. Luckily I still recollect, since that cursed cudgelling, the words which set the mill in motion."

During this soliloquy he had begun to feel hungry, and ordered the cook to serve dinner without delay. The cook soon presented himself. "A nice dinner it will be!" said he with a countenance full of ill-humour. "Where am I to find it, pray?

We set sail in such a hurry, that we have not a fortnight's provisions on board! And this moment, when I went to put some salt in your soup, I found to my horror that there is not a grain of salt in the ship!"

"Well, well!" said the captain in great good-humour, "make your mind easy about it. Be assured we shall want for nothing; and in the first place, I must get you some salt for the soup."

He took the coffee-mill down from the shelf as he spoke, and said with great solemnity—

"Mill, mill! grind away;
Let us have some salt, I pray!"

The mill, according to its wont, began to turn, and, to the captain's great delight, forth came a thick stream of salt. The cook opened his mouth and eyes, but could not for his life conceive how this came to pass, till at last, when there was already a large heap of salt lying before them, he said, "That may do for the present, and the mill, if it pleases, may grind us something else."

The captain also, who saw that they now had salt enough to last for a year and a day, was disposed to stop the working of the mill; but, alas! to his horror, it now struck him for the first time that he did not know the words necessary to stop it! In his terror and anguish of mind he grasped it for the purpose of stopping its revolutions; but it struck him such a blow upon the fingers, that the blood spouted out furiously, and he drew back screaming with pain and affright.

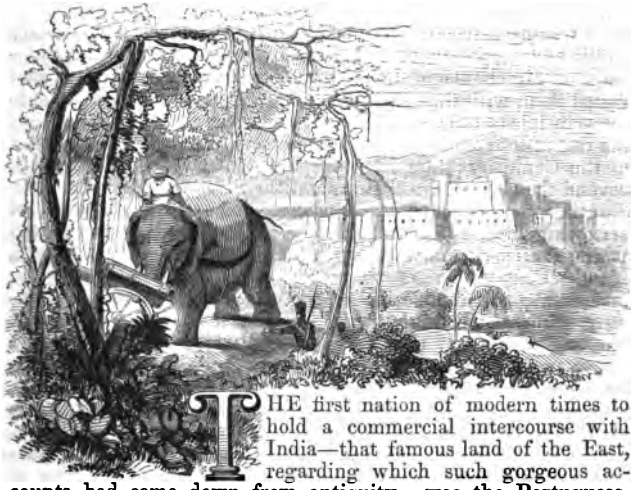
"It must be some devil or hobgoblin we have got on board!" cried the cook, who, as the heap of salt continued to increase, ran away to the fore-deck, and told the sailors what the captain had done.

Meanwhile the captain tried every species of prayer, and every form of exorcism; but to no purpose. At last he flew into a rage, and drew his sword. "Worthless thing that you are!" he cried with fury, "I will knock you to shivers, and put an end to your magic at once!" He aimed a terrific blow at the mill, and struck it with such effect, that it flew into two pieces. At first he was delighted with his heroism; but what was his horror when he saw both halves stand erect, and both begin to grind away as busily as the one mill had ground before! He was struck dumb with terror, and could make no farther effort to relieve himself.

Meanwhile the mills continued to grind away busily, and at last they ground such a quantity of salt, that the ship could not float any longer under the weight, but sunk to the bottom with the captain and the crew!

From that time forth—as the story-books go—the sea has been salt, and it will always continue so; for both the mills are still at work, and never fail to maintain the supply!

THE BRITISH CONQUEST OF INDIA.



THE first nation of modern times to hold a commercial intercourse with India—that famous land of the East, regarding which such gorgeous accounts had come down from antiquity—was the Portuguese. To discover a short route to the celebrated countries where the gold and the diamonds, and the rich spices were to be found, was the great object of European ambition in the fifteenth century; and as the Portuguese navigator Vasco de Gama was the first to solve the problem, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope (previously passed by his countryman Diaz), and sailing into the Indian Ocean in the year 1497, his countrymen, then celebrated among the nations of Europe for their enterprise and nautical skill, were the first to reap the advantages of a connexion by sea with the East Indies. Nearly a whole century elapsed, "during which," to use the words of Mr Mill in his "History of British India," "the Portuguese, without a rival, enjoyed and abused the advantages of superior knowledge and art amid a feeble and half-civilised people."

About the end of the sixteenth century, other nations, especially the English and the Dutch, began to compete with the Portuguese in the trade with the East Indies. Passing over various efforts made by English adventurers, supported by government, to establish a regular commerce with India, we come to the memorable attempt made under the auspices of a number of London merchants, who had been constituted into a company for the purpose by a royal charter, dated the 31st of December 1600. "This charter," says Mr Mill, "the origin of

a power so anomalous and important as that which was afterwards accumulated in the hands of the East India Company, contained nothing which remarkably distinguished it from the other charters of incorporation so commonly in that age bestowed upon trading associations. It constituted the adventurers a body politic and corporate, by the name of 'the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies,' and vested them with the usual privileges and powers. According to the principle of the times, the charter was exclusive; prohibiting the rest of the community from trading within the limits assigned to the Company; that is, the space of land and ocean lying beyond the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan; but granting to the Company the power, whenever they pleased, of bestowing licenses for that purpose." The charter was granted at first for a period of fifteen years, with the probability, however, of renewal.

Such was the foundation of the celebrated East India Company, whose power in the world's affairs was long so enormous. The first voyages of the ships belonging to the Company were not to the Indian continent, but to the islands of Java, Sumatra, &c. from which they brought home calicoes, raw silk, indigo, and spices. It was soon found desirable, however, to hold commercial intercourse with Hindoostan itself; and accordingly, after some difficulties, leave was obtained from the native authorities, in the years 1611 and 1612, to establish factories or warehouses for the convenience of trade at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo, on the west. Thus, when the British first planted their feet on the soil of India, they appeared as nothing more than the humble agents or servants of a company of merchants in a distant island, charged with the task of shipping and unshipping goods, and bound, as they valued their lives and liberties, to behave in a civil and even submissive manner to the natives. From such small beginnings did the empire of the British in India take its rise.

The original East India Company, with its charters at different times disputed and renewed, continued throughout the seventeenth century to carry on a more or less profitable traffic with the East. Its factories were extended to Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Banda Islands, Celebes, Malacca, Siam, and the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel. In 1640, the native authorities gave permission for the building of Fort St George at Madras; and in 1645, a factory was established on the banks of the Hoogly, a branch of the Ganges near its mouth, which formed the foundation of Calcutta. The island of Bombay was also procured as a settlement in 1664–5, after a struggle with its Portuguese possessors. Three years before this the Company received authority, for the first time, to make war and peace with the native princes; but its affairs were not in a prosperous state; and soon after the Revolution of 1688, the question of the validity of the old royal

charter was started. The consequence followed of the Company not being able to perform its obligations, on account of losses occasioned by wars, infidelity of officers, extravagance, &c.; and parliament, in 1698, granted a charter to a new East India Company, on condition of a loan of £2,000,000 sterling to the state, and which was required to carry on King William's wars. But the great contentions between the two Companies soon made it necessary to unite them, and a union was finally effected in 1708, when an act of parliament was passed, establishing the conjoined association under the title of "the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies."

The constitution adopted for managing the affairs of this great Company was as follows:—The whole of the business was to be in the hands of two courts—a Court of Proprietors, and a Court of Directors. The qualification for being a member of the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of at least £500 of the Company's stock; but the possession of more than that quantity of stock was not to give a proprietor more than a single vote. The directors were to be twenty-four in number, of whom one was to be chairman, and another deputy-chairman; they were to be chosen annually by the votes of the proprietors at a general meeting; and the qualification for being elected a director was to be the possession of at least £2000 of the Company's stock. Four general courts, or Courts of Proprietors, were to be held in the year—a court once a quarter; additional courts, however, might be held when circumstances required it. The Courts of Directors were to meet as often as the directors themselves saw fit, and at such times and places as they might appoint; the presence of thirteen directors to be necessary to constitute a court. "According to this constitution," says Mr Mill, "the supreme power was vested in the Court of Proprietors. In the first place, they held the legislative power entire; all laws and regulations, all determinations of dividend, all grants of money, were made by the Court of Proprietors. To act under their ordinances, and manage the business of routine, was the department reserved for the Court of Directors. In the second place, the supreme power was secured to the Court of Proprietors by the important power of displacing annually the persons whom they chose to act in their behalf. In this constitution, if the Court of Proprietors be regarded as representing the general body of the people, the Court of Directors as representing an aristocratical senate, and the chairman as representing the sovereign, we have an image of the British constitution. In the constitution, however, of the East India Company, the power allotted to the democratical part was so great, that a small portion may seem to have been reserved to the other two. Yet the actual result has been extremely different. Notwithstanding the power which, by the theory of the constitution, was reserved to the popular part of the system, all power has centered in the Court of Directors; and the government of the Company has been an

oligarchy. In fact, so far from meddling too much, the Court of Proprietors have not attended to the common affairs even sufficiently for the business of inspection."

The Company, constituted on the footing here described, were as yet nothing more than an association of merchants exporting bullion, lead, quicksilver, woollen cloths, and hardware to India; and importing in return calicoes, raw silk, diamonds, tea (the first order for the importation of which was given in the year 1667), porcelain, pepper, drugs, and saltpetre. Their governmental establishments were Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta; the last of which was only a short time previously a mere commercial agency dependent on Madras. Already, however, they had formed the design of obtaining an influence in India by other means than that of simple commerce; and the extension of the Company's settlements soon became the main object of those charged with the direction of the Company's affairs in India. The first notable advantage gained by the Company was in the year 1715. In that year, "an embassy" being sent on a commercial commission to Delhi, it happened that a medical gentleman named Hamilton, who accompanied the factors, had the good fortune to cure the Emperor Feroksere of a severe illness, which could not be overcome by the ignorant native physicians. In gratitude for this important service, the emperor, at Hamilton's request, granted liberty to the Company to purchase in Bengal thirty-seven townships in addition to that of Calcutta; he also conferred upon them some important commercial privileges, which soon rendered Calcutta a flourishing settlement.

From this period the Company's power in India continued to increase. At home, however, they had to contend with a powerful opposition, the general verdict of public opinion even at that time being hostile to such a monopoly of trade as that vested in the East India Company. As the time for the renewal of the Company's charter came round, the most energetic efforts were employed to throw open the Indian trade to the general enterprise of the community; and it is probable that these efforts might have succeeded, had it not been for the influence which the Company obtained over the mind of government by means of loans of money to help government through cases of emergency. Thus, in the year 1744, the Company advanced to government a loan of £1,000,000 at three per cent., in consideration of which they obtained an extension of their monopoly till the year 1780.

It is at this period—about the middle of the last century—that the career of the Company begins to be most interesting to the historian. For a century and a half, an association of merchants and speculators had been in existence, carrying on a trade with India for the purposes of pecuniary profit. At one time the trade had been brisk, at another dull; and in no respect was it peculiarly distinguished from the various other trades in which people

at that time engaged for the purpose of money-making. The name of India, it is true, had still a mysterious sound in the public ear; vague ideas were still entertained of its wealth; and on that account, perhaps, there was a greater ambition among speculators to be proprietors of East Indian than of other kinds of stock; but, upon the whole, the extent of trade carried on, and the rate of profits made by partners of the East India Company during the former half of the eighteenth century, were not nearly so large as, with our present notions of India, and the power of the East India Company, we are apt to imagine them to have been. It was about the middle of the century that that course of events began along which the East India Company, and with it the British nation, have marched to their world-envied supremacy over central and southern Asia. This course of events, striking in themselves, and deserving of attention, on account of their essential intertexture with the British history of the last century, we proceed to sketch. It will be necessary, before doing so, however, to give our readers some idea of the field into which, by means of the East India trade, British industry and enterprise had been introduced; in other words, to give them some account of the history and the internal condition of that portion of the earth's surface called India, previous to its invasion and conquest by us money-making and large-brained islanders.

INDIA PREVIOUS TO THE BRITISH CONQUEST.

Passing over the legendary chronologies of the Hindoos themselves, the utility of which as materials for history may be judged of by the fact, that they speak of kings reigning for twenty-three thousand years each, and extend back to nearly four millions of years in all, the first historical notices we have of India are those given by the Greek writers, who allude to the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, in the year 327 before Christ. "From these notices," says Mr Mill, "the conclusion has been drawn that the Hindoos, at the time of Alexander's invasion, were in a state of manners, society, and knowledge, exactly the same with that in which they were discovered by the nations of modern Europe: nor is there any reason for differing widely from this opinion. It is certain that the few features of which we have any description from the Greeks bear no inaccurate resemblance to those which are found to distinguish this people at the present day."

About the beginning of the eleventh century, however, this Hindoo population—who, it is probable, had till that time been the exclusive inhabitants of the country lying between the Himalaya Mountains and the Indian Ocean—were mixed with a new race, professing a different religion, and following different customs. These new competitors for the possession of Hindoostan were Mohammedans, who invaded the country from its north-western frontier. From Arabia as a centre, the great empire

which the prophet Mohammed had founded in the beginning of the seventh century had extended itself far and wide, east and west, so as to stretch from the Indus in the one direction almost to the Straits of Gibraltar in the other. The first Mohammedan invader of India was Mahmoud of Shizni, who, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was sultan over that part of the disintegrated Arabic empire which lay to the west of the Indus. He commenced his successful expeditions into India about the year 1000, and continued them till 1024, making the destruction of Hindoo idolatry and the plunder of its shrines more the object of his visits than the acquisition of territory. In this period of twenty-four years he prostrated, for the moment, a considerable number of the native princes, and exacted immense tributes in gold and every kind of valuable commodity. A successor of Mahmoud, named Mohammed, after carrying on war with the Indian princes for some time, at length, about the year 1193, entered Hindoostan with an exceedingly large force, and bore down all opposition. The king of Delhi was slain in battle, and having advanced to that ancient capital, Mohammed there left a viceroy to maintain his authority. In this manner a Mohammedan dominion was for the first time established in the heart of India, and in one of its greatest cities; and thus commenced the first Affghan or Patan dynasty.

A second Affghan or Patan dynasty was established, by one of those revolutions so common in eastern states, in the year 1291. During the existence of this dynasty, which continued till towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Mohammedan power extended itself farther south in Hindoostan, as far even as the Carnatic: so that before the beginning of the sixteenth century Mohammedans must have been pretty thickly interspersed with the original Hindoo population, throughout at least the north-western, the central, and the southern portions of Hindoostan. The foundation of the famous Mogul dynasty by Baber, a descendant of the great Tamerlane, in the year 1525, may be considered as having completed the subjugation of India by the Mohammedans. Overpowering the Mohammedan chiefs, among whom the country was divided, as well as conquering portions of territory which had not yet been thoroughly subjected to the Mohammedan yoke, Baber founded an empire in India which eclipsed that of his predecessors in respect both of extent and stability. From the foundation of the Mogul empire by Baber in 1525, a series of Mohammedan emperors, whose seat of authority was at Delhi, ruled the largest and finest portions of India. By them the country was in many places newly subdivided into provinces, and put under the government of tributary kings or nabobs, who superseded the Hindoo rajahs or petty princes. One of the greatest of these Mogul emperors was Akbar, who flourished between the years 1556 and 1605. By his daring and judicious management, the central provinces were

preserved in complete tranquillity, and Guzerat, Bengal, and part of the Deccan were added to his already extensive empire.

Akbar, at his death in 1605, left the Mohammedan empire in India divided into fifteen provinces or subahs, each of which was governed under the emperor by a viceroy styled subahdar. The names of the fifteen subahs were Allahabad, Agra, Oude, Ajmeer, Guzerat, Bahar, Bengal, Delhi, Cabool, Lahore, Multan, Malwa, Berar, Candeish, and Ahmednuggur. Jehongir, who succeeded his father Akbar, was able, although with considerable difficulty, to retain the imperial authority over all these provinces. It was in his reign, which extended from 1605 to 1628, that the English first began to plant factories on the north-western coast of Hindoostan, in the manner already described; and it was by the favour of the emperors, his successors, and that of the subahdars or viceroys of the various maritime provinces, that the East India Company were able, during the seventeenth century, and half of the eighteenth, to carry on their trade, whether with the Hindoos or Mohammedans of India. One of the most celebrated of the Mogul emperors was Aurungzebe, great-grandson of Akbar, who ruled from 1658 to 1707. Under this prince, the empire of the Moguls came to the height of its glory, and reached its largest extent. After Aurungzebe had added to it the kingdoms of the Deccan, it included nearly the whole of Hindoostan, with the neighbouring regions of Cabool on the one hand, and Assam on the other. The revenues extorted from this populous and wealthy territory amounted to £32,000,000 sterling. During the reign of Aurungzebe, it was attacked by the Persians, and also by a growing nation called Mahrattas, consisting of a number of associated native Hindoo tribes, whose country comprehended large portions of the provinces of Malwa, Candeish, Aurungabad, and Bejapore, in the Deccan.

After the death of Aurungzebe, none of his successors exhibiting equal abilities, the Mogul empire declined; and the great officers of the empire threw off the yoke of the imperial power, and became independent princes. It was from Feroksere, the great-grandson of Aurungzebe, that the East India Company obtained, in the year 1715, the grant of thirty-seven townships in Bengal, and of additional commercial privileges, to which we have already alluded as marking so distinct an epoch in the Company's history. Not long after this event, the Persians, under the celebrated Nadir Shah, invaded Hindoostan, adding another element of confusion to those which already existed.

Such is a summary view of the history of India previous to the time when the British began their career of conquest in that country. The proportion of Mohammedans to Hindoos over the whole peninsula may have been as one to six; although in some districts the proportion was much larger. Upon the whole, the Mohammedans were still the dominant race, excelling the

Hindoos at least in strength and activity of character; but, as we have just seen, a reaction had begun, and the Hindoos were in various parts of the peninsula regaining their supremacy. Into this mêlée of Hindoos and Mohammedans, struggling among themselves and against each other, the ambition and enterprise of Europeans forced their way, and the whole aspect and destinies of India were changed. The manner and progress of this revolution we are now to describe.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN INDIA—WAR IN THE CARNATIC.

The death of Charles VI., emperor of Germany, in the year 1740, gave origin to a war in which several of the European nations engaged, but the principal burden of which came at length to be sustained by France on the one side and England on the other. The formal declaration of war between these two countries took place in the year 1744, and, as was natural, the enmity which existed between the two mother countries affected the settlements of each in all parts of the world. In Hindoostan, especially, the declaration of war was attended with important results.

The French had begun to trade with India towards the end of the seventeenth century, under the auspices of an East India Company established in the reign of Louis XIV., somewhat on the model of its British rival. Various attempts had been made by this company to obtain settlements on the coast for the convenience of traffic, as the British had done. Most of these attempts, however, had failed; and at the breaking out of the war in 1744, the only French settlement of any consequence in India was Pondicherry, on the Coromandel coast, about a hundred miles south of the British settlement of Madras. The town was strongly fortified, a considerable portion of territory was attached to it, and it was governed by a president and council, who had also under their charge three small establishments or factories, which the French possessed in other parts of Hindoostan; namely, Carical on the Coromandel coast, Mahé on the Malabar coast, and Chandernagore in Bengal. The governor of Pondicherry, at the time of the declaration of hostilities between France and England, was Joseph Francis Dupleix, the son of a director of the company, who, after giving proofs of his zeal and ability by a long course of arduous service, had been appointed to the office in 1742, and had already exerted himself so as to place the affairs of the French in Hindoostan on a much more prosperous footing than they had attained under any former governor.

The possessions of the English in Hindoostan at this time were, as our readers know, much more extensive than those of the French. Instead of one government or presidency, like the French, the English had three—the presidency of Bombay on

the west coast, and that of Madras on the Coromandel coast north of Pondicherry, and that of Calcutta in Bengal, which had been erected into a separate presidency so lately as the year 1707. Each of these presidencies had considerable territories depending on it for government and protection.

Besides Pondicherry and its dependencies on the coast of the Indian peninsula, the French East India Company possessed the two islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, situated in the Indian Ocean, east of the large island of Madagascar. These islands were governed by a president and council of their own, distinct from that of Pondicherry; and at the commencement of the war between England and France, the governor of the two was an officer named Labourdonnais, distinguished by his great abilities, and his large experience in all colonial matters. Very rarely had two such men as Dupleix and Labourdonnais been found in such situations as those which they respectively occupied; and the fact that France had them to rely upon for the management of her affairs in the Indian Ocean, gave her an ominous preponderance over England, which, although her commerce with India was larger than that of France, could not at that time point to any man of hers in India capable of opposing the designs of the two French governors with sufficient genius.

Labourdonnais took the lead in the attempt to assist France, by striking a blow at the Indian power of her rival, England. Great was the alarm of the British in Madras when, on the 14th of September 1746, a French fleet anchored within sight of the town, and it was known that the governor of the Mauritius was on board. Madras was then the richest and most important of all the British settlements in India; and its entire population amounted to about 250,000, of whom, however, no more than 300 were English-born. After sustaining a bombardment of five days, Madras surrendered to Labourdonnais, and the French flag waved on the ramparts of Fort St George. Labourdonnais, however, had been instructed not to retain possession of Madras; and accordingly, one of the articles of capitulation agreed to between him and the English authorities was, that within a certain period the town should be restored, on the payment of a moderate ransom. Being a man of high honour and spirit, he would have punctually fulfilled this agreement had he been his own master; but Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, who to unquestionable talents joined a great ambition of conquest, and a less scrupulous sense of honour than that which animated Labourdonnais, thwarted him so much in all his proceedings subsequent to the capture of Madras, that he at length found it necessary to return to Europe to defend his conduct.

The removal of Labourdonnais from India left Dupleix at liberty to follow out his own ideas, which aimed at nothing less than the establishment of a French empire in India. The ne-

cessary preliminary was the uprooting of the various settlements which the British had planted on the Coromandel coast. To restore Madras, according to stipulation, would have been, in the eyes of Dupleix, a retrograde step; accordingly, acting professedly under the influence of the general voice of the inhabitants of Pondicherry, he not only retained the town, but even plundered it, and carried the English governor and a number of the principal inhabitants prisoners to Pondicherry.

About twelve miles south of Pondicherry was the settlement of Fort St David, belonging to the English. Hither many of the inhabitants of Madras had retired on the violation of the treaty made with Labourdonnais; and here, in the meantime, were centered all the functions of the Madras presidency. Dupleix resolved to attack this place, the capture of which would, it was probable, completely destroy the power of the English on the Coromandel coast. Accordingly, on the 19th of December 1746, he appeared before it with a considerable force of Europeans and negroes. The siege continued long, and would probably have ended in the reduction of the fort; but fortunately, early in 1747 an English fleet arrived, the settlement was saved, and the fortunes of the parties reversed. As the French had laid siege to Fort St David, so the British determined to attack Pondicherry. The superiority, however, which the British possessed in numbers, and in fresh supplies, was more than counterbalanced by the general ignorance of their officers in matters of Indian warfare, by the hardships of the climate, and by the great abilities of Dupleix. After a siege of thirty-one days, Pondicherry was abandoned by the British without any impression having been made upon it. Further hostilities were in the meantime prevented, by the arrival of the intelligence that a treaty had been agreed to between England and France, in terms of which Madras was to be restored, and the affairs of both countries on the Coromandel coast placed on their former footing.

The cessation of hostilities was but temporary; a new path had been opened up for European ambition; and both French and English were eager to tread it. Dupleix especially was alive to all the opportunities which his position afforded him. In his eyes that commerce with India which he had been appointed to superintend and control, sank into a very insignificant matter compared with the extension of the French power in Hindoostan. He found himself planted on the sea-edge of a vast country, the wealth of which was enormous. He saw it overspread by millions of Hindoos and Mohammedans, weak in themselves, and held together by the most wretched system of government. The great Mogul empire was no longer formidable; it was crumbling to pieces. What, then, was there to prevent him, an educated European, a native of *La belle France*, from playing a game among these tawny weaklings worthy of his race, his culture, his country? To plunge into the politics of India—to intrigue

with this nabob and that rajah, all the while keeping the extension of the French power in view as his main end—this was the plan proposed to himself by Dupleix.

The first operations of Dupleix were in the Carnatic—the name given to the tract of country on the Coromandel coast between the Kistna and the Cavery. Under the Mogul empire, this large territory formed part of the subah of the Deccan, and was governed by an officer called a nabob, who, as well as the subahdar of the Deccan, was nominated by the emperor. Latterly, however, both dignities had become in a manner independent, and open to competition. In 1749 the nabob of the Carnatic was Anwar-u-Deen; the subahdar of the Deccan at the same time was Nazir Jung. The titles of both were disputed; that of Anwar-u-Deen by Chunda Saheb, and that of Nazir Jung by Mirzapha Jung. The two claimants naturally made common cause with each other; and in order to increase their chances of success, they applied for assistance to Dupleix. Nothing could have been more agreeable to the scheming mind of Dupleix than this request; and the result was, that a joint army of 40,000 natives, and 2300 troops under French command, advanced against the Nabob Anwar-u-Deen. In the engagement with the nabob's forces which ensued, the French gained the victory for their allies. Anwar-u-Deen was killed at the great age of one hundred and seven years, and a rich booty fell into the hands of the conquerors. Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, surrendered immediately after, and the fortunes of the allies seemed to be in the ascendant.

These events took place in December 1749, after which, with much intriguing on all sides, parties arranged themselves thus: Dupleix, as before, took part with Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Saheb, although ready, as opportunity presented itself, to throw either of them off. The English, resolving to check the schemes of Dupleix, gave what assistance they could to Nazir Jung, the reigning subahdar of the Deccan, and Mohammed Ali, who assumed to be the legitimate successor to the nabobship of the Carnatic. Dupleix, however, triumphed. Entering into a correspondence with Nazir Jung, with a view to detach him from the English, he at the same time, lest this negotiation should fail, opened another with certain of Nazir's officers who were disaffected to him, and ready for a revolution. Unfortunately for the subahdar, the negotiation with the disaffected portion of his followers came soonest to a conclusion. In October 1750, his camp, which the English had left, disgusted with his ambiguous behaviour, was attacked by the French; turning to encourage his men to defend it, he was shot through the heart by one of his traitor officers, and Mirzapha Jung was proclaimed subahdar of the Deccan.

This was a great triumph for Dupleix. As it was by his means that Mirzapha Jung had attained the coveted dignity of subahdar

of the Deccan, the Frenchman was, out of gratitude, appointed governor of all the Mogul territory lying on the east coast, from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, Chunda Saheb acting as his deputy or nabob in the Carnatic. The fortunes of the British were now at a very low ebb. Their only Indian ally was Mohammed Ali, who retained possession of the town and district of Trichinopoly, but who was so far from being an enthusiastic friend of the English interests, that he appeared willing to listen to any proposals of reconciliation from the French. The French had gained a great reputation throughout all southern Hindoostan; and the English were regarded, both by Hindoos and Mohammedans, as quite a second-rate people.

At this crisis there stepped forth a young man whose name was destined to be celebrated in the history of British India. In the year 1744 there had arrived at Madras a youth named Robert Clive, the son of a gentleman in Shropshire. He was destined to fill the situation of a writer in the Company's service; but he had not been long in India, before his unruly and obstinate disposition showed itself in such a way, as to prove that he was ill qualified to give satisfaction in a position where deference to superior authority was regarded as the principal human virtue. Escaping from Madras after its capture, he was permitted, fortunately both for himself and the British interests, to exchange his civil rank for an ensignship in the Company's army. From that time forward he had distinguished himself by his intrepidity and cool daring on several important occasions. Accordingly, when in the present emergency, Clive, who had been just appointed a captain, to fill a vacant place, proposed the somewhat bold scheme of attacking Arcot, so as to create a diversion of the enemy's forces from Trichinopoly, the proposal was approved of by the presidency, and Clive, with a force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoys, was charged with its execution. Clive accomplished his design with the most brilliant success. Arcot was taken; and Clive returned victorious to Fort St David in December 1752.

Good fortune now again seemed to be on the side of the British. The French and their allies raised the siege of Trichinopoly, and took up their position in the fortified island of Seringham, on one of the branches of the Coleroon. They were not able, however, to resist the forces which attacked them in this position, but at length capitulated, and were carried away to the English settlements as prisoners of war.

There was no stability, however, in Indian affairs. A new shuffling of parties soon took place, to carry on the war in the Carnatic. In the beginning of 1753, by which time Clive had returned to England for the benefit of his health, the opposed parties were as follows:—The French had drawn over Morari Rao, the Mahratta chief, and had likewise procured some assistance, in the shape of supplies, from another native dignitary, the governor

of Vellore, whom Dupleix flattered with hopes of the nabobship of the Carnatic, in case Mohammed Ali were conquered. The English, on the other hand, had Mohammed Ali for their associate, and received some scanty and reluctant help from the rajah of Tanjore, who did not yet see clearly which side was likely to prove the strongest. The struggle between the two armies was for the possession of Trichinopoly, the English being its actual occupants, and the French trying to dislodge them. For a year and a half, that is, from May 1753 to October 1754, the siege was continued, affording opportunities for the display of much bravery, and of much suppleness and dishonesty on both sides, still without any decisive advantage on either: the English doggedly maintaining a position which was conceived to be essential to the preservation of British influence in the Carnatic, and the French as resolutely bent on obtaining possession of a place, the occupation of which would enable them, according to the boast of Dupleix, to reduce Madras to a mere fishing-village.

Meanwhile events favourable to the French were taking place in other parts of the Deccan. Mirzapha Jung having been slain by his subjects, his son Salabat was appointed by French influence to succeed him. Salabat, to show his gratitude, yielded to the French that tract of country on the Coromandel coast which includes the Northern Circars: thus making the whole territory ceded to the French in Hindoostan extend from Cape Comorin to the Pagoda of Juggernaut.

Such a cession of territory, however, was merely nominal, and was not destined ever to amount to a reality. While these wars, and conflicts, and intrigues had been going on in the Carnatic, the cool-headed people in England and France, in whose names the whole turmoil was conducted, had begun to think whether any real advantage was to be gained by permitting their servants to fight with each other, and set up and depose nabobs and subahdars in Indian swamps and jungles under a broiling sun. Upon the whole, they decided that the occupation was a waste of industry; the French government especially was displeased with the conquering policy of Dupleix. Commissioners, appointed by the French and by the English East India Companies, met in London to discuss their mutual differences; and the result was, that in the summer of 1754 M. Godhen was sent out on the part of the French, with authority to supersede Dupleix, and conclude an arrangement with the English. M. Godhen arrived in the Carnatic in the month of August, and in a short time a treaty was agreed to between him and the English governor, Mr Saunders, in terms of which the French resigned all their reputed acquisitions in India, both nations retaining only such settlements on the coast as were deemed necessary for the purposes of commerce, and Mohammed Ali, the protégé of the English, being allowed to remain undisputed nabob of Arcot. Such was the impotent conclusion of all the ambitious

schemes of Dupleix; and sad must it have been to the daring and crafty mind of that governor to see his projects for the aggrandisement of France thus laid in the dust, and to be compelled to return to Europe to face the thankless men in whose interests he had so fruitlessly toiled, and so lavishly expended his sagacity, his moral principle, and his private wealth.

Messrs Godheu and Saunders returned to Europe, leaving the surface of affairs in India calm and smooth to appearance. But calmness and smoothness were not characteristics of Indian politics, and it was not long before new disturbances broke out. The English being left supreme, or at least possessed of great authority in the Carnatic, where the nabob was their creature, were soon involved in the disputes of that dignitary with the surrounding native princes—disputes in which they were the more interested, that it was only by extortion from these princes that they could obtain a tolerable quantity of money as a reward for their services to the nabob. So also the French, under Bussy, having been left in the confidence of the subahdar of the Deccan, were mixed up with his affairs, and dependent on his purse. The working of these jarring influences kept the Deccan in a state of continued warfare and confusion till the year 1756, when war being again declared between Great Britain and France, the contest assumed a more regular character. In the meantime, let us quit the presidency of Madras, and turn our attention to another part of India, the presidency of Calcutta or Bengal.

ACQUISITION OF BENGAL BY THE BRITISH.

Bengal, one of the original subahs of the Mogul empire in India, had hitherto been regarded by the English as of inferior importance to the Carnatic; but circumstances were about to change their views on this point. In April 1756, Aliverdy Khan, a chief of Affghan extraction, who had governed Bengal for many years in the capacity of subahdar, died, leaving his nephew, Surajah Dowla, his successor. Surajah Dowla is described as a dissolute prince, and a hater of the British; and one of his first resolutions, on assuming his honours as subahdar, was to expel them from his territories, or at all events to reduce their power, and spoil them of part of their wealth, which he conceived to be much greater than it was. With this view he took the field in May 1756 with an army of 40,000 foot, 30,000 horse, and 400 elephants; and after some preliminaries, advanced against Calcutta, and invested it on the 18th of June. Unprepared to resist such a force, the governor and council thought it the safest policy to embark the European inhabitants and their property on board ships, and seek refuge in the other settlements. By some strange mismanagement, however, for which the governor, Mr Drake, was blamed, a number of persons were left behind, who, finding themselves deserted, chose Mr Holwell as their commander. The little band held out against the

subahdar and his army, in hopes to obtain terms; but at length the place was taken by storm, and all were captured. Although it does not appear to have been the intention of the subahdar to treat his prisoners with cruelty, the scene which followed is one of the most horrible on record. When the evening came on, it became necessary to secure the prisoners in some place of safety; and a small damp dungeon, named the Black Hole, which the English had themselves used as a prison, was chosen for the purpose. Into this horrible place one hundred and forty-six human beings were forced, of whom only twenty-three came out alive in the morning, the remainder having perished of suffocation from the want of fresh air, the guards without listening to their groans and shrieks, and yet refusing to waken the subahdar to announce to him the situation of his prisoners.

The news of this catastrophe, and of the ruin, as it seemed, of the British establishment in Bengal, reached Madras in August; and it was immediately determined that Clive, who had now returned to Madras with the rank of colonel in the army, and deputy-governor of Fort St David, should proceed to Bengal to punish the subahdar. Arriving in the Ganges in the month of December with five ships of war and five transports, having 900 European troops and 1500 sepoys on board, Clive speedily retrieved the losses of the British; and after retaking Calcutta, with almost all the merchandise which had been left in it, and inflicting no small damage on the subahdar's forces, compelled that potentate to sue for peace, and to conclude a treaty of submission, compensation, and friendship with the British. The subahdar having thus been reduced to terms, Clive, in March 1757, attacked and took Chandernagore, the principal French establishment in Bengal. According to his instructions, Clive ought now to have returned without delay to Madras, where, in consequence of the outbreak of the war between England and France, a French fleet was every day expected to arrive. This of itself is evidence of the absence of any great designs of conquest on the part of the British. Bengal, however, appeared a nobler field to Clive, and he resolved to disobey his orders, and remain there. To forward his further designs relative to the extension and consolidation of the British power in that part of India, it was necessary to have, as subahdar or nabob of the province, a man who would co-operate with him, or over whom he could exert an influence; and as Surajah Dowla was not such a person, he did not hesitate to set on foot a deep intrigue for deposing Surajah, and elevating Meer Jaffier, a relation by marriage of the late Aliverdy Khan, in his room. The intrigue, aided by a battle fought on the 23d of June 1757, succeeded satisfactorily: Surajah Dowla was slain by Meer Jaffier's son, and Meer Jaffier became subahdar or nabob of Bengal. The honour, however, was an expensive one, for he had agreed to pay the following sums in return for the help

which he had received from the British:—10,000,000 rupees to the East India Company; 5,000,000 rupees to the English inhabitants of Calcutta; 2,000,000 rupees to the Indians; 700,000 rupees to the Armenians; 2,500,000 rupees to the fleet; 2,500,000 rupees to the army; 280,000 rupees each to Mr Drake and Colonel Clive; and 240,000 rupees each to three other gentlemen—the gross amount of these sums in English money being £2,697,750. The demand for such a sum, however, had been founded on a miscalculation of the resources at the disposal of a subahdar of Bengal; and ultimately the parties interested were obliged to be content with half of what had been asked, and one-third of that half was paid in goods and jewels.

Meer Jaffier, who had thus purchased the throne of Bengal, did not give satisfaction to his new subjects. The necessity of supplying the British with money compelled him to have recourse to such exactions and cruelties as rendered him odious. Nor were the other native powers of Hindoostan inattentive to the revolution which had been effected in Bengal, or unwilling to make an attempt to prevent the English from gaining more power in India. Accordingly, the Sharada, or eldest son of the Mogul Emperor Aulumgee II., having been invested by his father with the dignity of subahdar of Bengal, which Meer Jaffier held by English patronage, he formed an alliance with two powerful native princes, the subahdar of Allahabad, and the nabob of Oude, and invaded Bengal in the end of 1758. Jaffier could not have opposed this invasion alone; but Clive, seeing the British prospects to be dependent on his retaining the influence he had acquired in Bengal, did not hesitate to march against the invaders, although in doing so he was actually declaring himself an enemy of the Great Mogul, under whose auspices the invasion had taken place. Without the expense of a battle, Clive was able to quash the invasion, and disperse the enemy's force; a result which so delighted Jaffier, that he conferred on him, under the title of Jaghire, the whole of the rents which the East India Company paid to the Bengal government for their territories round Calcutta—a sum amounting to £30,000 per annum. Shortly afterwards, having done everything in his power to make the British influence paramount in Bengal, Clive returned a second time to England. Before proceeding with the narrative of events on his return, let us cast a glance at the position of affairs in the Carnatic, which, it will be remembered, Clive left in 1756, in daily expectation of being visited by a French fleet.

The expected fleet did not arrive till April 1758. The forces on board of it intended to prosecute the war against the English in the Carnatic were commanded by the Count de Lally, an officer of Irish extraction in the French service. Lally lost no time in obeying his instructions by attacking Fort St David, which he did with so much vigour, that on the 1st of June the British

surrendered. Retiring to Pondicherry, Lally then matured the plan of his future proceedings, the grand objects of which were, first the reduction of Madras, and then the destruction of the rising power of the British in Bengal. Lally's measures, and his wilful conduct, displeased many on whose co-operation the success of his views depended. Nevertheless, he laid siege to Madras, and had proceeded some way towards the reduction of the place, when an English fleet hove in sight, and the circumstances of the parties were reversed. With the reinforcements brought by this fleet, and some vessels which came immediately after, the English under Colonel Coote retrieved all their losses, beat the enemy at every point, and at last, in the end of 1760, laid siege to Pondicherry. In January 1761 this town, the chief French settlement in the Carnatic, surrendered; after which it was impossible for the one or two French factories which remained to hold out; and by the month of April 1761, the French had not a single foot of ground in the whole of India. The unfortunate Lally, on his return to France, was impeached with the crime of want of success; and although his services in the cause of France for forty-five years, and even his conduct in the very expedition which afforded the articles of his impeachment, deserved a better reward, he was condemned to death, and executed, a victim of the national vanity.

The British were now without European rivals in India. They had established a firm footing in the Deccan and in Bengal; in the latter, especially, their power was almost paramount, and the whole of India lay invitingly before them. From this moment, therefore, the struggle of the British for ascendancy in Hindoostan lay not with the French or any other European nation, for these had been virtually cleared out of the country, but with the native Hindoo-Mohammedan people.

After Clive's departure for England, Bengal became the scene of fresh confusion, owing to the extortions of the Company's servants, and the incapacity of Meer Jaffier. The latter cause, or at least Meer Jaffier's incapacity to raise money sufficient to supply the demands made upon him by the English, induced Mr Vansittart, and the council who managed the Company's affairs, to depose him, and set up in his stead his son-in-law, Meer Cossim. If, however, Meer Jaffier had proved too weak a man for the purposes of the Company's representatives, Meer Cossim, on the other hand, proved too firm and able: for he made it his endeavour to govern Bengal with some degree of justice and impartiality, both as regarded the natives and the European settlers. He soon came into conflict with the Company's servants, by refusing to be a party to their unjust and cruel methods of acquiring wealth. The principal of these unjust methods was the monopoly of internal trade. Under cover of the old privilege granted by the Mogul to the East India Company to export and import goods, and to carry them overland

without payment of customs or tolls—the principal source of revenue with the native princes—the Company's servants carried on a trade of their own in those articles which constituted the main items of native consumption; thus making enormous profits by avoiding the payment of tolls, and at the same time ruining the native dealers, who were obliged to pay all the toll-dues before they could bring their goods to market. This state of things had become intolerable; the natives were groaning under the tyranny; and Meer Cossim, who was a man of just disposition, remonstrated with the European authorities against the iniquitous practice of private trade. As almost every person in authority was an interested party, no heed was paid to these remonstrances, and Meer Cossim's attempt to enforce the payment of even a moderate duty by the English dealers was treated with scorn. In this emergency Meer Cossim took an extraordinary and really noble step: he abolished all duties whatever, and left the internal traffic of Bengal perfectly open. The amazed Englishmen thus outwitted, were now clamorous for the restoration of those very duties, for the abolition of which, in their own case, they had been contending. A decided rupture was the consequence; hostilities were begun between the English and Meer Cossim, which terminated in the defeat of the latter, and his flight into Oude, by the nabob of which he was received with kindness. Meer Cossim, the nabob of Oude, and the Sharada, who, since his last appearance, had by his father's death succeeded to the somewhat empty title of Emperor or Great Mogul, were now the allied antagonists of the English. A regular war commenced between their forces and the British troops commanded by Major, afterwards Sir Hector Munro; which, after some severe fighting, ended most fortunately for the British in May 1765, Meer Cossim having fled into the interior, and the nabob of Oude and the Great Mogul having submitted in the most humble manner. The death of Meer Jaffier was also a piece of good fortune.

At this moment Clive returned to India. Although there had been great differences between him and the East India Company, and he had even commenced a lawsuit against them for the proceeds of his jaghire, his acceptance of which from Meer Jaffier was one of the principal causes of their dissatisfaction with him, his abilities were yet in such estimation, that when alarmed by the intelligence of the state of affairs in Bengal, the directors found it necessary to send out some one to assume the chief direction, they were obliged to select him, and even to comply with his conditions, which were, that he should be invested with the powers of commander-in-chief, president, and governor of Bengal, and be at liberty to act, by the advice of a select committee of four, independently of the council. With such powers from the Company, and with the new title of Lord Clive, conferred on him by his majesty, he arrived for the third time in India. His first

occupation was to arrange the treaty which was on foot with the vanquished Mogul and nabob of Oude. The nabob was to retain all his territories, with the exception of Allahabad and Cerah, which were to be given to the Mogul; and he was to pay fifty lacs of rupees to the English towards defraying their expenses in the war. The Mogul, on the other hand, receiving Allahabad and Cerah, was to grant to the East India Company the duanee, or right of collecting the revenues in the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa—a privilege equivalent, according to Indian ideas, to the sovereignty over those provinces; in return for which the Company were to continue to pay him the twenty-six lacs of rupees of annual revenue which he was entitled to as emperor. Shortly after these arrangements, which were completed on the 12th of August 1765, Nugein-ul-Dowlah, the young son of Meer Jaffier, and whom the English had appointed nabob in the room of his father, was pensioned off, and the English were left virtually the sole masters of one of the finest portions of Hindoostan — that watered by the Lower Ganges and its many mouths.

ADMINISTRATION OF WARREN HASTINGS—EXTENSION OF THE BRITISH POWER—WAR IN MYSORE.

After establishing, with considerable difficulty, a system of government in Bengal, Lord Clive returned to England in the beginning of 1767, leaving the management of affairs in the hands of a select committee. For several years the condition of matters was one of comparative tranquillity, although whether the administration of the English was just and beneficial, the following sentences from Mr Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings, referring to the state of Bengal and the conduct of the English there under the system which Lord Clive had established, will indicate:—"There were two governments," says Mr Macaulay, "in Bengal—the real and the ostensible. The supreme power belonged to the Company, and was, in truth, the most despotic that can be conceived. But though thus absolute in reality, the English had not yet assumed the style of sovereignty. They held their territories as vassals of the Mogul; they raised their revenues as collectors appointed by the imperial commission; their public seal was inscribed with the imperial titles; and their mint struck only the imperial coin. Against misgovernment, such as then afflicted Bengal, it was impossible to struggle. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves—of men against demons. The only protection which the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. But at first, English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties

of rulers. During that interval, the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St James's Square."

In the meantime, while the Company's servants were accumulating fortunes in Bengal, the affairs of the Company itself were by no means so flourishing as people had expected. "The most absurd notions," says Mr Macaulay, "were then entertained in England respecting the wealth of India. Palaces of porphyry hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business." When, therefore, it became known in England that, so far from having large surplus revenues from Bengal, the Company was in such embarrassments as to be obliged to borrow first the sum of £400,000, and afterwards the sum of £300,000 from the bank, the public began to clamour for an investigation into the conduct of the Company's servants, to whose malpractices the defalcation was attributed, and to demand a reform in the constitution of the Company. The Company's administration of their Indian territories consequently became a subject of long and eager parliamentary discussion, which terminated in July 1773 in a complete remodelling of the Company, and the establishment of a new system for the British administration of India. The principal features of this important change were as follows:—The qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of £1000 of the Company's stock, instead of £500 as before; the possession of £3000 was to entitle to two votes, of £6000 to three votes, of £10,000 to four votes; whereas, formerly, no proprietor, whatever his amount of stock, had more than a single vote: and out of the twenty-four directors, only six were to be elected annually, instead of the whole number, as had hitherto been the case. Further, the presidency of Bengal was to be erected into a superiority over the other presidencies, and was to be administered in future by a governor-general, with a salary of £25,000, who would therefore be in reality the supreme British ruler in India. The appointment of the first governor-general, with four counsellors at a salary of £8000 each, was to be in the hands of the crown; but after five years, the patronage was to revert into the Company's hands, the appointments made by the Company, however, to be subject to the approbation of the crown. In pursuance of the plan of centering the administration of India in Calcutta, a supreme court of judicature was to be erected there, the judges to be appointed by the crown.

This sweeping revolution in the constitution of the Company having been carried, notwithstanding all the opposition offered to it, the crown appointed, as the first governor-general of India,

Mr Warren Hastings, a gentleman who, born in 1732 the member of an old but reduced English family, had gone out as a writer to Bengal in the year 1750, had acted a busy part in the contest of which that province had been the scene, had returned to England in 1764, but had again gone out in 1769 in the capacity of a member of the council in Madras, where his services were so efficient, that, in 1772, he had been appointed at the head of the government of Bengal. It was to this man, whose name is now so celebrated, that the great business of consolidating the British power in India was intrusted; and in his hands it remained for upwards of ten years—that is, to his resignation of the governor-generalship in 1785. A full history of these ten years would include three chapters, or rather would consist of three inter-wrought narratives: the first devoted to a detail of the personal history of Mr Hastings during his residence in India; the second giving a view of Mr Hastings' system of administration in the territories over which the Company's sway already extended; and the third exhibiting the progress of Indian conquest under his rule, and in consequence of his policy. The last of course is what alone falls to be treated by us in the present place; and as the enlargement of the British power in India under Mr Hastings' administration consisted rather in the extension of British political influence over the native principalities, than in the actual acquisition of new territories by force of arms, our account may be all the more brief.

At the date of the appointment of Mr Hastings to be governor-general, Hindoostan may be considered as having been divided as follows. Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa were under the sovereignty of the British, on the footing already described, and constituted the presidency of Calcutta. Turning, then, to the Deccan, or triangular extremity of the country (the subahdarship of which had been held, since the extinction of French influence, by Nizam Ali, who had murdered his brother Salabat Jung, the subahdar set up by Bussy), we find the English paramount in the Carnatic, the nabob of which, independent now of the subahdar, was Mohammed Ali, their creature. To the British territory in the Deccan was also added about this time the long strip of coast-land called the Northern Circars, lying between the Carnatic and Orissa. This territory had been ceded by the Mogul to the British, being detached from the subahdarship of the Deccan, and annexed to the nabobship of the Carnatic; and the two provinces together, the Carnatic and the Northern Circars, constituted the Madras presidency. Thus the two presidencies of Calcutta and Madras included the whole eastern coast of India, from Cape Comorin to the Ganges. On the west coast, again, the British possessions consisted of the presidency of Bombay, the territorial extent of which was quite inconsiderable. The rest of India—that is, all the interior, and, with the exception of Bombay and its dependencies, the whole

range of the west coast—was still in the hands of native powers. Nominally, the Mogul was sovereign of the whole, as indeed he was of the entire extent of Hindoostan; but, in reality, he was a mere phantom; and his reputed empire, once actually ruled over by his ancestors, was split into numerous principalities, governed by whatsoever authority, Hindoo or Mohammedan, was strong enough to maintain itself. There was first Nizam Ali, the Mohammedan subahdar of the Deccan, whose territories embraced the country intervening between the two presidencies of Madras and Bombay, with Hyderabad for a centre; next there was the Mohammedan nabob of Oude, claiming sovereignty over the district adjoining the Bengal presidency on the north and west; close neighbours of the nabob of Oude, and inhabiting the country between the Ganges and the mountains, were the Rohilla or Affghan chiefs, who had penetrated thus far from their native seats, and fixed a settlement there; on the west were the Rajpoot states; and lastly, there were the various Mahratta princes, dividing the remainder of Hindoostan among themselves. Of these Mahratta princes, the descendants of Hindoo freebooters, who had invaded the Mohammedan empire from the north-west in the reign of Aurungzebe, one governed in Berar, another in Guzerat, another in Malwa, and so on; all, however, professing to recognise as their head one rajah, who was supreme over the Mahratta states, and whose prime minister, a functionary whose dignities were partly civil and partly spiritual, was called the Peshwa. These Mahrattas, it may be added, were, with the exception of the British, the most growing power in India.

Such, as briefly described as is consistent with clearness, was the condition of Hindoostan when Warren Hastings commenced his administration. There was no regularity, no fixedness, no constitution. "There was scarcely," says Mr Macaulay, "a province in India in which the real sovereignty and the nominal sovereignty were not disjoined. It was impossible," he adds, in a sentence which casts a flood of light over the condition of Hindoostan at the period in question—"it was impossible to find, from the Himalayas to Mysore, a single government which was at once *de facto* and *de jure*—which possessed the physical means of making itself feared by its neighbours and subjects, and which had at the same time the authority derived from law and long prescription."

In such a state of things there was ample scope for the genius of such a man as Mr Hastings—able, calm, scheming, unscrupulous. Into no fitter hands could a commission for extending British influence in India have been placed. To keep a vigilant eye over the whole of Hindoostan; to watch the outbreak of a war between any two contiguous native powers, or of a difference between a native prince and his subjects; instantly to interfere, and either foment the dispute, or help to decide it, making the

end in every case the acquisition of some advantage to the British, whether in present cash or in forthcoming profits—such was the habitual policy of Mr Hastings.

As was to be expected, it was in the neighbourhood of the Bengal presidency, where he himself resided, that Hastings was able to pursue this policy most steadily. Accordingly, without detailing all the particulars of his procedure, it may be stated that, in the course of his government, he was able not only to free Bengal from the obligation of paying a revenue to the Mogul, but also to establish such a political influence over Oude, as to derive from it extraordinary supplies of money, and to exercise an irresistible control over the conduct of its nabob. But it was not only from the Bengal presidency that encroachments were made upon the native territories. In the year 1774, the Company's officers of the Bombay presidency made an attempt to get possession of the two small islands of Bassein and Salsette. This involved the British of Bombay in a war with the Mahratta powers, who held that part of India. The supreme board at Calcutta interfered; troops were sent across the peninsula to Surat; and there ensued a long contest with the Mahrattas, interrupted by negotiations, all having for their object the extension of British influence around Bombay. But it was in the Deccan, and under the immediate auspices of the Madras presidency, that the most important struggle between the British and an Indian power took place—a struggle long protracted, and terminating ultimately in the subjection to the British of all the southern portion of the peninsula. Our account of this contest must be very summary.

One of the finest portions of the Deccan was the kingdom of Mysore, an inland territory between the Carnatic and Malabar coasts. To the throne of this kingdom there had raised himself, by a course of the most astonishing audacity and duplicity, Hyder Ali, a Mohammedan adventurer of northern origin, who, though of poor birth, and totally without education, was possessed of the greatest natural abilities. His rise had begun to alarm the neighbouring Indian princes, especially the Mahratta chiefs and the subahdar of the Deccan, and the greatest exertions had been made to crush him—the English authorities of the Madras presidency lending their aid for that purpose. But notwithstanding all, the power of Hyder Ali had grown and confirmed itself; Mysore had become, under his government, a prosperous and formidable kingdom, compact in the midst of anarchy; and the English, after experiencing several defeats at his hands, had been glad to conclude a treaty of alliance with him, by which they bound themselves to support and maintain his authority against all enemies. This treaty had been concluded in 1769; and since that time, Hyder and the English had been on terms of amity, although he complained bitterly of their unfaithfulness as allies, because they would not assist him against

the Mahrattas. Indeed the monarch of Mysore seems, whether with reason or not, to have contracted a rooted dislike to the English, and a rooted desire to do them injury.

When, on the commencement of war between Great Britain and France in 1778, the Madras presidency, after reducing Pondicherry, which had been again restored to the French, seized on the Fort of Mahé, on the Malabar coast, which also belonged to the French, Hyder Ali, who laid claim to the settlement of Mahé as one of his dependencies, resolved, although now an old man, to come forward as the champion and protector of the French, and to strike a tremendous blow at the hated English before he died. In June 1780, "an army of 90,000 men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the great table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe. Hyder was everywhere triumphant. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some in despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted.* The two English commanders, upon whose efforts the safety of Madras depended, instead of joining their forces, allowed themselves to be separately attacked by Hyder's troops, and were defeated. "In three weeks from the commencement of the war, the British empire in southern India had been brought to the verge of ruin. Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in a few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the governor-general had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. The struggle with Hyder was a struggle for life and death. It was no time for trifling. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power: to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St George; to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to intrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war. The reinforcements were sent off with great expedition, and reached Madras before the expected French armament arrived in the Indian seas. The progress of Hyder was arrested; and in a few months the great victory of Porto Novo retrieved the honour of the English arms." The presidency of Madras was relieved from further fears in the meantime by the death of Hyder Ali, at a very advanced age, in December 1782; for although his son Tippoo Saib continued the war some time, and was evidently possessed with the same dislike to the English which had animated his father,

* Mr Macaulay's art. "Warren Hastings."

and with abilities no less remarkable, he yet found it advisable to conclude a peace with the British, which restored matters to the footing on which they had stood previous to Hyder's invasion of the Carnatic.

CONQUESTS UNDER THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS AND THE MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.

Meanwhile the maladministration of India was a constant subject of discussion in England, both in and out of parliament. Bills were proposed, both by Mr Fox and Mr Pitt, for a further modification and limitation of the powers of the East India Company. Mr Pitt's bill was carried, by which the power of the Company was modified thus far, that the Court of Directors was thenceforth to act in conjunction with, and be kept in check by, a Board of Control, consisting of six members of the privy council chosen by the king. The appointment of this Board of Control was the main change effected; and a most important one it was, since, in point of fact, it threw the government of India into the hands of the crown; but there were other minor ones, among which may be mentioned a diminution of the power of the Court of Proprietors, and a provision for making the Company's servants in future disclose the amount of fortune brought home with them from India.

These new arrangements were completed in 1786. Mr Hastings having resigned the office of governor-general, returned to England, where his impeachment and trial occupied for a long time the whole attention of the country; and there went out, as his successor, Lord Cornwallis, amply charged with instructions both from the Court of Directors and the Board of Control as to the spirit in which he should govern India. The administration of the internal affairs of the British dominion in India under this governor-general was characterised by stricter attention to just dealing than had yet been manifested in the Indian colonies; but with all his pacific dispositions, it was not long before he was involved in a war, having for its end the farther extension of the Company's territories. Tippoo Saib, the sultan of Mysore, had become as formidable in southern India as his father Hyder Alí had been, overawing and chastising the neighbouring powers, and manifesting a zeal for the propagation of the Mohammedan religion, which led him to perpetrate the most shocking cruelties on the Hindoo and Christian population on the Malabar coast. It became obviously desirable to check this growing power, so threatening to the interests of the Madras presidency; and an occasion of dispute having been easily found, the peaceful relations between Tippoo and the British were terminated, and the war in Mysore again began. To detail all the events of this war, which continued, with little intermission, from 1790 to 1799, and in which wonderful courage, endurance, and military skill were displayed on both sides, is impossible within our limits. Suffice it

to say, that in 1792, Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore, was besieged by the Marquis Cornwallis with a strong British army; and after some show of resistance, Tippoo was fain to offer terms of surrender. He agreed to give up half of his dominions, and pay £3,500,000 in bullion. For the fulfilment of the treaty, he was under the necessity of giving up two of his sons as hostages. Having fulfilled his engagement, these young princes were returned in 1794. But after this, he again commenced hostilities; and in 1799 the Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, having in the meantime superseded Lord Cornwallis as governor-general, the British forces under General Baird once more attacked, and now captured, Seringapatam. In the general slaughter which ensued in entering this strongly-fortified place, Tippoo was shot, and his body was afterwards found among a heap of the slain. Thus terminated a dynasty which, though short and limited in respect of territorial dominion, was undoubtedly the most vigorous and best-organised of any that had sprung out of the wreck of the Mogul empire. The kingdom of Mysore was forthwith divided among the conquerors—that is, among the English and their native allies in the war; a part, however, being erected into a separate Hindoo state. The territories reserved by the Marquis Wellesley for the Company in this partition were the coast of Canare, the district of Coimbetore, the passes of the Ghauts, and the capital of Seringapatam itself; in fact, the choicest portions of the Mysore kingdom.

Scarcely was the war with Tippoo Saib at an end, when a struggle began between the British and a new enemy—the Mahrattas, already spoken of in connexion with the preceding events. These Mahrattas, occupying a large portion of the west coast of Hindoostan, were, with the exception of the British, the most growing power in India; and it is probable that, had they not had the British for their rivals, they would have swept away the last relics of the Mogul dynasty, and erected India into a Mahratta empire. They had frequently come into collision with the British power since the time of Lord Clive, their vicinity to the Bombay presidency involving them in disputes with respect to the territories claimed by that presidency; but their jealousy of Hyder Ali, and his son Tippoo Saib, had led them rather to appear as friends of the British during the recent struggle in Mysore. That struggle once over, however, the Marquis of Wellesley began to be of opinion that it would be necessary, for the preservation of the British power in southern India, to come to some distinct and specific understanding with the Mahrattas. Accordingly, he offered them a share of the partitioned Mysore kingdom, on condition that they should form what was called "a subsidiary alliance" with the British; that is, to receive and maintain in their territories a British force, according to the custom of other dependent states. This offer was rejected, and

the consequence was, a war between the British and the Mahrattas, which was carried on till the year 1805. The success of this war, in which the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, gave the first distinguished proofs of that military genius which was afterwards to display itself on the theatre of Europe, was materially owing to the circumstance, that the chiefs of the Mahratta confederacy—namely, the Peshwa, or nominal head of the whole, whose capital was Poonah; the rajah of Berar, and Holkar, and Sindia, the representatives of two rival houses which had raised themselves to political ascendancy among the Mahrattas—were swayed by different sentiments, and animated by mutual hostilities. The skilful management of these internal differences among the Mahrattas by the Marquis of Wellesley, and the soldierly ability by which his views were seconded in the field by his brother Sir Arthur, by General Lake, and by other British officers, carried the British triumphantly through the contest, if indeed that is to be regarded as a triumph which consists in the mere success of a line of policy once adopted, without consideration whether that line of policy was essentially a noble and a just one. Different writers take different views of the legitimacy of the Mahratta war, some condemning, and some approving of the Marquis of Wellesley's conduct in undertaking and carrying it on; it is our part here merely to indicate the results. These were, that, by the year 1805, treaties had been concluded with the Peshwa, the rajah of Berar, and Sindia, by which parts of their territories were ceded to the British, and the British authority more or less stringently established in the rest; and only Holkar remained unsubdued. This Mahratta chief was also, in the course of the same year, reduced to such extremities as to be forced to fly; when unexpectedly the Marquis Cornwallis arrived in India a second time, commissioned to supersede the Marquis of Wellesley, whose extremely military administration had not given satisfaction to the nation and the East India Company at home. The new governor-general, however, had hardly announced his intentions of pursuing a line of policy directly opposed to that of his predecessor, when he died in October 1805, worn out by age and infirmities. Sir George Barlow, however, who acted as his successor until a new governor-general should be sent out, acted entirely on the views of the deceased governor; and under his administration a treaty was concluded with Holkar, restoring that fallen potentate to his former position, and a revision took place of the relations in which the other native states in India stood to the British power. The result of this revision was to place matters on such a footing, as that, while the Marquis of Wellesley's scheme of conquest and subsidiary alliances was thrown aside, the British still reaped advantages from the Mahratta war, and strengthened their now acknowledged supremacy in India.

The successor of Lord Cornwallis in the governor-generalship

was Lord Minto, who held the office from 1807 to 1813. During Lord Minto's government, little was done to extend the British dominion within the limits of India itself, there being a strong desire on the part of the directors at home to avoid the establishment of political connexions with the native states in addition to those which already existed. The only important acquisitions of territory under the auspices of Lord Minto, were at the expense of the French and Dutch. From the former was taken the isles of Bourbon and Mauritius; from the latter, Java (afterwards relinquished). By the Marquis of Hastings, the successor of Lord Minto, a war with the Nepaulese and Pindarees of the Mahratta countries was brought to a successful termination; new territory was acquired, and a British resident imposed (1816–17).

It was intended that Mr Canning should succeed the Marquis of Hastings as governor-general of India. He had been unanimously appointed to the office by the Court of Directors, and was on the point of sailing for India, when the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, the foreign secretary of state, opened up for him a more congenial political career in Europe. He accordingly resigned his appointment, which was conferred on Earl Amherst, whose claims were deemed preferable to those of Lord William Bentinck—a nobleman who had acted as governor of Madras from 1804 to 1807, and who, having in the latter year been recalled in a hasty and somewhat angry manner, in consequence of some occurrences in his presidency, of which he had unjustly received the blame, was naturally anxious to return to India in a capacity which would enable him to vindicate his character in that part of the world where it had been injured. His wish was not gratified till the year 1828, when he arrived in India as successor to Lord Amherst, whose government had been signalised by a war against the Burmese of the eastern peninsula, carried on at great expense, but concluded in 1826 on terms favourable to the British, who obtained by it a considerable portion of additional territory on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, and by the abolition, in 1827, of the former vassalage for the Indian possessions which the British had till then acknowledged to the king of Delhi.

A general idea of Lord William Bentinck's seven years' administration, so beneficial to India, will be obtained from the following extracts from a review of his character and measures, published in the *Indian News*:—"Lord William Bentinck," says this paper, "commenced his career as governor-general under circumstances by no means propitious to his popularity with the civil and military services constituting the great majority of the European community in India. The Burmese war, rashly entered into, and conducted on a scale of lavish expenditure, had exhausted the public treasury, and the Court of Directors, resolved on replenishing their empty coffers, and creating

surplus revenue, had ordered several retrenchments which seriously encroached on the incomes of their servants in India. It fell to the lot of Lord William Bentinck to carry into effect some of the most unpalatable of these measures of economy." In consequence of his zeal in carrying into effect these measures of retrenchment, he incurred much odium at the commencement of his administration, notwithstanding that he was only executing the orders which he had received. But it was by achievements of greater importance than the reform of the Company's finances that Lord William Bentinck earned the gratitude of India. "One of the earliest and most important measures of his administration, was the abolition of the sacrifice of the *suttee*, or of the horrid practice of immolating widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands.... Some of the ablest and most experienced of the Company's servants gave their most decided opinions against the measure, as pregnant with danger to the peace of the country, and Lord William was only supported in this case by a few enlightened natives and the English press, which could of course exert no influence on the minds of the mass of the people. It is obvious that to resolve on the prohibition of the horrid rite under such circumstances, required an effort of that high moral courage of which his lordship's administration afforded so many striking proofs.... Lord William Bentinck was the first man also who gave an impetus to sound education, by a change in the system of the Committee of Public Instruction, that encouraged and facilitated the study of European science and literature, and especially the cultivation of the English language—that language which pre-eminently claims the title of the language of liberty, and which, being that of the rulers of India, it should be the aim of an enlightened statesman to diffuse among her people. One of the latest measures of his lordship connected with the instruction of the people, and certainly one of the noblest monuments of his government, is the medical college, established for the instruction of natives in the sciences of medicine and surgery, as practised in Europe. This noble institution is already turning out native practitioners equal in point of skill, when they leave the college, to the cleverest youths who go out from this country in the medical service, and who are subjected to an examination far more searching and severe than is usual in Europe." Nor was it only by such formal measures as these that Lord William displayed the liberal principles on which he desired to govern India. His own manners and example, both in his official capacity and as a private gentleman, were pervaded by the same liberal spirit. "His lordship and his amiable consort," says the writer of the paper already quoted, "were the first in their stations who received native gentlemen on a footing of perfect equality with Europeans at the government house at their public entertainments; and under this administration, for the first time, were native gentlemen

seen at the soirées and balls of the governor-general. Before Lord William's time, a native could not enter the gates of the ground surrounding the government house in his palanquin or carriage, or even enter the fort. To do either, he must descend from his vehicle, and walk in, exposed to the sun: but Lord William Bentinck abolished these invidious and humiliating distinctions, and granted audiences to native gentlemen the same as to Europeans, although previously they had been only permitted such audiences at the public durbars.

"Lord William Bentinck was the first who gave the native judges adequate salaries, and held out to them the hope, since realised by Lord Auckland, of still higher professional emoluments; thus removing one of the causes which, in the days of Clive, led to the general corruption of the Company's civil servants, who now constitute perhaps the most honourable, as they certainly do, speaking of them collectively, the best qualified, body of public functionaries in any service in the world."

After seven years devoted with such good effect to the improvement of the condition of those parts of India which were under British rule, and characterised by a scrupulous adherence to the policy of non-interference with the independent states, Lord William Bentinck was obliged by ill health to resign the government. He left India in March 1835, universally regretted; and in the following year Lord Auckland was sent out as his successor. In the meantime, in the year 1833, the East India Company's charter had been renewed by the reformed parliament for a period of twenty years, with some modifications of the former terms, the chief of which was the abolition of the Company's monopoly of trade with India and China.

The great event which distinguished the governor-generalship of Lord Auckland was the breaking out of the war with the Affghans, whose country lies between British India and the eastern frontier of Persia. Attention had been early directed to these tribes, not only because their warlike habits rendered them formidable neighbours to an opulent country, but also because it was through Affghanistan that the power of Russia, acting upon Persia, would seek to extend itself towards India. At length, in 1838, the governor-general was induced, by reasons of policy, to declare hostilities against Dost Mohammed Khan, the chief of Affghanistan, who had rejected the friendship of the British, and shown a disposition to forward the encroaching designs of Persia. Dost Mohammed Khan was an adventurer, belonging to a family who had raised themselves to the supreme power among the Affghans, by expelling, in 1831, the reigning chief, Mahmoud, who had only a short time before expelled his own brother Shah-Sujah-ul-Mulk. This Shah-Sujah-ul-Mulk had sought refuge in the British dominions; and, as the best way of gaining the ends of the British government with regard to Affghanistan, it was resolved to assist this prince in

subduing Dost Mohammed, and recovering his native kingdom. Thus began a war which was not terminated till late in the year 1842, under the government of Lord Ellenborough, who had gone out in the beginning of that year to succeed Lord Auckland. The circumstances of this war—the invasion of Affghanistan, the capture of Ghuznee, and the raising of Shah-Sujah to the throne of Cabul; the subsequent reverses of the British, when the Affghans rose against them; and the final evacuation of the country after the last brave detachments who had been left in it had been rescued—these are events still fresh in public recollection. The Affghan war, in short, was an ill-judged enterprise, of which the British were glad to rid themselves, leaving the Affghans to settle their own government.

After the Affghan war, the next event of importance in Indian history was the conquest of Scinde, under the generalship of Sir Charles Napier—an event which has only ceased to be the most recent transaction of a striking nature in India since the victory of Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir Harry Smith in the Punjaub, by which the Sikhs have been brought under British control.

India at present is divided into three portions: the British dominions, properly so called, in which the British power is paramount, and the inhabitants of which are, though of various races, our fellow-subjects; the tributary or dependent states, governed by native princes, acting more or less in subordination to British influence; and the independent states. The entire extent of Hindoostan being estimated at 1,214,483 square miles, with a population of upwards of 130,000,000, the proportions of the three classes of states above-mentioned were in 1841 as follows:—512,873 square miles British; 564,610 square miles tributary; and only 137,000 square miles independent. Since the date of that calculation, the annexation of Scinde, and the acquisition of a small portion of the Punjaub, has still farther diminished the extent of independent territory in Hindoostan; so that now it may almost with truth be said, that India consists but of two portions—the British and the dependent. Although the former scarcely equals the latter in territorial extent, it is far the more valuable, as is proved by its superior populousness; the population of the British part of India in 1841 being 83,473,417, giving a proportion of 162 to the square mile; while the population of the dependent or tributary portion was only 41,278,092, giving a proportion of only 73 to the square mile. Taking this same greater proportion of number of inhabitants to extent of territory as a test of superior resources of one kind or other, it would appear that the tributary portion of India should carry the palm over the independent portion; in which, in 1841, the proportion of inhabitants to the territory was but as 51 individuals to a square mile. The tributary states are seventeen or eighteen in number, omitting the least considerable.

The relations which subsist betwixt the Company and these states may be thus described:—The Company undertake the defence of the dependent prince's territories against all enemies, domestic or foreign. He is bound, on the other hand, to enter into no alliances with other sovereigns or states without the Company's consent; and he pays them a certain annual subsidy out of his revenues for their protection, while he generally keeps up an army at the same time for the maintenance of internal tranquillity. In some cases, instead of paying a subsidy, the prince cedes a portion of his territories, of which the Company draw the entire taxes. The Company keep a resident at the prince's court, who is entitled to demand an audience at any time; and by this agent the Company do, in fact, interfere pretty regularly in the internal concerns of the state, particularly in settling the succession to the throne. The princes are, in reality, mere viceroys, or rather tax-collectors for the Company.

The head-quarters of the East India Company are in Leadenhall Street, London; and from the Court of Directors in the establishment here all orders are issued. Matters of importance, however, in reference to India, are subject to the review of the Board of Control, appointed by the imperial government. Besides the troops immediately belonging to the East India Company, a portion of the British army is at all times in India, aiding these forces, and which, for the time being, is paid by the Company.

Such is a brief account of that very extraordinary affair—the Conquest of India by the British. Calmly considered by the moralist, the acquisition of this immense territory has been an act of injustice. The British nation has taken by force, or on the plea of an assumed necessity, a large section of Asia; and this they keep on only one decent excuse, which is, that if abandoned, the whole Indian peninsula would fall under the dominion, not of its native Hindoo races, but its former Mohammedan masters, who are a set of rapacious adventurers; and that, therefore, it is a deed of humanity to continue the British sovereignty over the country. Assuming that this apology is well-founded, how much are we called on to adopt all proper measures for the civilisation of India—for the introduction and maintenance of just laws; education on the most extensive scale; Christianity, with all its meliorating influences. Let us also not forget to insist on the substitution of a considerate system of taxation for the oppressive arrangements now in force, and for which the East India Company justly exposes itself to the execration of every humane mind. When all this, and something more, is done, it will be time enough to speak of the benefits which the British conquest has conferred on India.

STORY OF JACQUARD.

I.

ON a day of autumn, in the year 1795, in an upper apartment of a wretched house situated in one of the back streets of Lyons, through the windows of which the sun cast a feeble and doubtful light, owing to the numberless patches of paper which supplied the place of glass, four persons were engaged weaving the gold and silver tissue for which that town is so celebrated. Though the movement of the machine itself was brisk, yet a painful silence reigned in the small apartment, no sound being heard but that of the shuttle and cords as they were put in motion. In front of the loom, seated on a high bench, was a man of about forty years of age, working his feet to the right and left, as a means of action to the treadles or footboards of the cumbersome and ill-constructed machine. Near him sat a young woman, pale and emaciated, preparing the reeds on which the silk was rolled previous to being placed in the loom; whilst two young girls, in forced and painful attitudes, put the cords in motion.

At the time of which we speak, fearful were the sufferings of those who worked at this employment. Though badly remunerated, necessity obliged a continued and wearying application. It was painful to see the contrast of the rich stuffs, thus side by side, with the wretched clothing of the pale and miserable beings, whose knowledge of the gold, silver, and silks, alas! only consisted in the additional labour which the varied and elegant

patterns entailed! Loud were the complaints of the *canuts*, or weavers, as to the smallness of their wages, and frequently had they committed outrages on this much-contested point. They alleged that the manufacturers could afford to give larger payments for work, without recognising the fact, that wages depend on the demand and supply of labourers; and therefore, that if wages are low, the only way to heighten them is by a reduction of the number of hands. Yet, to be substantially beneficial, this would require to be done in all countries; for manufacturers, pressed on by competition, would naturally emigrate with their capital to places where wages were on the lowest scale. These principles, unhappily, were not understood by the silk weavers of Lyons, among whom the person now introduced was a fair sample, both as respects toiling industry and an ignorance of the true causes of his excessive toils.

"Antoinette, do you know where Joseph has gone to?" at length asked the man, Jacquard by name, in a voice which spoke of fatigue.

"He went to the shopkeeper for some silk," replied his wife.

"It is a long time since he went out."

"Hardly two hours; still he is invariably obliged to wait. But, Marie, you appear to be in pain," added she, addressing one of the young girls before alluded to.

"It is nothing, mother," replied the girl; "it will soon be time for sleep, when we can forget all our fatigue."

"Yes, to recommence again to-morrow," said the man.

"What would you wish, Charles?" asked his wife, with a look in which affection and resignation were mingled. "Is not this season better than the last, when I have often seen you draw the belt tighter around your body, the more easily to support the pangs of hunger which exhausted your strength? Though the work at present is hard, yet we have, thank God, enough to eat. Cheer up, my children! if the dinner has been meagre, we have at least a good supper of boiled chestnuts and lard, and as much bread as you wish to eat, my little ones."

A slight expression of anguish, uttered by the youngest and most wretched-looking of the girls, attracted the attention of the woman, who, turning towards her, asked if she was ill.

"No, aunt," slowly replied the child, whose languid smile sadly belied her words.

"Would you wish to change with me, cousin?" asked Marie: "my work seems easier than yours."

"No; I am very well here," feebly answered Josephine, her dim and sunken eyes, and her pallid countenance, expressing lassitude more than suffering, but apparently unconscious of the attention of her cousin.

Another interval of silence ensued—a repose for the lips, but not for the body. But Josephine having again unconsciously moaned, the canut ceased his work as he gazed on her.

"Poor little one!" muttered he; then, as if to drive away thought, he applied himself more vigorously to his labour.

"The wife of Jaubert the canut died yesterday. Were you aware of it, wife?" resumed the weaver.

"Heaven protect us! No. Of what did she die?" asked Antoinette.

"Of what did our daughter die last year? Of what did the sister of Jean die last week? What caused the death, five years since, of my sister Marion, the mother of your poor cousin Josephine? Of what do all the canuts die before their time? What but of misery and exhaustion! Look at these children, wife!" continued he in a milder and lower tone, looking towards the young girls, who, fatigued by the unnatural position in which they were obliged to remain while moving the cords, had paid no attention to the conversation.

"Oh dear!" again sighed the feeble voice of little Josephine.

"Ay, wife, it is easy to see that she will soon follow her poor mother," continued the man in a whisper, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Do not speak thus, Charles," said Antoinette with an involuntary shudder.

"Have you not perceived how cramped and deformed her limbs are? Even rest and quiet at night do not restore their shape."

"Josephine has been always weak and sickly," replied Antoinette, as if seeking to delude even herself. "When this piece is finished, I shall make her rest for some days, and she will be better after it. With Marie it is different; her paleness does not arise from sickness, but from confinement in this close and ill-aired room; a little out-door exercise will reinstate her health and good looks, for she has a naturally good constitution."

"Yes, as a young mulberry-tree decayed at the root," answered the weaver, without ceasing his employment. "We shall not be able to preserve her any more than we could her sister and my cousin Marion: she will die, and her brother also, my dear little Joseph, and we shall have no one left to close our eyes, my poor wife!"

"God is good, Charles!" answered Antoinette with resignation, and forcing her pale lips to smile, as if to raise her husband's courage. "He will not leave us childless. Do you feel unwell, Marie?" continued she, as her smile faded before the sad countenance of her daughter.

"No, mother; only a little fatigued," replied the young girl. "It is Josephine who is ill."

A slight knock at the door interrupted the conversation.

II.

The family of hard-working weavers was surprised at a visit during work hours from any one, and they were more surprised

still, when they opened the door to the visitant, on the present occasion.

The mother and daughter both rose somewhat disconcerted as a tall and handsome young man entered the apartment. He was about twenty-five years of age, and dressed in the height of the then reigning fashion: silk stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles, the buttons of his satin dress being embossed in the centre with a butterfly, and wearing a sword and three-cornered hat.

"M. Brechet!" exclaimed Antoinette, as she offered the stranger a chair. "You have, then, come to see us?"

"As you see, Madame Jacquard; but do not let me disturb you, or I shall be off again. How is your health, Pere Jacquard?"

"Hum! Workmen have no time to think of it, M. Brechet; but I thank you, notwithstanding, for your inquiries."

"I have been taking some pieces of satin to M. Guinar, and on my return, finding myself in your street, I did not wish to pass your door without seeing how you all were; so, stepping from my gig, here I am, Pere Jacquard."

"It is a poor place for such as you to come to," said the weaver.

"That is little thought of when friends are to be seen. But how is Mademoiselle Marie?" added he, turning towards the young girl.

Marie, blushing, did not raise her head from her employment.

"As you see, M. Brechet," hastily answered the mother.

"And the little Josephine?"

"Just as usual," replied Antoinette.

"Where is my little friend Joseph? I do not see him."

"He is out at present, monsieur, but will soon return."

"M. Brechet," said Jacquard abruptly, "you are come, I suppose, to demand the three crowns I owe you?"

"What an opinion you must have of me! For shame! On the contrary, if you want two or three more, you have but to ask for them."

"I feel myself too much indebted to you already, sir."

"Do not think about it, Pere Jacquard."

"But I do think about it, M. Brechet: it is my duty to think about it."

"What folly! Besides, there are other means by which you may not only liquidate what you already owe, but gain much more."

"It is perhaps by becoming a satin weaver, M. Brechet? But I am only a silk weaver, and I daresay shall die one."

"I do not allude to that," replied the young man, who, while speaking, directed his look towards Marie.

"Then I cannot divine what you mean."

The satinaire for a moment hesitated, then added in a firm voice, "You have a daughter, Pere Jacquard."

"And a good girl she is, M. Brechet; one of whom a father may be proud."

"Well, I have two workshops—one for satin, the other for velvet. I am equally well known either as M. Brechet the veloutier, or M. Brechet the satinaire——"

"I cannot quite understand you," interrupted Jacquard.

"Allow M. Brechet to speak, Charles," said Antoinette mildly to her husband.

"This, then, is what I would say. I have already told you that I have two workshops, in each of which there are twenty workmen. Well, there is still something wanted in these two workshops, Pere Jacquard."

"There are always workmen to be found, M. Brechet."

"But it is not workmen I want; it is a female I speak of."

"Ah! she must, I suppose, be clever?"

"No, Pere Jacquard; I seek a companion—in fact, a wife."

"I understand you now, M. Brechet."

"And if you consent."

"To what, M. Brechet?"

"Say that you consent, Pere Jacquard—say that you consent; and you also, Madame Jacquard."

"Is it that you should marry our daughter, M. Brechet?" asked Antoinette, whose expressive smile told that since his arrival she had divined the cause of his visit.

"If Mademoiselle Marie has no objection," said the satinaire.

"But," said Jacquard, "recollect that our daughter is poor, M. Brechet."

"She is mild and uncomplaining."

"She is not even pretty!"

"She pleases me, Pere Jacquard; and if I possess her good opinion——"

"There is no doubt of that, M. Brechet," said the weaver briskly. "She must indeed be hard to please if she does not like you, but I do not wish to give a promise."

"And wherefore not?"

"Because you are rich, and we are poor; because you are a satinaire, a veloutier, in fact, a gentleman wearing a sword, and we are nothing more than poor canuts; you ride in your carriage, while we walk on foot; you can order your clerk to carry your pieces of velvet or satin, while we are obliged to take our work to the shop, and wait the pleasure of those who employ us; and for a thousand other reasons, M. Brechet."

"Each one worse than the other, Pere Jacquard: however, I do not wish to take you by surprise. Reflect on what I have said, and all I ask at present is, to be allowed to repeat my visit."

"I am not proud, M. Brechet; we shall always be happy to see you: but I promise nothing—remember, I promise nothing."

"Well, I am contented; to-morrow, then, Pere Jacquard,"

said the satinaire, as he rose and took leave, accompanied to the street door by Antoinette.

III.

The visit of M. Brechet, with its very remarkable revelation, roused many varied emotions in the minds of the poor family. After the departure of the handsome and fair-spoken suitor, the limbs of the weaver moved quicker than was their wont, while he slowly hummed a plaintive and monotonous ballad.

"A sure sign that father is out of humour," whispered Marie to her cousin.

"Yes!" replied Josephine in the same tone.

"Do you suffer more than ordinary to-day, that your voice is so feeble?" asked Marie.

"Yes!" again whispered the young girl.

"I also am ill, Josephine; but is not M. Brechet an engaging young man? Is he not, Josephine?"

"Yes!" was still the only response.

"Listen, Josephine. Father will not always be so proud and distant to M. Brechet; he will not refuse him when mother speaks on the subject. It is true that women do not understand these things as well as men; but he will consent at last, and then I shall take you with me, and then you will not have to work any longer. Does not that give you pleasure? But you do not reply, cousin?"

The poor child again muttered "Yes!" but without taking any seeming interest in what was told her.

"Then my father," continued Marie, "shall not be killing himself with overwork, and in the slack season he shall not suffer from hunger; and then mother shall not any longer destroy her health by fretting, nor blind herself making canettes: she will be able to recruit herself from time to time. And my brother, my little Joseph, shall not be a canut—he shall be a satinaire or veloutier, whichever he pleases; but for you, my little Josephine, I see that you must be a lady, and if my husband does not wish to support an idle girl, why, I shall work for you myself. But why do you weep, Josephine; you are not well? Why do you not answer me?"

"I am very weak."

"Your work is too hard for you."

"I shall get used to it."

"What are you both singing in such a low tone?" asked the weaver, interrupting his ballad to listen to the children.

"We are not singing, father; in my opinion it is yourself," replied Marie with an affectation of gaiety.

"Yes, I sing to drive away care, Marie; but you never sing now as you were wont to do."

"Ah, father, I have no voice now, and I cannot tell why."

"I know well!" muttered the canut, as he brushed away a tear which mingled with the perspiration that rolled down his face. "I see," continued he half aloud, "that it will not do to be too proud; but what a pang it would cost me to have a son-in-law who might perhaps look with scorn on me when he has once got my daughter; but——" and he continued his ballad.

"Here is my brother!" exclaimed Marie, as a flush of pleasure passed over her pale countenance.

The weaver raised his head as the steps were heard on the stairs. Josephine alone stirred not.

There soon entered a tall, delicate lad of thirteen years of age. It was Joseph, the son of Jacquard. Like the generality of the children of the canuts, he had a subdued and sad expression of countenance, which, when at rest, spoke of nothing remarkable, yet when his pale features were lit up by excitement or some sudden emotion, it changed his entire appearance. The truth is, Joseph was no ordinary boy. God had given him good natural faculties, which he had exerted himself to cultivate by reflection. Joseph was always thinking on some useful subject or other; but, silent and modest, his own family did not know the extent of his capacity. And is this not always the case with genius? The world, with its eyes turned to the clouds, does not see the great men in embryo who are lying at its feet.

"Where have you remained such a length of time?" asked the weaver of his son.

"First of all, here is the silk," replied Joseph, handing a bundle to his mother; "and now to tell you what detained me, father. In returning from the shop of M. Guillaume, I met Touissant, the son of François the canut; perceiving that he had been crying, I inquired the reason. 'My mother,' replied he, 'has broken the loom; father is from home, and I have been with Martel the joiner to try and get him to repair it, but he is so busy that he cannot come: the piece must remain unfinished; and when my father returns to-night, he will be very angry about it. Oh dear! what shall I do?' Then, father, finding, from what he told me, that the loom was not much injured, I went home with him, and succeeded in mending it, so that his mother is now at work again."

"You! all alone?" asked the weaver, surprised.

"It did not require to be very clever, father, to do so. What a pity that the looms are so badly constructed!"

"You think so!" said his father ironically. "I should like to know what you see so bad about our looms?"

"Every portion of them, father," replied the boy with animation. "Must it not be ill-constructed when it requires so much exertion to put it in motion? Is it not a machine which actually kills the workmen? Do I not see yourself covered with perspiration? Look at Marie, who has lost her rosy and healthful appearance; observe Josephine——" The little canut ceased

speaking; he could not find words to express his feelings at the decay of the poor little flower. "It is a horrible machine!" added he a moment after.

"You had better invent another!" said his father roughly.

"And wherefore not?" asked Joseph; "that would indeed be a happy idea."

"Go, foolish boy!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders; "instead of criticising and finding fault with what has been the means of livelihood to your father and all his family, you had better throw aside your hat and coat and come to work."

"If you have no objection," replied the boy, "I shall take Josephine's place for a while, father, as she seems unable to work. See, mother, her hands can scarcely ply the cords. Come, Josephine, what is the matter with you?" added he, as the poor child ran towards him, and was caught in his arms.

"Nothing!" replied the young girl in a feeble voice, endeavouring at the same time to return to her employment; but, as if the exertion had been too much for her, she leaned on the shoulder of the little canut.

"Josephine! How pale she is!" exclaimed Marie, rising from her seat, and running towards her cousin. "Josephine, why do you not tell us when you are suffering?"

"Do not weep thus, Marie," said her mother, as she held some vinegar to the nostrils of Josephine; "this will be nothing—nothing, I hope." But the terror depicted in her countenance evinced that she had not that hope which she wished to inspire in others.

"Nothing!" repeated Marie, weeping and pressing her cousin's hands in hers. "Nothing! see how pale she has become, and her hands are damp and cold as ice. Josephine! Oh, mother, she is surely dying!"

"Charles, run and seek the doctor," said Antoinette to her husband, who, overcome by emotion, had remained a silent spectator. "Go quickly, I intreat you. My God, take pity on us!" ejaculated the poor woman in an agony of grief.

Charles immediately left the room without replying.

"Josephine, speak to me!" exclaimed Marie; "for pity's sake, speak to me!"

Josephine answered not, but remained motionless, supported in the arms of young Jacquard, who gazed on her in sad and silent grief. Her eyes were closed, and a slight breathing alone told that she existed. Not a word was spoken by any of the unhappy family as the step of the weaver was heard on the staircase; sobs alone betrayed their sorrow; and as they looked on the deathlike features of the young girl, each seemed to read in her countenance a fate which awaited themselves. The respiration of Josephine, which had become every moment less perceptible, ceased altogether as the doctor entered the room.

"Is there, then, no hope?" asked Charles, as the doctor, after

examining the dying girl's pulse, sadly shook his head in confirmation of their fears.

"You have sent for me too late, my friend," replied the physician, letting fall the arm of Josephine.

As he left the apartment, how difficult did the members of this sad family find it to bring the reality of his words home to their minds! And yet the truth was there, terrible and striking—the poor little creature was no more!

A burst of sobbing succeeded; and then, as if imperious necessity had imposed a law to grief, the eyes of each were dried; and silently, and with one accord, removing the body of the dead child into a corner of the room, and covering it with a wretched counterpane, the family resumed their employment.

Joseph, as if it had been a matter of course, seated himself in the place which had been occupied but a few minutes previously by his cousin, crouching himself up in the same painful and forced attitude that had caused her death.

"Marie!" said Jacquard abruptly; and then, as if the sad event which had occurred had silenced all his objections, added, "I shall no longer oppose your marriage with M. Brechet."

IV.

What a dismal evening was passed by the poor family—so poor, that they dared scarcely to intermit their labour to spend a moment on sorrow. As seven o'clock sounded from a neighbouring church, they sat down to their meagre supper, composed of fried chestnuts, which were distributed by Antoinette, along with a piece of bread. Joseph sat seemingly plunged in his own sad reflections, without touching his supper.

"Why do you not eat? Are you unwell, Joseph?" asked his mother.

"No," replied he; "I am thinking of something."

"What is it?" asked all together.

"I think—but you must not be angry with me, or suppose that it is a childish caprice on my part—but I have reflected well, and I cannot be a canut."

"A wise thought, certainly!" exclaimed his father, striking his knife against the part of the loom which served him as a supper-table. "Have I not told you, Antoinette, that your son's brain was touched? But tell me, foolish boy, what has put this idea into your head?"

"It is the sight of the miseries which the canuts endure, father. If they had other looms, and——"

"Are not these good enough?" interrupted the weaver.

"See their effects!" replied the boy, casting a look of grief towards the body of his cousin.

"It is our fate!" said the weaver in a subdued voice.

"It is our fate to work for the rich; that is but just," an-

swered Joseph. "Of that I do not complain; but of the loom, father—the loom, which kills the workmen."

"You are foolish, Joseph!" said his mother. "How can you think to change a machine which has served the canuts for centuries?"

"It is precisely, my dear mother, because it is the same machine which has served for such a length of time, that it seems possible to me that another might be invented. Do not interrupt me, father, but allow me to finish. Tell me, are not your stuffs finer and better finished than those made by your father?"

"My father was not a canut; he was a stone mason at Couzon."

"My granduncle Kive then was one?"

"Yes," replied his mother.

"Very well; did Uncle Kive make as fine stuffs as my father?"

"Certainly not," said the weaver.

"Then, since the stuffs have been improved, why should not the looms be improved also?"

"Why?—why?" repeated the *routinier* workman pettishly. "Because they cannot."

"Say rather because no one has thought of doing so, father," replied the boy; adding with a sigh, as he looked towards the place where the little Josephine lay, "and one would do well to think of it."

"What, then, would you wish to do?" asked his father, touched at the silent appeal.

"To enter as an apprentice with Master Pinet the bookbinder, father."

"Be it so; though it would be better to follow the trade of your father. To whom can I bequeath my loom, if not to you?"

"You can bequeath it to the husband of my sister, as my mother's father bequeathed it to you, father. However, I do not say that I shall always refuse to work as a canut; but that must be when another loom has been invented by some one, and that person may perchance be myself."

V.

Following the bent of his inclination, young Jacquard passed from the workshop of his father into that of a bookbinder, but his active and inventive spirit prevented him from remaining long in the inferior regions of labour. Mechanics had for him a peculiar attraction; but, unfortunately, his limited means did not allow him to put into immediate execution the products of his busy brain. His talents were but slowly developed: for the man who possesses a happy and useful idea, resembles the earth containing some hidden treasure: it requires, in the first instance, some occasion for its development; and secondly, some accidental

circumstance or opportunity for its discovery. The following were the simple means which brought Jacquard's abilities to light:—

A short time previous to the Peace of Amiens, the Royal Society of London offered a considerable sum of money to any one who should invent a mechanical apparatus applicable to some peculiar process of thread-making. An extract of the society's programme, copied into a French paper, fell under the eye of Jacquard, who immediately set his brains to work, and after many fruitless essays, at length succeeded in finding the secret. Being as simple as it was useful, he imagined that he could not have been alone in the discovery; nevertheless, this did not prevent him from making a model of the machine; but once made, he put it in his pocket, and thought no more of the matter. One day, however, while with some of his acquaintances, who had also read the programme, the conversation turned on the filet or thread-machine.

"Here is the difficulty solved," said he, taking the model from his pocket.

"Have you not made known the discovery, and demanded the sum offered?" asked one of his acquaintances.

"Nonsense! Do you imagine that I am the only person who has discovered it?"

"Will you confide it to me?" asked his friend, taking up the miniature filet.

"With all my heart," replied Jacquard; and in an hour afterwards he had forgotten his model in reflecting over an idea which had engrossed his attention for a length of time—the means of meliorating, by some new description of loom, the miseries of the canuts of Lyons, as that class of weavers are called who manufacture the gold and silver tissues.

Some weeks afterwards, Jacquard was summoned before the prefect, and without being able to form the slightest conjecture why he was sent for, immediately obeyed the order.

"Monsieur," said the magistrate, "I have heard of your ability as a mechanic, and have therefore sent for you."

"It must be some person who wishes to pass off a joke at my expense, Monsieur le Prefect," answered Jacquard confused, and bowing to the magistrate.

"I assure you that it is not: have you not lately made an admirable discovery?"

"Very simple, sir—very simple."

"But very useful to humanity."

"I have not been so vain as to suppose so, sir."

"The mechanism is most ingenious: you are indeed a clever workman, M. Jacquard!"

'Monsieur is very good to say so."

"You must have studied deeply, to have gained such an insight in the art."

"I, monsieur! In truth I know nothing."

"And this filet!" said the prefect, as he took from his desk the model which Jacquard had given to his friend.

"It certainly is mine, sir; but I had altogether forgotten it until a few minutes since," replied Jacquard with naïveté.

"But your friend has not forgotten it, nor I either; and I have got the orders of the First Consul to send the model to Paris."

Jacquard thanked the kind magistrate, and withdrew.

After the lapse of a few weeks, he was again sent for. On his entrance into the office, the prefect addressed him.

"You must immediately set out for Paris, M. Jacquard."

"For Paris!" replied Jacquard. "Set out for Paris, sir! And by whose orders, may I ask?"

"Those of the First Consul."

"It is impossible: there must be some mistake as to the name, sir. What have I done? What can the First Consul want of me—a poor, unknown workman?"

"The orders of the First Consul admit of no delay, my dear M. Jacquard: they must be obeyed. I shall let your family know of your departure. A postchaise waits for you at the door of the Prefecture; and further this man (the prefect pointed to a gendarme) has orders to accompany you, and not lose sight of you."

"But I have never done injury to any one. I declare solemnly that I am neither a robber nor a criminal. Believe me, sir, there must be some error as to the name," said Jacquard in extreme agitation.

"Calm yourself, M. Jacquard," said the prefect, as he conducted him to the courtyard. "Be assured that the First Consul is a man who knows how to appreciate talent wherever it is found. Even if he never does anything for you," continued the prefect, "would it not be worth your while to leave your family and affairs for a short time for the sake of seeing Paris?"

"Indeed, sir, I should not think so."

"Well, no matter; you will find that he has good reasons for acting thus. Come, get into the chaise, M. Jacquard; I promise that no harm shall befall you: and as it is most likely that on such short notice you may not be provided with money, the gendarme will take care that you want for nothing. Good-by, sir, and a pleasant journey to you."

Jacquard had never before been in Paris; and the first place they stopped at on their arrival in the capital was at the Conservatory of Arts. The first persons whom he met with were Bonaparte, then First Consul, and Carnot, the prime minister.

"Is it you who call yourself Joseph Jacquard?" demanded Carnot in a brusque tone. "Is it you who pretends to do what no one else can accomplish—to form a knot on a stretched cord?"

Surprised by the tone of the speaker, and awed at finding

himself in the presence of such high personages, the youth did not immediately reply. But Bonaparte, with that suavity he could so well assume, having asked Jacquard a few trivial questions, led him by degrees into an animated conversation, and one which might be considered the foundation of his after-success in life.

Jacquard was at once installed in the Conservatory; all the secrets of mechanics, which till then he had been unable to study, were laid open to his inspection. In the midst of these and other wonders of industry, all difficulties seemed to vanish as he thought on his long-cherished idea of constructing a loom which would meliorate the condition of the canuts of his native town. The first task to which he was put to work, was the constructing a full-sized machine after the model that had been of such service to him, and which, when completed, gave general satisfaction. A magnificent shawl, destined for Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte, wrought in a loom that had cost more than twenty thousand francs, made him form the idea of applying to these works of luxury a less complicated, and at the same time a much less expensive machinery, in which he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

While thus employed for the emperor, he had steadily persevered in his endeavours to perfect the machine which had engrossed his thoughts from boyhood, and in 1801 completed the one known as the "Jacquard-Loom," which was exhibited at the Exposition of Arts in Paris the same year.

VI.

We shall now see how the Jacquard-loom was received by those for whose benefit it was expressly intended. Having received from the French government a pension of a thousand crowns for his discovery, Jacquard expected that, with such testimonials of its value, he should have no difficulty in establishing the loom in his native city. Filled, therefore, with the hope of meliorating the condition of his fellow-townsmen, Jacquard returned to Lyons. Alas! these hopes were quickly dispelled. Having, at his own expense, constructed one of the machines, the Conseil des Prud'hommes* were invited to inspect it, and give their opinions. Great was Jacquard's dismay when he found that they not only opposed the introduction of his loom, but gave orders that it should be publicly destroyed; which was accordingly done in the *Place*, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the populace; and his invention excited such an enmity against him amongst the weavers, that he three times narrowly escaped with his life.

A few years elapsed, during which the English had made

* A body appointed to watch over the interests of the Lyonese trade.

rapid strides in the manufacture of gold and silver tissues, and it was only when the French began to feel the effects of foreign competition that their prejudices gave way; and in self-defence, they adopted the loom which they had previously rejected and despised. The inventor, altogether forgetting the ignominious treatment he had received, gladly came forward, and under his superintendence looms were rapidly constructed, and were soon employed in most of the silk manufacturing districts of France.

Many improvements were made from time to time by him; yet though the recompense was scarcely commensurate with the services rendered, Jacquard, happy in the thought of being instrumental not only in adding to the comforts of the workmen, but also in furthering the interests of the employers, lived modestly and retired, without desiring anything more. His disinterestedness was only equalled by the uprightness of his heart. Many magnificent offers were made to him by strangers; but with firmness, devoid of pride, he refused them all, and preferred engaging himself, at a moderate annuity given by the municipal council of Lyons, "to consecrate all his time and abilities to the service of the town, and to perfect, as far as lay in his power, his former inventions."

In a great measure owing to this machine, the canuts have acquired almost a new existence. If the work is not always plenty, at least it does not kill them. In the schools and in the workshops, instead of the pale and emaciated beings who formerly earned a scanty subsistence with their very life-blood, are to be seen well-dressed and ruddy-looking children; and men, no longer wearing that heartbroken and timid look which was then a characteristic feature of their profession, appear at the present day the most healthy and well-disposed class of artisans in Lyons.

The fabrication of the stuffs has also wonderfully increased. In 1788 there were but two hundred and forty looms in Lyons for the manufacture of stuffs; in 1801, at the time of Jacquard's discovery, there were two thousand eight hundred; at the present day there are thirty-two thousand looms at work, of which number the ingenious machines invented by Jacquard count nearly one-third.

After the Exposition of Arts in 1819, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour; a recompense justly due to the humble workman through whose instrumentality a suffering and unhappy population had been regenerated.

Towards the close of his life, Jacquard, wishing to enjoy the society of his sister and her children, retired to a small villa at Duillons, a few leagues from Lyons, where M. Brechet had established a factory. Here he was visited by many illustrious foreigners, anxious to converse with the man whose name had spread over all Europe, and frequent were the expressions of surprise at finding in so modest a retreat one who had diffused so much opulence around him.

"The manufacturers, through you, have all grown rich," remarked a visitor.

"So much the better," replied Jacquard. "I have retired on a moderate competency, and I have no cause to complain; it is sufficient for me that I have been of service to my fellow-citizens."

"Your townsmen," said a stranger of distinction, "have not treated you with proper respect."

"I have received more than I sought," replied Jacquard; "and I desire no further."

This useful man, born of obscure parents, and who were not forgotten by him in his prosperity, ended his days peaceably at Duillons, in August 1834, and was interred in the village cemetery. A subscription was opened by the Conseil des Prud'hommes of Lyons, for the purpose of raising a monument suitable to the memory of him who had justly merited the appellation of the benefactor of mankind.

Lyons continues to be one of the principal seats of the silk manufacture in France. Unfortunately, however, the Jacquard loom, though benefiting the workmen in various ways, has not prevented differences as to wages. In recent times there have been various unions and strikes among the weavers, which have led to insurrections of a serious nature (See Tract, No. 38). The last of these outbreaks was quelled only after much blood was shed, and great damage done to the town. To guard against a recurrence of these disasters, the town is now overawed by fortifications, whose cannon are seen bristling on the different heights around. Thus subdued, the operative silk-weavers confess the hopelessness of bettering themselves by violence, and look for an improvement in circumstances to other means than intimidating their employers. With this unhappy tendency to quarrel with the ordinary routine of labour, many of the silk-weavers of Lyons are a superior class of men. Among them there is a class called *chefs d'atelier*, or chiefs of the workshop. In the private residences of these men the weaving is carried on. The chef receives the work from the manufacturer, puts it into the loom, and superintends the weaving, besides working on a loom himself. Lyons is built like Edinburgh. A building consists of several floors, each inhabited by a separate family, and the families reach their respective dwellings by a common stone stair. In the summer of 1844 we had the pleasure of visiting the establishment of one of these chefs. It was situated on the fourth floor of a tall building. On being conducted into the weaving apartment, the scene was curious. We had never seen any mechanism half so intricate, and apparently unintelligible.

The process was by Jacquard cards, but the patterns to be wrought embraced such variety of detail, that the apparatus was an inextricable maze of bobbins, strings, and other parts incomprehensible to a stranger. The chef, doffing his cap, received us with great politeness, and took pains to explain—vain thought—the mechanique of the looms under his charge, three in number. Lifting up a piece of paper carefully pinned over the parts woven of the fabrics in hand, he showed the beauty of their designs. One of the pieces was magnificent. It was a gorgeous assemblage of colours finely harmonised in tone, with gold and silver thread in different combinations, and was intended, he said, for church banners. Another piece, the groundwork of which was white satin, interwoven also with gold and silver, was designed for priests' vestments in the church service. The chef mentioned, that such was the complexity of one of these pieces, that he was occupied three months in arranging it in the loom, and that the workman employed upon it could not weave more than a yard in the week. The price which it would cost the manufacturer was to be a hundred francs per yard. The operatives engaged in weaving such articles realise from twelve to fifteen francs for their weekly labour. That they do not earn much less, is clearly owing to the introduction of the Jacquard-loom.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

HUMAN society is composed of families. A family consists of husband, wife, children. This is not an accidental or arbitrary arrangement. The family compact originates in the necessities of our nature; has existed from the creation; and, by the good providence of God, will continue till the end of time. Accordingly, all attempts to encroach on the obligations, as well as the privileges, of the family relationship, have proved less or more nugatory, and must ever inevitably do so. It may be a matter for consideration whether the government of a nation should be a monarchy or a democracy, or, as in England, a mixture of both; but there is no need for considering on what principles human beings shall be cared for in the domestic government; these principles have been settled long ago by the Creator, when he made man, and any cavil on the subject would be altogether worthless. What is the fundamental object of the family compact, is extremely evident: a due provision for the affections, and for the nurture and education of children—the latter insured by the permanence of the matrimonial engagement. Thus, by what we must call a primary ordination, father, mother, children, compose a community distinct in its character, and which all must recognise as essential to the subsistence and wellbeing of civil society. We have considered it necessary to state thus broadly at the outset what appears to be the primary principles of human relationship; for there are not wanting parties who would endeavour to rear systems of society in which the family compact is to have no place, and parental care is to be absolved from its duties—a dream of the imagination, which the common sense of mankind will ever reject as visionary, and consider, for all good purposes, to be impracticable.

Whatever be the benevolence of plans propounded for the rearing of children apart from the parental roof, it cannot escape notice that they proceed on a misconception of what education really is. In the treatment which nature dictates, the child is to be cared for in various ways, and for these various ways education to a certain extent, under the immediate direction of parents, is indispensable; in a word, FIRESIDE EDUCATION is necessary to form the perfect being.

Fireside education is thus a wide and comprehensive thing: its enlightened object is to transform a weak uninstructed child into a healthy and accomplished man or woman. What a variety of considerations are necessarily engaged in this onerous duty! The child is to be cared for physically; that is, as regards food, warmth, clothing, exercise, and, it may be, medical attendance. He is to be cared for morally; in which is involved the suppres-

sion of evil passions, the cultivation of the affections, kindness to animals, love of honesty and truth, and worship of the Divine Being. He is to be cared for intellectually; that is, he is to be instructed in all useful knowledge, in order that he may with advantage perform his part in society.

Any routine of education which does not embrace all these particulars, is of course imperfect. Education, as respects mere physical training, may produce a man healthful in constitution, and handsome in appearance, accomplished, possibly, in walking, riding, or in the performance of manual operations; but he who possesses no more education than this, is at best only an elegant savage. Gladiators, the knights of old, boxers, rope-dancers, and similar personages, furnished examples of this proficiency. Physical, united with intellectual education, but without moral training, produces a still more dangerous character; it is persons so educated who compose a large section of clever and designing criminals, also ambitious and unprincipled men in different ranks of society. Physical, with intellectual education, is pretty nearly the entire amount of culture imparted at hospital seminaries. No doubt at these institutions the pupils listen to moral admonitions, and repeat answers to questions on religious subjects; but that is not moral education, in the proper sense of the term, and therefore they necessarily are deprived of one of the most important elements of youthful culture.

Moral education may be guided by books and verbal admonitions; precept and persuasion are of undeniable utility; but, strictly speaking, moral culture is valueless unless principle is confirmed into habit. A child, for example, may be taught to commit to memory answers to an immense variety of questions, psalms, hymns, and passages of Scripture; and he may be made to know at the same time that it is sinful to steal, lie, or injure his neighbour; yet with all this, and apparently a paragon of learning, he may be little better than a heathen, and have no proper sense of applying his knowledge to the regulation of his own conduct. The true explanation of the phenomenon is, that the whole course of moral instruction has been a deceptive make-believe. The power of memory was evoked; but memory is not principle.

In infant schools, which are a species of enlarged and well-conducted family circles, the feelings and propensities are subjected to a systematic training greatly to the advantage of children; and where parents are incapable of properly conducting home education, infant schools are indispensable. Independently of these valuable institutions, however, there is a lesser or greater necessity for family intercourse, and lamentable is the fate of that child for whom no domestic hearth offers its cheering influence. The fireside may be homely, or it may be dignified; but whether it belong to poor or rich, it may be equally a shrine of the affections, a scene of happiness, a school of the heart.

A school of the heart! In these words we arrive at the true operation of moral principle. The heart must be touched; the feelings affected; the baser propensities subdued; the higher emotions quickened; and all made love and joy within. And how can this be done? Only by moral and religious principle being confirmed by training and exercise, in reference to companions, parents, brothers, sisters, and other relations, as well as the general circumstances by which we are surrounded. The very act of loving and of consulting the feelings of those with whom we are domesticated, strengthens the tendency to well-doing. Nor are the incidents which occur in a family without their value. Births, deaths, meetings of relations, misfortunes, things joyful and things sorrowful, are all means of moral culture. So likewise, within the domestic circle, are acquired habits of order and perseverance, ideas of personal intercourse and courtesy, along with much familiar but useful knowledge. Recollections of a youthful and well-regulated home form also a source of refined gratification in after-life. How frequently has it been confessed that the remembrance of a father's solicitude and affection has acted like a perpetual beacon in warning from vice! Old remembrances, however, centre chiefly round the mother. She is the divinity of the child, and was all in all to him before he knew of any other object of veneration. What hosts of remembrances of this dear departed shade! Her early attention to all his little wants; her anxiety about his personal appearance and behaviour, as she used to send him forth every morning to school; her attempts to shelter him from rebuke and punishment—perhaps her privations, her sufferings, in widowhood; her heroic struggles to maintain appearances, and get her boy forward in the world; her delight, finally, in living to see him in that position of respectability which for years had been the object of her most fondly-cherished hopes; the tranquil close of her existence and dying blessing—all this, and much more, may be said to form an inextinguishable inheritance of pleasurable recollection—a fountain of feeling perpetually welling out, and irrigating those dreary wastes of hard every-day toil and thought which lie irksomely in the path of life.

Nor are the benefits of family intercourse in their immediate or remote consequences confined to the children. "We are very apt to imagine that the family arrangement is entirely for the sake of the young—that the children are exclusively benefited; and that, if it is disturbed or set aside, the young, the children, are the only persons who suffer. On the contrary, it appears to me that the old are as much interested in this divine institution as the young—that it is as beneficial to parents as to children—and that any departure from it must bring a penalty upon the parents equal to any which the children can suffer. We are accustomed to hear much, and very justly, of the obligations which children owe to their parents. But while they very wisely

impress this on their children, people are very ready to forget, or not remark, that as the child owes much to the parent, so the parent owes much to the child; that while he has been the object and receiver of good, he has also been the minister of good: and every loving thought, every toil, every sacrifice on the part of the parent, has received from day to day a return—a real and most precious reward. Surely those persons judge very erroneously who imagine that all the care, trouble, and expense they lay out upon their children is so much capital sunk, and from which no return is to be expected till the child has grown to maturity, or at least till he has reached the years of discretion. We are very apt to reckon nothing a blessing which does not come to us in a material form; and so we sometimes undervalue or overlook our highest privileges, because they do not address themselves to our eyes, and cannot be felt or handled by us. To any one who observes and reflects, it will, I think, be evident that the parent is as much the better for the child as the child is for the parent; that infancy, childhood, youth, bestow as much on manhood, womanhood, old age, as they derive from them; that this is an instance of that general law, that we cannot do good to others without getting good from them: in this field it is impossible to sow without reaping; for the same soil which receives the seed from the bountiful hand, returns it with increase. What blessings, then, are children the means of conveying to their parents? In other words, how is it needful, for the sake of the father and mother, as well as of their offspring, that the family life should be jealously guarded?

"The celebrated Lord Erskine has told us that he never robed himself to plead at the bar, but he thought he felt his children pulling at his gown; and if the history of human thoughts were legible to us as it is to the eye of God, we should doubtless find that multitudes of the greatest men—men who were great in the good which they were enabled to achieve, which is the truest greatness—drew their strongest stimulants from the families God had given them; and that, on the other hand, myriads who have lived usefully and well, had been saved from vices to which they were prone by the consideration that these would involve in ruin those who were dearer to them than their own life. I might add a great deal more to show that those persons are in a grievous mistake who fancy that, however necessary the parent may be to the child, the child is not necessary or beneficial to the parent. It appears to me, on the contrary, that parents who do their duty, and keep their eyes open, will acknowledge that they have been amply repaid, day by day, for all their anxiety, labour, and pains; that the pleasures and instruction, the incitements to good, the salutary restraints which their children have supplied, the thoughts they have suggested, the feelings they have inspired, were cheaply purchased even with the cost and care of a family; and that children are not, as men buried in selfishness esteem, a

mere tax and burden, but truly a promise and a blessing, as they have pronounced them who lived in the ages of faith."*

So much we have thought it desirable to say on the general advantages of fireside in preference to any other species of management for the young; and we now proceed to the more special object of the present sheet.

We take it for granted at the outset that parents desire to see their children grow up healthful, intelligent, honest, orderly, good-hearted—beings able to perform their part creditably in society, and a comfort to all connected with them. Attention to them from birth cannot insure these good results; but it will go far towards doing so. It is, at all events, the duty of every parent to do the utmost in his power to rear his children properly, if only to avoid future self-reproaches for his neglect.

In a previous Tract (No. 6 of the present series), we offered directions for the management of infants from birth till the age of four or five years. We explained how infants should be treated as respects their bodily health, food, air, and exercise—sleep, clothing, washing, and dressing—illnesses, deformities, and imperfections—and moral and intellectual training. To these explanations the following are supplementary, in reference to children from five years of age upwards.

MORAL TRAINING.

So much has been said on this subject in the Tract on the Management of Infants, that little remains to be added.

That which we would here more emphatically insist on is, that in youth, as well as in infancy, the child should, as far as reason or convenience will allow, be suffered to associate with his parents. Socially, the child is the equal of his father and mother. He is younger, but in other respects he is an equal, and should be treated as such. It may seem strange that we should speak of what seems to be an evident truth; but this, like many other truths, is unfortunately apt to be lost sight of. We almost everywhere see children treated as if they were inferior beings, and kept systematically out of sight, like toys, only to be shown and fondled on certain occasions. In a right domestic management, however, the children are to be viewed as only younger men and women, and respected accordingly. Much practical advantage will arise from this consideration, as will be immediately explained.

A child has everything to learn, and he learns best by having good examples for imitation. If you, therefore, desire to see your children well-behaved, do not leave them in the charge of servants, who are for the most part ignorant, and otherwise not well adapted to train the minds of young persons. Rear and super-

* These well-expressed sentences we extract from a discourse delivered before the governors of George Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, on the 1st of June 1846, by the Rev. Dr Robert Lee.

intend your children yourself, at least in all matters of general intercourse. They may be dressed and cleaned by domestics, and domestics may also walk out with them; but let them spend a considerable part of their time with you daily in the parlour. In short, you, the parents, are to be the model to be imitated, not the girl who is hired to sweep out the rooms, or to do any other humble office in the household. Being thus the companions of your children, and conscious that every word you utter, and everything you do, will be imitated, you will of course take care to say and do nothing which can lead to improper habits.

Temper.—In all families there are differences of character: one child will be lively, another dull; some will have good, others bad tempers. It is of first importance to cultivate a cheerful temper in children, and therefore the greater care will be required in this respect when there appears to be any deficiency in the natural disposition. Much will depend on how you treat the child. If it be peevish, do not scold or threaten it; and, we may add, in no circumstances get out of temper with it.

The mother of a family with whom we are acquainted pursues the following excellent plan with her children. When one of them cries, or is otherwise in bad humour, she says, "Oh, I see you are not well, my dear; I think you had better go to bed, and I will give you a little medicine." This kind of sympathy usually sets all to rights. The disinclination to be put to bed and take medicine acts as a sovereign remedy.

Some parents are constantly telling their children not to do this, and not to do that. This is not treating them as equals, and too prominently establishes the principle of inferiority. Children should not be talked to as if they were dogs. They should be requested, not ordered; at least in all ordinary matters, and when they commit no act of insubordination. "I should think you had better not meddle with that knife; it is rather sharp." "I would let alone that piece of broken glass; it is dangerous." "Don't you think this would be a pleasant day for a walk?" "I thought you would not have done so foolish a thing." "I am sorry we cannot bear that noise; and I think you had better go to the nursery." By accustoming children to such mild language, they learn to be mild themselves. A soft word will do more with such children than a torrent of reproof.

Firmness, however, is as requisite as mildness in family management. On this point we beg to extract the following observations from the work of Mr Goodrich on *Fireside Education*: —"Some children are easily managed, but there are few who will not sometimes try to have their own way. At one time they will attempt to evade, at another they will brave, authority. In this species of strife they are often sharp-witted and dexterous, and sometimes intrepid, pertinacious, and headstrong.

If they succeed once, they gather courage; if twice, they feel assured; if thrice, they triumph. The only safe method is for the parent to meet the first resistance of the child with firmness, and by no means to permit himself to be baffled either by evasion or defiance. But great caution is to be used. The object should be, not merely to make the child obey externally, but internally; to make the obedience sincere and hearty, and to make it flow alike from affection, a sense of duty, and a conviction that he consults his true interest in so doing. All these motives should be brought to concur in the act; if any one of them is wanting, the obedience is imperfect. To accomplish this thorough subjection of the child to parental authority, it is obvious that great prudence is necessary. There must be no violence, no display of temper, no angry looks, no hasty words. Before he can expect to govern a child, a parent must first learn to govern himself. His own passions being under control, his heart chastened, and the traces of vexation swept from his countenance, he may meet the rebellious child, assured of triumph. That child might resist threats, and be hardened by force; but it will not long resist patient kindness, tender remonstrance, affectionate counsel."

Truth.—Accustom your children, from the earliest infancy, to speak the truth; and this they will do, if not prevented by servants, or by their parents. How lamentable is it to find persons so lost to all sense of obligation as to encourage deceit in their children! A mother will be heard admonishing them to conceal such a thing from the knowledge of their father—to say they did not see so and so, &c. Such deceits are ruinous to the moral character of children, and, we need not say here, that they are grossly wicked.

Children should never hear a falsehood uttered. The very idea of there being such a thing as untruth ought not to come across their mind, unless, indeed, when the criminality and fruits of falsehood require explanation and reproof. Every encouragement, even to the pardoning of offences, should be given to truth. Cultivate in the child's mind a love of candour, straightforwardness, honour, and integrity, along with a corresponding hatred of falsehood, equivocation, dishonesty, and meanness. Lessons in these things, however, will be of little use. The cultivation must be by the training of motives and principles into confirmed habits, and that can be realised only within the family circle.

Religious impressions, in the same manner, require to be made in the first place by parents as much as possible by means of practical habits and personal explanations. As the mind expands, the leading characteristics of Creation and Providence, the nature of God, and the reasons for his being an object of veneration and worship, may be explained. And from these as starting points, all proper explanations as to religious doctrine and duties will naturally diverge.

Some parents, either because they are themselves ignorant, or because they will not take the trouble, leave their children to pick up religious knowledge from catechisms, the learning of which they rigorously enforce. We fear no little mischief arises from this practice. Few young people can understand the meaning of catechisms, and the obligation to learn them as a task is apt to disgust them with what ought to be the grandest of all subjects of meditation. We advise great caution in the way of enforcing catechetical instruction.

PERSONAL HABITS—HEALTH.

Speaking.—Speak to and in the presence of children in correct phraseology and grammar. Never employ a single slang or loose expression. Let the sounds, the emphasis, the diction, be all as they ought to be. This may be troublesome—not, however, to people of good education—but remember the reward which will ensue. Accustomed to speak correctly from infancy, the child, as a matter of habit, will avoid errors of expression, and scarcely require any instruction in the dry rules of grammar.

One of the most serious errors in education is habituating children to speak ungrammatically; not from any deliberate intention, but from mere carelessness, and more particularly from leaving them almost exclusively in the hands of servants. By this sort of tuition, children are compelled to learn two dialects instead of one—the ungrammatical form of speech in use among the lowest of the population, and that which is seen in books. Unfortunately, the former becomes their vernacular; and so little do they acquire of correct speech, that schoolmasters spend years in trying to impart to them a proper knowledge of grammar. We repeat, that if children be taught to speak correctly from the first, they will be saved the drudgery of learning grammar by rule. The practice of requiring children to be instructed to speak and write correctly by schoolmasters, is by no means creditable to intelligent parents, and affords too strong grounds for the belief that this branch of culture is generally neglected.

Manners.—If parents possess good manners, so also will their children, if they be allowed to associate with them. Thus, a child, as his perceptions become more vigorous, will instinctively, and with very little verbal instruction, learn to come into and go out of a room, speak to and shake hands with visitors, sit at table, and so on, all according to what is usually considered good manners. Sedateness in children is of course out of the question, and ought neither to be expected nor insisted on. All that is wanted is a reasonable attention to decorum, along with a happy buoyancy of disposition.

Manners cannot be taught by rule. Some parents, not aware of this fact, pursue the following practice:—To suit their own immediate convenience, they keep their children aloof in nurseries, or in the hands of servants, and only permit them to enter

the parlour as a special indulgence. Finding that this creates bashfulness, they endeavour to school their children into certain forms of behaviour. Thus they will be heard giving them the following directions:—"When you come into the room, you will be sure to go and shake hands with all the gentlemen; and remember not to hang down your head, but look everybody in the face, as if you were not ashamed. And remember not to slip behind the chairs, or go below the table, for nobody wishes to do you any harm; and remember to say, 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir,' when a gentleman speaks to you; and remember to speak prettily, and don't sulk, or put your finger in your mouth; and above all things, remember not to make a noise, for if you do, I shall have you turned out of the room. Now, therefore, remember to behave yourself; and if you don't, it will be the worse for you."

And this is called teaching manners! We would not speak harshly on the subject; for mothers who address themselves in this form to their children, only err from ignorance of their duties. All telling about behaviour to children is the next thing to useless. The true method of teaching manners is to let them be fixed by habit; and this, as already stated, is done by the simple process of bringing up children in the society of their parents, for by this means they have to behave well as a mere matter of imitation. The companionship, however, requires to be general, not at particular occasions.

We would hold it to be an impossibility to impart agreeable manners to children, if they are turned out of the parlour in the objurgatory strain which is sometimes employed. Becoming tired of them, or wishing to be private, the father or mother will occasionally be heard telling them, in an angry tone of voice, "to go out of the room this moment, or they will beat them if they don't." How can children, who are thus scolded and tyrannised over, be expected to come forward cheerfully in company? Oppressed with apprehensions, and positively ignorant of modes of behaviour from want of training, they are alternately timid and restless; and feeling themselves under a restraint in company, they gladly rush into the society of servants, or of any companions they can pick up.

Health and cleanliness.—To insure, as far as possible, bodily health in your children, let them enjoy the open air daily; accustom them to walk, and to take pleasure in out-door excursions. Let them sleep in airy apartments, and cause them to attend strictly to personal cleanliness. Do not leave it to chance, but instruct them how they should wash their face and hands, clean their teeth every morning, and comb and brush their hair.

As they grow up, make them fully aware of the necessity for attending to various matters connected with their own health. Among other things, the operation of various kinds of food on the system, and the danger of excessive indulgence, should be explained as opportunities occur. Some knowledge of the admi-

nistration and operation of medicines—not the trash of quack advertisers—should likewise be communicated.

By precept, as well as by example, children should be warned against intemperance. Unfortunately, many parents, influenced by no bad intentions, but only from heedlessness or misapplied affection, are seen giving their children drops of wine, or other kinds of intoxicating liquor, and so commencing bad habits. When the children are constitutionally tender, these indulgences will seriously damage health, besides being perhaps morally ruinous.

Many persons, men and women, are seen to have irregularly-set or bad teeth. In almost every instance this has been caused by the carelessness of parents. It is the duty of every mother to watch the growth of her children's teeth; and if any of them appear to be growing in an irregular manner, she should cause them to be put in proper order by a dentist. Some English mothers are scrupulously careful on this point, and they have, accordingly, the satisfaction of seeing their children grow up with rows of fine teeth.

Self-service.—Accustom your children to use their hands as well as their heads. Teach them that they must learn to serve themselves; that they cannot expect always to be ministered to by servants or by their mothers.

All boys and girls should acquire a habit of keeping their clothes as neat and clean as possible, and of laying them by for future use. Girls, in particular, cannot too early learn to fold up and put away their clothes, and to acquire other habits of neatness and order.

At the proper age, girls should be taught to knit, darn, and sew. The ability to make and mend their own garments will to many prove little less than a fortune. The art of mending is at least indispensable; and no mother performs her duty who does not insist on her daughters acquiring this accomplishment. Every girl should be made to understand that a hole in her stockings or gloves, or any similar defect in her dress, is a mark of personal indolence.

Boys and girls, as they grow up, should equally acquire the power of doing many little things which will prove useful in life. We know the father of a family who insists on each of his children learning how to tie different kinds of knots, to tie up parcels with cord, to draw a cork, to light a fire, to cut the leaves of a book, to deliver a message, to arrange books on shelves, to brush their clothes, to pack a trunk, &c. Each of his boys is taught how to fold a coat for travelling. There is much practical wisdom in these instructions.

Money.—Young people should be accustomed to the use and value of money. Where it can be at all afforded, they should be given a trifle of pocket-money weekly, the amount perhaps being regulated by good conduct. By this means they will

generally learn by experience that money is easily spent and lost, and that it needs to be husbanded if anything important is to be bought. If deprived of money altogether, they will covet that belonging to others; and when at length they enter the world, and are intrusted with funds, they will in all probability become heedless spendthrifts. That money is a representative of the savings of labour, and not got without patient industry, is one of the lessons which a parent will not fail to impart to his children.

Temptation.—Let children be exposed to temptation as little as possible. There is a notion amongst some that a little temptation is not amiss, as a means of training the young to withstand greater assaults. But this is, we are convinced, an ill-founded doctrine, and most fatal policy. It is of the nature of every one of our feelings to be awakened into activity by the presentation of its appropriate object; and it is the equally natural result, that the frequent activity promotes the power and the tendency to activity of those feelings. By presenting, then, what are called temptations, we are taking a direct means of educating and strengthening the inclinations towards error. On the contrary, a feeling, allowed to lie dormant, loses in power, and becomes always less and less liable to act. There is perhaps a confusion of ideas at the bottom of the objectionable theory. The true plan seems to be, to remove all actual temptation, but to give the intellect and the moral feelings proper warning against all such dangers, and thus prepare them for resistance when the time of unavoidable trial arrives. We would say, then, do not allow the young to see or touch evil things, or even to be in company where such things are to be spoken lightly of, from an idea that they are thus to be hardened against temptation. Be content to inspire a salutary horror of such things by your own report, if you only are so fortunate as to be able to keep your young charge exempt from positive contact with what is discommendable. An error may of course be committed in speaking too strongly against what you disapprove of, in which case the young person no sooner discovers the exaggeration, than, from a principle of contradiction, he is inclined to embrace the vice. But discretion will save from this mistake. Upon the whole, it may be set down as a most important rule in education, to reduce temptation to the smallest possible bounds.

SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

A large number of persons entertain the idea that education consists of what is usually learned at school. Education, however, as may be seen by the preceding explanations, is of a very comprehensive nature, and includes the *forming of character* in youth. That which is taught at school is at best a very limited kind of education; it refers principally to the acquisition of certain kinds of technical knowledge, and therefore chiefly con-

cerns the intellect. We can, indeed, imagine the possibility of a character-forming education at school; but in the present state of things, such is rarely realised. What the schoolmaster imparts is instruction, not education in its entire sense; and we mention this, in order that parents may see the propriety of not expecting too much from their children by attending schools.

School attendance, however, is not valueless in a moral sense. It creates habits of order and attention to time, and is useful in lowering those notions of self-esteem which children educated in solitude are apt to form. One of the most serious errors in ordinary schooling, is the practice of competition among pupils. The holding out of prizes for proficiency inspires tumultuary passions in youth; and conquest is only achieved by dashing the hopes of others. But this is not the worst of its evils. It is often attended by physical as well as moral injury. The eager striving to gain prizes frequently leads to undue excitement in the brain, which ends in disease and death. Whether for the paltry triumph of seeing their children carry off a prize, or for the pleasure of seeing them prodigies of learning, parents are equally blameable in urging too close attention to studies.

Some children manifest an extraordinary aptitude for learning while still very young. They will be observed to learn a lesson or commit hymns to memory with marvellous ease. This precocity, as being considered a mark of genius, usually delights parents. They are not aware of what they are admiring. Precocity is an unnatural development of brain; it is the beginning of functional derangement, and if not checked, will probably lead to melancholy consequences. In children of tender constitutions, precocity is almost uniformly fatal.

Parents should not give themselves any vexation about the apparent backwardness of their children in school learning. In most instances, pupils get forward as quickly as is necessary, and at all events as fast as their faculties will admit of. Some children, indeed, will require to be inspirited by every proper admonition; but if they seem to do all that is in their power, they ought not to be rebuked. To blame a child because he is behind his fellows, would in many cases be as absurd as to blame him for not being able to wield a sledge-hammer. After all, proficiency at school is found to be no certain indication of success in life. Generally, he who has the best memory is the best scholar; and as a vast many things besides memory are required to make an accomplished man, it not unfrequently happens that boys who made a poor figure at school, display great energy of purpose on reaching manhood.

Five years of age is early enough for the commencement of attendance at school, though before that period children may be taught their letters at home. The elementary branches of instruction are reading, writing, and arithmetic; and these all should learn. The higher branches may be said to consist of

mathematics, drawing, foreign and classical languages, music, &c.; and instruction in these departments is less or more given according to the means of parents, and other circumstances.

On this subject we must confine ourselves to general recommendations. Children possess not only different degrees of aptitude, but a different manifestation of faculties. Some have an inclination to learn one thing, and some another; one boy will show a strong taste for mathematics, another will be equally bent on learning classical languages. On the whole, it is best not to thwart these dispositions; they only need to be regulated according to professional views.

As a general advice, we should say, give your children as good a school education as your means will admit of. Saving in this branch of expenditure is poor economy; for nothing yields so good a return as a liberal education. Select also the most respectable schools and teachers. If governesses need to be hired for your daughters, offer and pay a suitable salary for their valuable services.

In childhood, the faculty of imitating sounds and words seems to be much stronger than it is in after-life. Whether this arise from any peculiar condition of the mind, or only from the want of engrossing cares, is of no consequence to our present purpose. The fact is evident, that children may with ease be accustomed to speak any language, however difficult, and not only one, but many languages.

If parents, therefore, wish their children to speak French as well as English, all they need do is to speak French to them, or get a French nursery governess, with whom they can spend a part of their time. By means such as this, it would be a matter of no difficulty to cause a child, before he was twelve years of age, to speak several languages—as, for example, English, French, German, and Italian—with perfect fluency and exactness. Such is the plan usually pursued in the education of children in various continental countries; and as it gives no trouble to the pupils, it is much preferable to that adopted in England, where the learning of foreign tongues is a serious drudgery at school, and occupies time which should be employed on something more dignified than the mechanical acquisition of words. Among the English nobility, we believe, the plan of employing French nursery governesses is becoming common.

RECREATIONS.

Children require to be amused. They like to play, romp, run about, and seek other recreations; all which is quite natural and proper. Girls love to dress and nurse dolls. Let them follow this fancy; for it is in obedience to a natural propensity, and, besides cultivating the affections, implants habits of order. Boys, on the other hand, love out-door sports, and these, so far as they are safe, they should be allowed to follow.

Boys should also be encouraged to keep rabbits and pigeons; for the practice gives a kind of knowledge far from useless, and also teaches kindness to animals. If there be accommodation for it, boys should likewise be allowed to tend and cultivate a little garden, under proper instructions. This will give not only health, but amusement, along with a practical knowledge of vegetation. Angling is another out-door recreation that may be advantageously permitted, in consequence of the knowledge it communicates. All recreations, indeed, which communicate a love for, and intimacy with, the works of nature, cannot but prove beneficial.

Gaming for money, horse-racing, and any other sports of a vicious or brutal character, should find no place among the recreations of youth, or indeed of persons of any age. It is important to rear children with a becoming horror of all dissolute amusements; and no lesson in this respect will prove so effectual as pointing out to them the practical results of such amusements in the misery of their votaries.

Companions.—Children require companions, and if deprived of those of a respectable kind, they may attach themselves to persons of a disreputable order. Judicious parents will endeavour to prevent companionship with mean associates. All young persons should be taught to *look up,* never to look down, for acquaintances and friends; not that inferiors are to be despised, far from it, but that it is of the first consequence to be inspired with a reasonable ambition to rise or get forward in the world. As a general rule, however, success in life may be said to be in the inverse ratio of the number of acquaintances. It is by their own exertions, not the assistance of others, that the young will succeed in their career.

Dancing is a recreation which some parents are disinclined to teach. They fear that it may lead to improper habits. No one, however, should reason against the use of anything because it is liable to abuse. Besides, we have known instances of children learning to dance clandestinely among loose company, when their parents objected to their being taught by a respectable master of the art. We are convinced that there is a natural desire for dancing; and the suppression of this emotion cannot be commended, on whatever grounds. Let it be regulated, not suppressed. The following observations of Dr Channing on the subject will be read with interest :—

"Dancing is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by many of the best people, and not without reason. Dancing is associated in their minds with balls; and this is one of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparation for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of health, and the languor of the succeeding day—these, and other evils connected with this amusement, are strong

reasons for banishing it from the community. But dancing ought not, therefore, to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this, among other reasons, that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an every-day amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful. The body, as well as the mind, feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth naturally overflows in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is to realise perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature? It is to be desired that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparation, as in the ball; that members of the same family, when confined by unfavourable weather, should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration; that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation, in which the young form a part. It is to be desired that this accomplishment should be extended to the labouring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners. Why shall not gracefulness be spread through the whole community? From the French nation we learn that a degree of grace and refinement of manners may pervade all classes. The philanthropist and Christian must desire to break down the partition walls between human beings in different conditions; and one means of doing this, is to remove the conscious awkwardness which confinement to laborious occupations is apt to induce. An accomplishment, giving free and graceful movement, though a far weaker bond than intellectual or moral culture, still does something to bring those who partake it near each other."

Theatrical amusements, we regret to say, are not among the recreations to which we can extend our friendship. We agree with the writer last quoted when he says—"In its present state, the theatre deserves no encouragement. It is an accumulation of immoral influences. It has nourished intemperance and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is radically, essentially evil. I can have a conception of a theatre which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths, and the lethargy in which so many live is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high pur-

pose when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end! How often is it disgraced by monstrous distortions of human nature, and still more disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no woman, worthy of the name, can hear without a blush, and no man can take pleasure in without self-degradation!"

Children are usually fascinated with the theatre: its fripperies and drollery amuse them. When they are old enough to be reasoned with, the true character of the amusement may be explained, and all reasonable means taken to prevent a taste for theatricals. The badly-ventilated state of most theatres ought to cause them to be shunned, independently of their moral pollutions.

Music, cultivated as a home amusement, has latterly, and with good effect, been extinguishing the taste for theatrical entertainments. The love of harmonious sounds is a natural affection, less or more intense in all human creatures, and its cultivation merits the approbation of all who desire social advancement. Let children, therefore, be taught music, vocal and instrumental, as far as your means will permit, or as is otherwise suitable. Our belief is, that by implanting a taste for music in the people, many grosser vices would disappear, and society in general would be greatly brightened up and improved.

Books form an important engine of mental culture and recreation. Young people in general are disposed to reading, and what parents are chiefly called on to do, is to regulate this taste, and lead it into proper channels. Among much that issues from the press, there is not a little trash—books calculated to sow dissensions in society, and to distract, if not pollute, the mind. The greater number of novels, by representing human nature as it never was, and never will be, are of this vitiating tendency. Judicious parents, however, ought to show no churlish harshness on this point. They will find little difficulty in directing the tastes of their children towards an improving and cheering kind of literature, without resorting to positive injunctions.

A love of the fine arts, among which we include dancing, music, drawing, painting, sculpture, and all else which is refined and ennobling, will be found available in no small degree as an engine of juvenile culture. Education consists very much in the suppression of coarse animal emotions, and the exaltation of the higher faculties and feelings. Young people, therefore, should be led into the admiration of the beautiful, the chaste, the elegant, the grand, the sublime. The viewing of fine natural scenery, or of objects of high art, the hearing of fine music, the reading of the best kinds of poetry, the listening to pure and lofty eloquence, are thus all calculated to improve the mind and elevate the feelings. And with tastes of this kind, the youth may be said to be fortified against allurements of a contrary tendency.

W. C.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

BIRDS.

BIRDS—birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark:
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake:
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.
Beautiful birds! ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch, and the snow's on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Beautiful birds! how the schoolboy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune;
The robin that chirped in the frosty Decembers,
The blackbird that whistled through flower-crownéd June.

That schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
With "Hark! there's the cuckoo; how close he must be!"

Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint War with his eagle, and Peace with her dove;
With the red bolt of Death, and the olive of Love:
The fountain of friendship is never complete,
Till ye coo o'er its waters so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even Wisdom's grave self from the owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light!
Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats?
Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,
To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king;"
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
"I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die,
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
Where the linnet, the thrush, and the woodlark may hide;
For the truest and purest of requiems heard
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

—Eliza Cook.

WERE I A LITTLE BIRD.

A rover, e'en at beauty's shrine
I'd pay a traveller's call, no more:
I would the little wings were mine
On which thou, pretty bird, dost soar!
Thou see'st full many a country bright;
Thy sports all nature's works invite;
The sky is pure, the air is free.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, quick as light,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I'd learn of tuneful Philomel,
With gentle sounds to charm the glade;
Then hover near the pastourelle,
And join in song the rustic maid.

I'd cheer one hermit's dwelling low—
No relics selleth he, I know,
But the poor bless his charity.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, there I'd go,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I'd hie me to the turrets dread,
Where sadly pine the captives lone;
With hidden wing, and drooping head,
I'd chant a song of plaintive tone.
One at my sight would faintly smile;
Another muse—dreaming the while
Of fields he loved in youth to see.
I'd fly quick, quick! were't many a mile,
And I a little bird like thee!

To a king's court I'd next away—
Some pleasure-wearied, joyless elf—
Filling his halls with carols gay,
On olive-tree I'd perch myself.
Then to the hiding-place, where lie
Some poor proscribed family,
I'd bear a slip of that same tree!
I'd fly quick, quick! blow low, blow high,
Were I a little bird like thee!

But day and night, with might and main,
I'd flee from beauty's dangerous eyes,
Lest powerful Love should once again
My heart in captive bonds surprise!
If on fair bosom—likely case—
That hunter wise his net should place,
Too well I know how it would be;
I'd fly there, quick, with headlong pace,
Were I a little bird like thee!

—W. ANDERSON. *From* BERANGER.

THE SEA DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me,
Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem,
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drenched wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away, and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down—without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart—
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart,
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD, on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming!—spring is here?"
Say'st thou so, my birdling dear?
What is that in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming!—spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threatening eye;

Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling—tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou woo'd some wingéd love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her in greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower—
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prithee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover—tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song—
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it spring for thee.

—L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE ROBIN.

A THOUSAND birds, in joyous tone,
Proclaimed the birth of spring;
But, robin, thou art left alone
The autumn's dirge to sing.

We hear the merry linnet's voice
When waving woods look green,
And thrush and nightingale rejoice
When hawthorn buds are seen.

But when they wither on the ground,
Then, robin, thou art heard
To mourn their fall, in plaintive sound,
For thou art Pity's bird.

Where fading leaves their shadows fling,
I love to see thee nigh;
A listener, when I touch the string,
And warbling in reply.

—MISS STRICKLAND.

THE WREN.

WHY is the cuckoo's melody preferred,
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised
In poets' rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy, that oft hath raised
One's heart to ecstacy and mirth so well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught;
With mine are other birds that bear the bell,
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought;
Such the wood-robin, singing in the dell,
And little wren, that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I may dwell,
In early spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tending my sheep: and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

—J. CLARE.

TO THE THRUSH.

OH herald of the spring! while yet
No harebell scents the woodland lane,
Nor starwort fair, nor violet,
Braves the bleak gust and driving rain,
'Tis thine, as through the copses rude
Some pensive wanderer sighs along,
To tell of hope and fortitude,
And soothe him with thy lonely song.

For thee, then, may the hawthorn bush,
The elder, and the spindle-tree,
With all their various berries, blush,
And the blue sloe abound for thee!
For thee the coral holly glow,
Its armed and glossy leaves among;
And the pellucid mistletoe
O'er many a branched oak be hung!

Still may thy nest, with soft moss lined,
Be hidden from the invading jay;
Nor truant boy its covert find,
To bear thy callow young away.
So thou, precursor still of good,
Shalt to the pensive wanderer sing
Thy song of hope and fortitude,
Oh herald of approaching spring!

—CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SWALLOWS.

GAY birds of summer! you we hail,
While coming from beyond the sea,
When flowers adorn the dewy vale,
And blossoms hang upon the tree.

Ye come from Egypt's sunny land,
And Hybla's sweet and honied plains,
To visit Britain's sea-washed strand,
When round us genial summer reigns.

Ye love the spots where ye were reared,
When first ye stretched abroad your wings;
These places seem to you endeared,
Amid your many journeyings.

And there your little nests ye build,
And nurse with care your tender brood;
And skimming o'er the lake and field,
Procure them nourishment and food.

Oft have I marked your rapid flight,
Ye happy birds! on sunny days,
When earth was beautiful and bright,
And warblers poured their sweetest lays.

And I have wished that I could fly
With you, afar, when winter lowers,
To bask beneath a cloudless sky,
Or roam among the myrtle bowers.

And I have wished to find a nest,
Where, undisturbed by care or strife,
In calm seclusion I might rest,
And pass the sunny hours of life—

Where I might dwell, till o'er my head
Age stretched its deepening clouds of gloom,
And then my wings I'd heavenward spread,
To seek a land of bliss and bloom.

Gay birds! ye visit us when bright
The summer sun in glory shines;
But from our fields ye take your flight,
When autumn, day by day, declines.

And so, like you, we often find
That those, in fortune's golden day,
Who seemed companions, loving, kind,
When storms arise, will haste away.

—ANON.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the spring.

—MICHAEL BRUCE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SOUL of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along;
Love-sick warbler! come, and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.

How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering tries—
On a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies!
Or, when rising shrill and shriller,
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day!
Till—all sunk in silence round thee—
Not a whisper, not a word,
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
Breathless all—thou only heard.
Tell me, thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?
Is there in your woodland history
Any Homer whom ye read?
Has your music aught of mystery?
Has it measure, cliff, and creed?
Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,
Checking each ambitious strain?
Learned parrots to conduct ye,
When ye wander, back again?
Smiling at my dreams, I see thee—
Nature, in her chainless will,
Did not fetter thee, but free thee—
Pour thy hymns of rapture still!
Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,
Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;
But his grating voice, so hideous,
Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.
Finches may be trained to follow
Notes which dexterous arts combine;
But those notes sound vain and hollow,
When compared, sweet bird, with thine.
Classic themes no longer courting,
Ancient tongues I'll cast away,
And with nightingales disporting,
Sing the wild and woodland lay.

—*From the Dutch of* LOOTS.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN twilight's gray and pensive hour,
Brings the low breeze and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar:

When gathering shades the landscapes veil,
And peasants seek their village dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies:

When evening's primrose opes to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp to cheer the traveller's sight:

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale,
And from a hermitage of shade,
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

And sweeter far than melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

—MRS HEMANS.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

"WHAT is that, mother?"
"The lark, my child—
The morn has just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the day on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise."

"What is that, mother?"
"The dove, my son—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

"What is that, mother?"
"The eagle, boy—
Proudly careering his course of joy.
Firm on his mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;

His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line!"

"What is that, mother?"
"The swan, my love—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like, and sweet, it may waft thee home."

— G. W. DOANE, *an American poet.*

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

THE winter comes!—hark how he roars
Against our roofs, across our plains;
The instinctive birds to other shores
Are bearing hence their loves and strains:
But ne'er from us shall summer's smile
Seduce their faith—decoy their wing:
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

The doom of exile is their lot,
And we lament it more than they:
From palace and from peasant's cot
The echo trolled their joyous lay;
Then sped they where the bright skies smile,
And to the gladdened natives sings:
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

Bound to the soil, with envious eyes
We view the tourists flying forth;
The murky clouds already rise,
And mutter fiercely in the north:
Oh happy he, who can awhile
Escape from hence on ready wing!
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

They'll think upon our plains; and when
The storm has shed its rage, and passed,
They'll visit the old oak again,
That has so often braved the blast—

To prophesy of summer's smile,
Of days more lovely then to sing:
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

—ANON.

THE REDBREAST.

How simply unassuming is that strain!
It is the redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well concealed. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door,
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around—
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with sheilings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will;
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the good wife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves:
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.

—GRAHAME.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and swordfish sleep.
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet *he* ne'er falters: so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

—B. W. PROCTER.

THE SPARROW AND THE CAGED BIRD.

I DOTE on every little bird
That twitters in the sun—
I love them all, from having heard
The simple tale of one!

In cage that 'neath the eaves was hung
When morn put forth her smiles,
A little yellow warbler sung
A song of distant isles!

One morn, when loud his melody,
There came on idle wing
A sparrow, and from sympathy
Thus seemed to say or sing:—

"Fair captive! why this joyous lay,
When sad should be thy heart?
Art thinking of a happier day,
Forgetful what thou art?

Perchance, while high thy music floats,
Where ne'er thy wings may flee,
Thy spirit rises with thy notes—
For they at least are free!

Thy song goes forth among the trees,
And up to heaven's high dome,
And haply bears thee o'er the seas
To thy own island home!

Poor bird! couldst thou come forth with me,
I'd lead thee to the grove,
Where all that's known of slavery
Is servitude to love!

How sweet to join our airy chase,
Or cower within thy nest,
Yet only bound to that one place
Because thou loved'st it best!

Alas, alas! the wish is vain,
Thy prison-bars are strong;
But I will come to thee again—
Adieu, sweet bird of song!"

Away it flew, but day by day
Returned with gathered food;
And through long months, the watchers say,
Went on this work of good.

I felt my holiest thoughts ascend,
Such Heaven-taught love to trace,
And deemed, perchance, this captive's friend,
The Howard of its race!

—J. HEDDERWICK.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

WELCOME, welcome, feathered stranger!
Now the sun bids nature smile;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle!
Still twitter on my lowly roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time that ever fleets away!

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear;
E'en transient storms thy joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year;
What makes thee seek a milder clime?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale?
How knowest thou thy departing time?
Hail! wondrous bird!—hail, swallow, hail!

Sure something more to thee is given
Than myriads of the feathered race;
Some gift divine, some spark from Heaven,
That guides thy flight from place to place.

Still freely come, still freely go,
And blessings crown thy vigorous wing;
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
Delightful messenger of spring!

—W. FRANKLIN.

THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noontide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the livelong day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade;
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad nightingale! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon gentle woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sweetly plaintive song!

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one who loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh let me thus your friendship bribe!
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pickt,
But sweeter far your song.

Then let this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

—RICHARD GRAVES.

THE SONGSTERS.

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
These quiristers are perched, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnished gate the goodly glittering east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle with shrill sharps, as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun; or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had marked of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear the charmer of the night
(The more to use their ears), their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,

As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.
The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

—DRAYTON (1563—1631).

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the heavens! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turns away;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests speak.
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king! with thee compare?
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

Bird of the cliffs! thy noble form
Might well be thought almost divine;
Born for the thunder and the storm,
The mountain and the rock are thine;
And there, where never foot has been,
Thy eyry is sublimely hung,
Where lowering skies their wrath begin,
And loudest lullabies are sung
By the fierce spirit of the blast,
When, his snow mantle o'er him cast,
He sweeps across the mountain-top,
With a dark fury nought can stop,
And wings his wild unearthly way
Far through the clouded realms of day.

Bird of the sun! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
Even what he is—the king of day!
Before the regent of the skies
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes;
But thou, in regal majesty,
Hast kingly rank as well as he;
And with a steady, dauntless gaze,
Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze.

Bird of Colombia! well art thou
An emblem of our native land;
With unblenched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand;
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;
Like her own rivers, wandering free;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
The joyous shout of liberty!
Like thee, majestic bird! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

—C. W. THOMPSON.

THE LINNET.

THE songs of nature, holiest, best are they!
The sad winds sighing through the leafy trees—
The lone lake's murmurs to the mountain breeze—
The streams' soft whispers, as they fondly stray
Through dingles wild and over flowery leas,
Are sweetly holy; but the purest hymn—
A melody like some old prophet-lay—
Is thine, poured forth from hedge, and thicket dim—
Linnet—wild linnet!

The poor, the scorned and lowly, forth may go
Into the woods and dells, where leaves are green;
And 'mong the breathing forest flowers may lean,
And hear thy music wandering to and fro,
Like sunshine glancing o'er the summer scene.

Thou poor man's songster!—neither wealth nor power
Can match the sweetness thou around dost throw!
Oh, bless thee for the joy of many an hour—
Linnet—wild linnet!

In sombre forest, gray and melancholy,
Yet sweet withal, and full of love and peace,
And 'mid the furze wrapped in a golden fleece
Of blossoms, and in hedgerows green and lowly;
On thymy banks, where wild bees never cease
Their murmur-song, thou hast thy home of love!
Like some lone hermit, far from sin and folly,
'Tis thine through forest fragrances to rove—
Linnet—wild linnet!

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
By bringing nature's love to his relief.
Thou churmest by the sick child's window long,
Till racking pain itself be wooed to sleep;
And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—
Linnet—wild linnet!

God saw how much of wo, and grief, and care,
Man's faults and follies on the earth would make;
And thee, sweet singer, for his creatures' sake,
He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
And by thy voice our souls to love to wake.
Oh blessed wandering spirit! unto thee
Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
And good, and beautiful of earth to be—
Linnet—wild linnet!

—R. NICOLL.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.

Joy fills the vale,
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of spring!

The violet
Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
Remained in doubt—

While from the rock
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The zephyr bends.

Say! when the blast
Of winter swept our whitened plains—what clime,
What sunnier realm thou charmedst, and how was past
Thy joyous time?

Did the green isles
Detain thee long? or, 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright south, where liberty now smiles,
Didst sing thy loves?

Oh, well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers:

Thou art returned
On a glad errand—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan anew the gentle fire that burned
Within thy breast!

And thy wild strain,
Poured on the gale, is love's transporting voice—
That, calling on the plumy choir again,
Bids them rejoice:

Nor calls alone
To enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
Bids all that ever heard love's witching tone,
Or felt his power.

The poet too
It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire;
Yet ah, how few its sounds shall list, how few
His song admire!

But thy sweet lay,
Thou darling of the spring! no ear disdains;
Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, "Be gay!"
And prompts thy strains.

Oh, if I knew
Like thee to sing—like thee the heart to fire—
Youth should enchanted throng, and beauty sue
To hear my lyre.

Oft as the year
In gloom is wrapped, thy exile I shall mourn—
Oft as the spring returns, shall hail sincere
Thy glad return.

—H. PICKERING.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Two swallows having flown into church during divine service, were apostrophised in the following stanzas.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep:
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep.*

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

—C. SPRAGUE.

THE EAGLE.

THERE'S a fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow—
Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Where the weeds lie close, and the grass sings sharp,
To a comfortless tune, like a wintry harp.
Bald-headed and stripped, like a vulture torn
In wind and strife, with her feathers worn,
And ruffled, and stained; while scattering bright,
Round her serpent-neck, that is writhing, bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair!
Like the crest of a warrior thinned in the fight,
And shorn, and bristling, see her! where
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air,
With wing half-poised, and talons bleeding,
And kindling eye, as if her prey
Had suddenly been snatched away
While she was tearing it, and feeding!

A bird that is first to worship the sun
When he gallops in flame, till the cloud-tides run
In billows of fire, as his course is done:
Above where the fountain is gushing in light;
Above where the torrent is forth in its might,
Like an imprisoned blaze that is bursting from night!
Above where the silvery flashing is seen—
The striping of waters, that skip o'er the green,
And soft, spongy moss, where the fairies have been,
Bending lovely and bright in the young morning's eye,
Like ribbons of flame, or the bow of the sky:
Above that dark torrent, above the bright stream—
The gay ruddy fount with the changeable gleam,
Where the lustre of heaven eternally plays—
The voice may be heard of the thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam;
While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze,
And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

Proud bird of the cliff where the barren yew springs,
Where the sunshine stays, and the wind-harp sings,
Where the heralds of battle sit pluming their wings!

A scream!—she's awake!—over hill-top and flood
A crimson light runs, like the gushing of blood:
Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
That bird is abroad in the van of her brood!

—J. NEAL.

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of morning! mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far showered around, the hill, the plain,
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy,
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will:
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them, as they fly,
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
Alas! the unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more!

How glorious rose life's morning star!
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!
Truth beckoned from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love looked smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion past;
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While pride forbade, the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed;
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on—sing on! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathise?
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.
Oh! could I mount with thee on high,
And share thy ecstacies!

—MRS BARBAULD.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL ON LOCH-TURIT.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace—
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below;
In his breast no pity dwells;
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays;
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

—BURNS.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass—gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs

Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of spring the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, oh man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,

And find them midst those many-coloured birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from beauty's ruby lip.

—J. M'LELLAN, *an American poet.*

THE WATERFOWL.

I SAW on the breast of a beautiful river,
That reflected the green of the hill—
While scarce to the sunbeam it gave a slight quiver,
For the breath of the morning was still—
A bird, with a breast than the drifted snow whiter,
Serenely and silently glide;
And give to the waters an image still brighter—
Seeming Peace upon Pleasure's fair tide.
Still on, like the solitude's spirit, it glided,
Till a stranger intruding too near,
Uprising, its wings the light ether divided,
Far away from all shadow of fear!
Oh, happy the soul that reposes so lightly
On the bosom of temporal things;
At danger's approach, it can soar away brightly,
Above on ethereal wings.

—J. H. MIFLIN.

SPRING BIRDS.

HARK to the merry gossip of the spring—
The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place
With an Italian beauty, and does bring
As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
Where'er her wing inhabits! Give it chase,
In other bowers the fairy shouts again;
Where'er we run, it mocks our rapid race—
Still the same loose note, in a golden chain,
Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the plain.

Hail to thee, shouting cuckoo! In my youth
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
The marvel of a summer! It did soothe
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
Canopied, in the gladdening horoscope
Which thou my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
Long time my hours endeared, my kindling fancy smit.

And thus I love thee still—thy monotony
The selfsame transport flashes through my frame;
And when thy voice, sweet sibyl, all is flown,
My eager ear, I cannot choose but blame.
Oh may the world these feelings never tame!
If age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
It still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though gray without, a heart to nature dead!

—J. H. WIFFEN.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinions sink?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Layest thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high?—
Oh, it can be but to die!

Eagle, eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
Wo for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

—MRS HEMANS.

THE PEACOCK.

"It is a Hindoo prejudice, that the track over which a peacock has been observed to fly and alight, is that of a vein of gold."

THE peacock, with its plumage rare,
Is a holy bird, and wise;
For he knoweth that gold is an evil thing,
From which foul thoughts and fancies spring,
To blind our mental eyes;
He knoweth it is the seed of sin,
Whose fruit may ripen the soul within:
For (if legends tell true) he will not tread
On the earth of the track that covers its bed!

Yea, the peacock is a wise, wise bird,
To fly o'er the spot where the ore of gold
Is hid 'midst the mould.
But man, with tool, and toil, and word,
And wanton spell, seeks out the mine;
And digs for himself a chain that shall bind
Each blessed impulse of the mind,
Till all shall peak and pine
'Neath the festering fetters—the craving sin
That dwarfs the soul within!

Copy the peacock, then, which flies
Over the path where temptation lies;
Tread not the track that glisters with gold,
Or thy fingers will bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities!

—MAJOR C. CAMPBELL.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD.

BIRDS of fair form lurk 'mid the verdant brakes,
Whose rival warbling love's soft wishes shows.
Each grove and stream the murmuring wind makes
Eloquent; with varying force it blows
When the birds sing, scarce the still leaves it shakes;
But when they cease, its response louder grows:
So, be it chance or art, alternate please
The song of birds, and music of the breeze.

With purple beak, and rainbow colours flung
At random o'er his plumes, among the rest
Was one pre-eminent; his supple tongue
A gift like human eloquence possessed,
And with such art and copious numbers sung,
That all who heard, a prodigy confessed;

The birds grew mute, and, charmed by his sweet lay,
The rustling breezes ceased through heaven to play.

"Ah, see," he sang, "how bursts the budding rose,
When, coyly opening on its virgin stem,
Each blushing tint with double lustre glows,
Veiled by green leaves, which half-conceal the gem!
Lo! now in full-blown pride, each charm it shows
Unrobed. Lo! now it fades, a wreck which all contemn.
And seems not such—seems not the haughty flower
By lovers envied for their lady's bower.

Thus vanish, in one evanescent day,
The flower and greenness of life's vernal morn;
Nor shall returning April's genial ray
Its withered beauty with fresh bloom adorn:
Then pluck the rose, while matin hours delay,
Of their serenity so quickly shorn;
Then pluck the rose of love, while yet we may—
While love may yet the love we give repay."

He ceased; and the approving birds express,
With a fresh burst of song, their glad consent:
The gentle doves more tenderly caress,
And every creature seeks in love content;
Even the chaste laurel and hard oak confess
Its melting power; and from the groves are sent,
And from the earth, and from the crystal streams,
An amorous murmur like a sigh that seems.

—*From* TASSO.

TO THE DOVE.

HAIL, emblem of the dearest tie
That human hearts can bind,
Love's all-devoted constancy,
When kindred souls are joined!
Than thee no purer image fills
A niche in nature's shrine,
Type of ecstatic transport's thrills,
And feeling's glow divine.

The eagle and the vulture share
Dominion of the sky;
I mark the imperial lords of air
With regal pomp sweep by.
But ah! their flight, far sunward spread,
No soft emotion brings;
Foreboding sounds of wo pervade
The rushing of their wings.

But thou, what melting sweetness glows
In thy long mellow note,
Heard where the random wild-flower blows
In forest glooms remote.
Oh, more than language can express,
Of love and truth is there;
The depth of woman's tenderness,
The purity of prayer!

More mellowing pathos stamps that strain
Than music's self affords,
To bid the bosom thrill again
From its profoundest chords.
And such its power to give release
From passion's earthly spell,
That, listening, I could bid, in peace,
The realms of time farewell.

Spontaneous worship hallows deep
The scene where none intrudes,
When earth and heaven, communing, keep
The Sabbath of the woods;
While sunset sanctifies the calm
Devout of earth and skies;
And low, like prayer from fields of balm,
The breath of evening sighs.

Yet, spotless dove, religion lends
My theme a glory too—
A charm, harmoniously that blends
With nature's simple due.
Oh, marvellous was the sign of love
Through thee to mortals given,
When stooped by brooding wings above
The majesty of heaven!

Bird of the consecrated plume,
Whom earth's Creator chose
(Whilst yet above its watery tomb
One lonely mountain rose)
To waft the pledge of peace to men,
The olive's welcome bough:
I hail thee, Mercy's herald then,
Her sacred symbol now.

—J. F. SMITH.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—C. BRYANT.